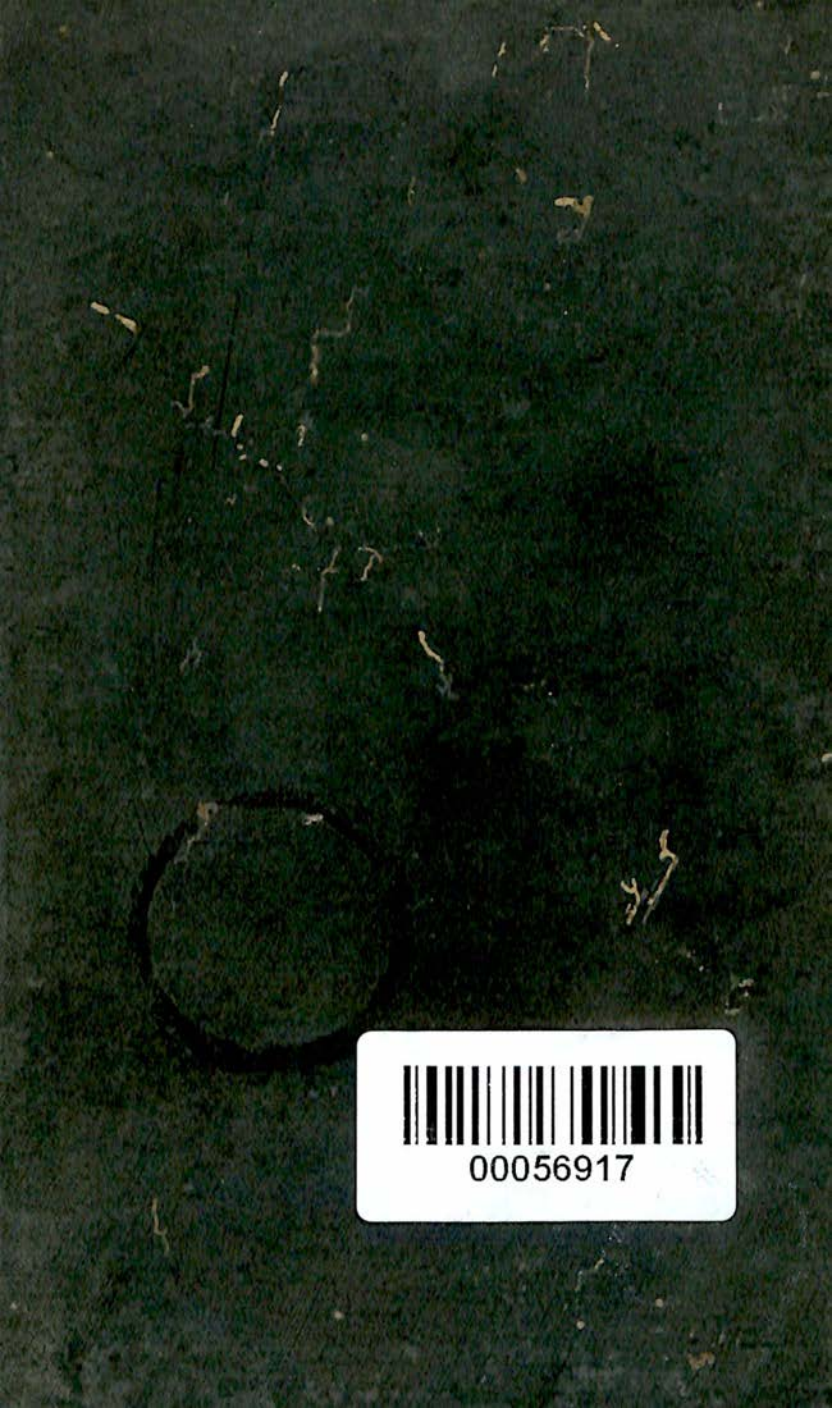
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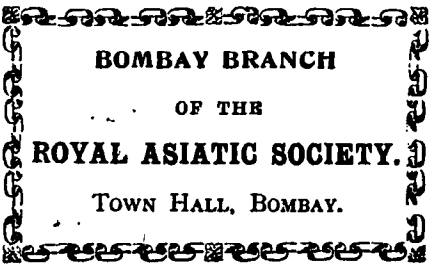

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THE

SUNNY SOUTH.

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SCENES

THE SUNNY SOUTH:

INCLUDING

THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS

AND

THE OASES OF THE SAHARA IN ALGERIA.

LT.-COL. THE HON. C. S. VEREKER, M.A.

COMMANDANT OF THE LIMERICK ARTILLERY MILITIA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THERE is a railway open about half-way from Blida to Milianah, as far as a place called Bou-Medfa. This line

is intended to run to Oran, and the work is being carried on with all despatch. Near Milianah it passes right under the Atlas Mountains by two long tunnels, at which gangs of natives and Europeans work in relays day and night, and it comes out not far from Affréville, into the valley of the Chelif.

Mouzaïaville is the first station on the line, and, as I have before stated, considerable Roman remains have been found beneath the ground in its neighbourhood.

Here also was discovered a monumental inscription dedicated to Bishop Donatus, who was killed in the Mauritanian War, and was buried in May 493. This Donatus was not identical with the founder of the Donatist heresy, which made such progress in the African Christian Church, especially among the lower classes.

Bou-Roumi is reached about three miles beyond Mouzaïaville, which from its name had clearly been a Roman station, though no remains seem to have been discovered.

At El-Affroun the Oued-Djer, fringed with oleanders, is passed. It joins the Chiffa, about ten miles off, in some woody and swampy ground, and the two mountain torrents flow together to the sea between Koleah and Sidi-Ferruch, under the name of the Mazafran. The country about here is pretty, many houses and gardens being surrounded by orange and other fruit trees, thrown into relief by the dark woody heights of the Atlas behind.

From El-Affroun the road to Cherchel turns off, and passes through Marengo, whence the ruins of Tipasa and the Tomb of the Christian, or Koubba-er-Roumia, may be visited.

A convict station on a large scale has been established by the Government at El-Affroun, as an auxiliary to the prison near the Maison Carrée, the convicts being employed in splitting the leaves of the palmetto into fine fibre for the manufacture of paper, and for the stuffing of

furniture. The station is surrounded by a slight palisade, as at the establishment of a similar kind in the gorge of the Chiffa. Large loads of leaves, which had been cut on the adjacent plain, were standing at the gates.

From here the railway struck up the romantic valley of the Oued-Djer, between wild mountains clothed in vast luxuriant forests of lentisks, wild olives, arbutus, and junipers; while above pinaster firs crowned many of the heights, and oleanders fringed the banks of the Oued. The rail runs along the river, which it often crosses, and also along an old road that continues in sight nearly the whole way; but now and then the better-engineered highway diverges from it, cutting through some projecting precipice. The old track very probably runs over the ancient Roman road to Milianah, for I noticed in one spot, where the surface was scraped off, and a cut made to drain the water from the railway, that several stones, like paving stones, were lying about as if they had just been lifted out of the holes made by the workmen.

About half-way up this fine pass a party of colonists had begun to break up the ground in a new clearing, and were hard at work with their pickaxes. They had pitched their tents close at hand, and were living together in primitive simplicity, the first pioneers of civilisation in this secluded region.

After a long drive through this mountain gorge, a large valley comes in sight, and the little hamlet of Bou-Medfa, where the railway ends, above which, upon a green mound, stands the white koubba of Sidi-Abd-el-Kader, the Marabout of Bagdad, whose wonderful miracle of the slippers has been already described. Bou-Medfa consists merely of the railway station, a couple of wooden sheds dignified with the name of auberges, large stables for the horses of the Milianah diligence, two or three huts for the officials superintending the continuation of the railway

from here to Milianah, and several Arab gourbis. At Bou-Medfa I had my first introduction to the African fever, the wife of the auberge-keeper being a sufferer from that dreadful malady. She was fearfully emaciated and enfeebled, so as to be utterly helpless, and she could only creep about the house on the rare occasions she was strong enough to rise from her bed. Quinine was of no avail in her case, the only chance of a cure being to fly from the country, an alternative out of her reach, as she and her husband were only poor people who had settled in this deadly valley to try and better their fortunes. The unhappy man had several bottles of champagne on a shelf which he had provided for a great dinner of the railway directors and their friends, which took place when the line was opened so far, but the great people contented themselves with humbler beverages, and the wine was left on his hands. While waiting for the diligence, he implored me in such piteous tones to try it, and he looked so poor, and his wife so ill, that two or three of us thought charity would be well bestowed in taking a refreshing drink after our journey, which we did, to the little fellow's manifest delight, the wine quite justifying his encomiums.

From Bou-Medfa there are two roads to Milianah; one is the old road, now disused, which goes up the valley of the Oued-el-Hammam, past the agricultural colony of Vesoul-Benian, or Aïn Benián, opposite the baths of Hammam R'ira, the Roman Aquæ Calidæ. This road is the continuation of the highway from Algiers to Bou-Medfa by Bou-R'Kika, and after ascending to a great elevation, it runs past the Djebel Zakkar Chergui, and the Djebel Zakkar R'Arbi, at the foot of which lies Milianah. The chain of mountains round these two lofty ridges embraces the territories of the Beni-R'rira and the Beni Menacer, two important tribes.

The new road to Milianah, by which the diligence travels, turns off to the left, and winds up the mountains by a more gradual and better-engineered ascent, the views from which, looking back on Bou-Medfa beneath, encircled by lofty mountains, are very grand. On the summit of one of these mountains stands a large dark mass, which, at the distance we were off, looked like a second Tomb of the Christian, but it is only the ruin of an aërial telegraph station, now deserted, since the electric wires have been laid all over the country. There is no town or village on the way, merely two or three carriers' halting-places, where the horses and mules of the bordelais were resting and baiting after their heavy pull up-hill. The road was in such bad condition that the passengers were frequently obliged to alight and walk up parts where the springs from above had broken it up, but which a drain at the upper side, with a gully into the valley, would have easily put to rights.

On the way we saw the mouths of two tunnels, far down in a valley, by which the railway is to burrow under the Atlas. These tunnels are to be completed in two years, when the whole line from Algiers to Oran will be open, for, in the valley of the Chelif, at the other side of the mountains, the works are progressing rapidly over the level plains.

In the diligence there was a Spanish woman who was greatly delighted when she found that I had travelled through the part of Spain she came from, and with great gusto talked over the scenes of her youth. She was also an intense admirer of Algeria, especially Milianah, whose gardens and streams of delicious water from the mountains—but, above all, the avenue of poplars—she considered the summit of mundane perfection. A garlic-savoured Frenchman, however, flatly contradicted her on every point, and persisted that the colony was '*trop*

gouvernée, and would never come to any good until the Emperor was 'chassé'ed,' and the settlers allowed to manage their own affairs in their own way.

As the road descends into Milianah, the mountain side towards the south becomes clothed in verdure, and in luxuriant gardens planted with fruit-trees.

The poplar avenue at the entrance of the Zakkar gate, so much boasted of, is a very ordinary affair, but the view from it is charming over the valley of the Chelif and the gardens beneath, through which the road to Affréville and Teniet-el-Hâad winds down.

Milianah is a strongly fortified town, protected on the south and east by precipitous crags and steep slopes; but on the north and west its defence depends merely on the high town-walls, which are commanded by the heights of the Zakkar R'arbi mountain above.

Milianah was an important Roman station under the name of Malliana, and, according to Blofeld, contained until lately many interesting relics of that people, especially one remarkable monument in the centre of the town. Milianah was rebuilt by Bologguin, son of Ziri, in the tenth century, who also at the same time founded Algiers and Lemdia, or Medeah. But all these fine remains have been levelled by the French to make way for stiff streets, and their carved and engraved stones have been used for building the town fortifications.

Along the rampart overhanging the beautiful valley of fruit gardens down below, the French are laying out some public gardens, and while the soldiers were digging, I waited some time watching for any discovery they might make in the ground, but in vain, for nothing was found. Close to this are the remains of an old sewer, running down to discharge itself over the precipices, part of which is laid open, and the masonry greatly resembles old

Roman workmanship. This was probably one of the old cloacæ of the town.

Besides this, nothing old of any sort remains, except the tower of a mosque surrounded by a few railed-in trees, and that does not seem very ancient. There were several heaps of stones lying about in out-of-the-way places, which I turned over and examined, but could not find anything old. The stone of which the walls are built is remarkably open-grained and porous-looking. It was evidently formed by fresh-water deposit.

This town was the scene of many struggles during the numerous bloody wars which have desolated the Mar'reb.

Abou-Hafs, Sultan of Tlemcen, and Don Henry, brother of Alphonso the Tenth, King of Castile, took Milianah after a siege, and left Ibn-Mendil in charge as Governor. It remained subject to Tlemcen until the Turks conquered that city, when they gave over Milianah to the Beylik of Titteri. In 1830, when the French overthrew the Turkish Government, the Emperor of Morocco took possession of the town, according to Piesse, as well as of all the dominions of Tlemcen; but he did not remain there long. Abd-el-Kader also occupied this place, but when he made Tegedemt his capital he caused a number of the inhabitants to remove thither, so that Milianah was almost ruined and depopulated. On the approach of the French, it was set on fire by the Arabs and reduced to a heap of ruins, so that the troops could barely find shelter while they were repairing the houses sufficiently to provide themselves with winter-quarters.

Here the French garrison was besieged by Abd-el-Kader, and so reduced by famine and disease that, out of twelve hundred men who marched in, only five hundred survived till the spring, and of these four hundred were in hospital. The remainder were on the point of being worn out by hardship and fatigue when the siege was

raised by General Changarnier, who came to the relief of the town. The year following Abd-el-Kader was driven into the province of Oran, and the rebuilding of Milianah was shortly afterwards commenced.

From the terrace of the ramparts there is a superb view over the Djendel towards Medeah, and across the plain of the Chelif to the Ouarensis, Ouarenseris or Ouanseris Mountains, the highest peak of which, the Wan-nash-reese, is ordinarily covered with snow, and is a landmark all over the country. Morell thinks this peak is the Zalacus of Ptolemy, because a place he calls Sinâab, twenty miles to the north of it, 'corresponds with tolerable accuracy to his Oppidoneum.' Now, just at that distance from the Ouarensis country ran the long line of roads and forts which protected the Roman communications through the centre of their African provinces, and no such station as Oppidoneum is known to have existed there; but just about the spot indicated was the Roman fort of Oppidum Novum, which is probably what he alluded to. The French settlement near this spot is called Duperré, and the old Arabic name was El-Kadra, so it is not easy to decide where the Sinâab of Morell could be, as it is not named on any map nor in any book that I have met with.

From the Wan-nash-reese in the Ouarensis range, the Oued-Fodda, or 'Silver River,' runs down to the Chelif. It is so called from the particles of argentiferous lead which it washes down from the hills.

The valley through which it flows was the scene of a fearful encounter between the French, under Changarnier and Cavaignac, and the Arabs in 1842. After a severe fight, in which the Chasseurs d'Orleans, now the Chasseurs de Vincennes, drove the Kabyles up into a mountain fastness where it was impossible to follow on account of the rocks hurled down from above, a Kabyle prisoner pointed

out a way to surround this natural fortress, so that the natives above could be forced to surrender in two or three days from want of water. As anticipated, the Kabyles were soon compelled to sue for terms, and came rushing down with their women, their flocks, and their herds to the water, parched with thirst.

A char-à-banc, with leather curtains at the sides, like that at Laghouat, leaves Milianah for Teniet-el-Hâad every morning about three o'clock. Not wishing, however, to drive across the plain of the Chelif in the raw morning air, on account of its fever-laden mists, I engaged a carriage by which I could start at a rational hour, arranging that a relay of horses should be sent on to the caravanseraï of Anseur-el-Louza, which is about half-way.

The drive down through the fig, pomegranate, almond, and other rare fruit-trees, is charming; Milianah perched above on its rocky height, coming often into view at each turn of the winding road, while the Zakkar R'Arbi towers above, sprinkled with patches of snow.

The morning air was not so cold as I expected from the great elevation of the town and the neighbourhood of so much snow. Indeed, there are few healthier towns than Milianah, as the air is pure and bracing, without the hot days and freezing evenings of the coast-line—sudden transitions of temperature which must be trying to a delicate constitution.

After a long descent past many Arab gourbis, constructed of the common cane of the country and straw, I came to Affréville, whose streets are planted with rows of pepper trees. This village, called after Monseigneur Affré, the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot at the barricades in the Revolution of 1848, was built on the site of an old Roman station along the great *via* that passed here through the centre of Roman Africa. It was either

Zuccabar or Colonia Augusta, but though many sculptures have been discovered, none have determined the name of the place.

From this village several roads branch off. One passes over the Col de Gontas by Aïn-Sultan to Bou-Medfa and Algiers; to the right is the highway to Orléansville and Oran, along the old Roman *via*; to the left the Government are reconstructing the same *via* as far as Medeah at the south side of tho Atlas, which will be open in another year; and the road to Teniet-el-Hâad strikes right across the Chelif valley for the hilly country beyond.

While passing through this flat, rich plain, the paludian exhalations were very raw and chilling in the morning air, and it required elaborate wrapping up to keep oneself warm. The cantoniers, or roadmen, were busy planting rows of trees along the road-side. A large portion of this alluvial land is under cultivation, a few farmhouses of settlers being scattered along the road-side. One of them, surrounded by high loopholed walls, was a French military post some years ago, before the country was thoroughly subdued.

About half-way over the plain the river Chelif is reached, and is crossed by a long ford which is sometimes impassable after heavy rains; and even when the river is low, as it was when I passed, the water nearly comes into such a small calèche as mine. For foot passengers there is a ferry boat, worked across by a rope. The banks are very steep, and the intended bridge can be easily thrown across. Near here I saw a jackal stealing over the road, but it slunk away along a watercourse.

Right glad was I when this ague region was passed, and the scrub-clad hills were approached. My coachman informed me I should find some capital shooting along the road, therefore as soon as I had despatched my breakfast *en route*, I took out my gun and prepared for action.

It was not long before a covey of red-legged partridges appeared close to the road; one of which I knocked over out of the carriage, and another I wounded and followed up the hill with my dog. Here I came upon an extensive Arab cemetery with hundreds of boards standing up at the head and feet of the dead, and on some of the ilex and junipers near were attached rags to indicate that some Kaïd or other important personage was interred close at hand. No fence ever surrounds these burial grounds, which I have often met with in the wildest spots, far away from any apparent habitations.

The caravanserai of Anseur-el-Louza, the half-way house, is beautifully situated in a green valley surrounded by high wooded hills. Like all others in this part of Africa, it is a large walled-in quadrangle, capable of defence against the natives until assistance could arrive, and a very comfortable little inn is kept there by a Frenchman at which I had an excellent early dinner. All inns in Algeria, I may here remark, are invariably in the hands of Europeans.

My first care on arriving was to enquire for my fresh relay of horses, when I found that, although agreed for, none had arrived. The landlord recommended me strongly to sleep there and continue my journey the next day, as the road was in such a dreadful condition farther on, and I devoutly wished afterwards that I had followed his advice, but at the time I thought it was given from interested motives, and the driver assured me he could easily reach Teniet-el-Hâad in good time, after giving his horses a rest. Accordingly, while the three horses were taking a good feed to prepare them for the journey, I determined to have a walk up the hills with my dog and gun, as they told me that partridges and rabbits abounded. On enquiring for some one to beat for me, a soldier offered himself, the coachman of General Mar-

guérite, the famous sportsman, who was hunting here, accompanied by the Bach Agha of the Djendel from Milianah. The General had a large convoy with him, carrying tents, ammunition and provisions, and had been camping on the hills for three days, taking advantage of the short period to run before the close of the shooting season. This time is fixed by a general proclamation, which is little attended to, for partridges are killed at all times of the year, the consequence of which is that, except in remote places, they are becoming scarce. Had I arrived in time, I should have had a fine *chasse* with the General, for the French officers are most polite in showing civility to strangers.

The thick growth of lentisk, myrtle, thuya, arbor vitæ, juniper, ilex, yew, and wild olive was so dense that it was not easy to push through it from one open spot to another, but my beater and a pointer he had with him soon put up some birds, at which I mostly got wild, distant shots. I managed, however, to bring down a couple of brace.

Hearing that three panthers were haunting the neighbourhood, I would not let my dog leave my heel, and indeed in the brushwood he would have been useless; and this is the sort of ground over most of the Tell. Hyænas, jackals, and wild boars are numerous about the caravanserai, and a party of sportsmen could not find better hunting quarters. With a couple of cockers that would beat close, and a retriever, they would have excellent sport, especially if they took with them an English tent for distant excursions among the hills. But on no account should any expedition be undertaken unless through the officers of the Bureau Arabe, who arrange matters with the native chiefs, and hold them responsible for the safety of the party.

When descending the mountain, I came upon a long

train of natives with mules laden with the camp equipage of General Marguérite, whose *chasse* was over. There had been about a hundred Arabs beating for him over the country, and I heard he had had grand sport.

After leaving the caravanserai, the road soon began to deteriorate, and at several parts where the works of the new road were progressing, the horses had hard work to drag the carriage through; this was more especially the case where a bridge was being constructed across the Oued Louza, and the ford was deep with thick mud in which the carriage wheels stuck, and were only extricated by the aid of the workmen.

Near to this spot a saline stream runs into the Oued Louza, and upwards of fifty natives are constantly employed in collecting with iron scrapers the salt deposited when the summer heats dry up the water which contains it in solution.

The road now began to get worse and worse, until at a place called the Scorpions, where a stream runs between two hills, it was so bad that I had no choice but to get out and walk up the steep, rutty hill. In this hollow was the road-maker's house, whose wife came out to offer me some refreshments while the horses were resting before ascending the bank. She was a sad object from the fever, which is deadly along the little Oued that runs past her house, and she was quite prepared to succumb ere long to its insidious influence. She expatiated on the state of the road farther on, and advised a halt for the night, but I did not fancy sleeping in a house and in a locality so stricken with sickness.

Stretched away, as far as the eye could reach, were vast tracts of hills and valleys clothed in *broussaille*, with occasional patches of grass land dotted between, where, in some parts, flocks of sheep were feeding, tended by Arab boys. To one of those boys I offered a piece of

pork, which he ate greedily without waiting to think what it was, and I hope it did him good, for the wretched natives rarely taste animal food.

The juniper, wild olive, and thuya were the principal trees on the high ground. Some of the former had large stems, but on one only did I see any signs of an axe having been used, as the natives always burn their woods, which I before mentioned. The road passes near a gigantic, isolated conical rock, which rises out of the brushwood, and seems to have been shattered by one of the terrible earthquakes so frequent in Africa, for huge broken fragments lie scattered about round its base. Many of the hills I passed over were quite bare at the tops, and consisted of a decomposed black slaty rock thrown up perpendicularly, so that the strata projected from the ground like foundations of walls.

At length, after descending a long hill on the grass, the road being impracticable, I met three bordelais, with the conductors of which my driver had a long conversation relative to the route, as he was in doubt about it, never having been the journey except in the summer when the ground is dry. These men informed him that we were close to the commencement of the really bad part, the portion we had traversed being comparatively easy. They strongly advised that we should halt at the next carrier's station at the foot of the opposite hill, for it would be impossible to reach our destination before night set in, when we should inevitably stick in the enormous ruts everywhere abounding. However, after taking a look at the sinecurist roadman's hut and its motley crowd of occupants, amongst whom I should have to sleep on the floor, I determined to push on at all hazards. Scarcely had I passed the door when the horrors of the situation became apparent. Rut succeeded rut in a way that shook the carriage nearly to pieces, and sent all the contents

rolling about. Many times the wheels became fixtures in the mud, and it was only by dint of hard flogging that the horses, who were rapidly becoming jaded, could extricate them.

By degrees night came on in the midst of this bleak wild country, and the hyænas and jackals commenced to howl around; but fortunately the moon shone forth and enabled the coachman to pursue his way along, chiefly over large heaps of broken stones laid on the road ready for spreading on its surface—for there are no large stones put down first as a foundation for the macadamised metal. Finally, the long-anticipated crisis arrived. The carriage took a deep plunge into an enormous hole, whence it was impossible to extricate it, and I made up my mind to pass the night in the woods. A little gleam of light, however, shone from above, and on going up to it I found it was in the hut of some Spanish workmen who were employed in making the road. I asked them to come and help me out of my difficulty, but they impudently refused, saying, that they were enjoying themselves after their day's work, and did not want to be disturbed, although I promised to pay them well. But they changed their minds afterwards, and came and worked hard, though all to no purpose. Hearing from these men that the contractor's hut was close by, where two mules were kept, I set off and succeeded in inducing their owner to harness them and take them to the scene of action. They soon dragged the calèche out of the mud, and over two or three miles of bad ground, whence two out of the three fagged horses took me at a walking pace to Teniet-el Hâad, along the oleander-fringed banks of the Oued Rerga, the third horse being left behind, as he was incapable of moving. The Arab horses endure a wonderful amount of fatigue, and although these two unfortunate animals had travelled about sixty miles over such a bad road, they showed no

external signs of weariness—not the slightest droop in their ears, nor shake in their tails—and after a feed of barley and bad straw, and a sound sleep on the hard ground, they were ready to set off the next morning.

It was past midnight when I arrived at the inn kept by the Mayor of Teniet-el-Hâad, and everyone was gone to bed, except a frowsy old woman, who turned out to be the Lady Mayoress. The only rooms she had were already occupied by English; but she undertook to accommodate me, and for this purpose pulled a black waiter out of his couch in the public room, who was snoring comfortably, and little anticipating this rude interruption to his slumbers. I strongly objected to occupy the bed just quitted by such a dirty-looking fellow, but a shrug of the landlady's shoulders most eloquently informed me that I must submit, after due preparations had been made.

For a long time the hideous howling of the wild beasts about the outskirts prevented me from sleeping, but eighteen hours' fatiguing journey will tell at last.

In the morning, I unfolded my plans to Madame Schmidt relative to coming up to shoot with her husband, when she told me he was then at his farm in the mountains, where he could accommodate me and carry out my wishes.

The officers at the Bureau Arabe politely secured me mules for the journey, but told me I should find little besides partridges there, and offered to give me a letter to a Kaïd in the plain of Sersou, towards the Desert, where I could have some bustard-shooting on my return.

When the mules came to the door, I found that mine carried an Arab saddle, with enormous peaks behind and before, which rendered the process of mounting a serious undertaking, but once settled in position, the support to the body, especially in going up and down the hills, is a great luxury. The luggage mule bore an enormous sheet or covering with saddle bags on the inside made of

camels' hair, which a lot of jabbering and squabbling savages filled with portmanteaux, gun-cases, wraps, umbrellas, &c., all stuffed in at random. The whole was then hoisted upon the mule, the openings of the bags being kept inside, when an excited Arab jumped on the top and gave the order to march.

After passing a large fort on a hill, supposed by some to be built on the site of a Roman station, the splendid cedar forest came in sight on the summit of the snowy mountains, which extend over five or six thousand acres of ground, according to Achille Filias.

Close to this, in the Plateau of Sersou, a brilliant action took place between two hundred French Chasseurs, supported by Zouaves, under Colonel Korte, and fifteen hundred Arab horsemen, when the former succeeded in carrying off two thousand camels, eighty thousand head of cattle, an immense booty, and a large number of prisoners.

When I reached the top of the Col overlooking The Sersou or Little Desert, a powerful sirocco was blowing with unchecked force from the Sahara, which dried up lips, nose, and throat in a manner that was almost insupportable.

The wild guides led me up and down rugged steeps in the dark, when I found the peaks of my saddle an excellent support. Occasionally they held a discussion as to our course, which made me fear they might lose their way in these pathless wilds. After a long ride, however, a light at last appeared, and an exclamation of delight proved that the men had not been over confident as to their knowledge of the route.

Here I found the mayor and a gentlemanly young French officer who was quartered at the farm with a troop of light dragoons, as there was no stable accommodation at Teniet-el-Hâad for the troop horses, and the

weather was too severe to picket them out on the ground, so they had been sent up for the winter months. They were sheltered in open sheds, in an enclosed yard, which the mayor keeps for the cattle that he buys in the spring to graze on the mountains through the summer. When the cattle are fat, he sends them down to Algiers for sale, and realises a large profit, as he purchases them cheap from the Arabs.

A capital fire was soon made of ilex wood, lighted with cedar chips, which burned brightly, like Irish bog-wood, at which I gladly warmed myself after my cold ride over the pass, which is about four thousand feet above the sea. The mayor produced a bottle of gin, and proceeded to make 'grogue' as a mark of respect towards my country, but by degrees he became very argumentative and disagreeable. He gloated greedily, and with much justice, over the wrongs of Ireland, to the great annoyance of Nugent the French officer, who happened to be of Irish extraction. At last the conversation turned upon his cattle, when he told us that during the last year he had lost one hundred and fifty-six cows by letting them over-eat themselves when a rush of grass came, after everything had been previously burnt up by a long drought. He dolefully exclaimed, that between this loss and the unjustly high rent he had to pay the Government in the shape of taxes for his grazing farm, he was nearly ruined; when suddenly forgetting his spite against 'perfide Albion,' he went in boldly for annexation to England, because the French were 'doing nothing, absolutely nothing' to develope the colony, whereas we should shortly make it one of the finest countries in the world.

He promised to organise a grand boar-hunt in the cedar forest, and to procure some carrion from the town to decoy the jackals and hyænas at night, when I could shoot them in the moonlight from behind a rock. Mean-

while we were to go out partridge-shooting in the morning, over the mountains.

The Arabs about here were quiet, but on the borders of the Desert there were bands of irreconcilables always trying to corrupt and unsettle the more peaceably-inclined tribes. But movable columns of a thousand to fifteen hundred French constantly patroled the country in the spring, to awe the wavering and confirm the loyal. Now, alas! all is in chaos. Among the nomad tribes to the south many own a thousand head of cattle, but it is difficult to keep them through the winter as fodder is so scarce.

I was kept awake for a long time at night by the incessant barking of Kabyle, a yellow and white Arab dog, who kept guard outside the house to warn off the hyænas and jackals, as well as the prowling and thieving Arabs. An Arab is too proud to work, or to accept food as a gift. I have often offered them the remains of my luncheon, which they rejected with a haughty look of scorn, but they will pilfer whenever they get the chance.

When I awoke, I heard a tremendous noise and scuffle outside the door of my room, which opened into the yard, and on looking out I saw Kabyle keeping a party of Arabs at bay who had come to sell eggs and fowls, and were keeping him off with long sticks, although not daring to strike him. Some of the soldiers and Schmidt's two servants were looking on without making any effort to draw the dog off, and indeed, when I remonstrated with them for allowing the natives to be so treated, they said it did a great deal of good to bully them, and show them they were held in no estimation. I could not help thinking how this policy nearly proved fatal to us in India. Here the natives seem prepared to be thus treated, and manifested no anger, though doubtless inwardly infuriated, and ripe for revenge.

I could now see by daylight that the farm lay in a hollow surrounded by high hills, the most distant of which was the cedar-forest mountain at the end of a long valley, and on the summit many of these noble trees crossed the sky-line. The hills at the back of the house, like all the Sersou, were bare of wood; but the side of the steep mountain slope in front was covered all the way up in scrub, intermixed with cliffs and rocks. Between this and the mound on which the house stood, flowed an Oued bordered with fine oleanders, a tributary of the Chelif, which dashed down among wild rocks from the forest of cedars. Beyond this stream was a small walled kitchen-garden, in which potatoes and cabbages were grown, luxuries unknown to the natives, who only cultivate a small patch of barley and millet, sufficient to carry themselves, their donkeys, mules, and cattle, through the winter. One fellow brought a donkey-load of crumbling barley straw for the troop horses to eat, and turned off with a dignified air when Schmidt's servant refused to give him his price, knowing well, as it turned out, that he would be called back and arranged with, for even this food is scarce in the south of the Tell.

The day was so wet and raw that we could not shoot, so I amused myself with firing at stones on the hill opposite, out of my Westley-Richards rifle, which greatly pleased the French soldiers on account of its accuracy at long ranges. They all acknowledged that their chassepôts were far inferior, and told me they sometimes get heated after a number of shots, when the cartridges are apt to stick in the breech. The small layer of india-rubber at the back of the chassepôt cartridge, to prevent recoil, is an excellent arrangement. I pleased the soldiers by allowing several of them to fire out of my rifle, but, with the exception of two or three crack shots, the shooting was decidedly bad. One dragoon fired nearly four feet above the mark at fifty

yards—a large bulbous root, like an onion, placed on a stone. One shot with both eyes open, to the great amusement of his comrades. The serjeant gave me several shots from his chassepôt, the stock of which I found to be very awkwardly made, and it twice missed fire. He said bad caps were very often served out. He was very ignorant about loading his rifle, but was at last put right by a private, although he seemed an intelligent and superior man. These soldiers all shot in the Hythe position, but did not keep the left arm perpendicular enough on the knee.

While in the act of firing at a rock across the glen, with my own rifle, an Arab suddenly appeared close to the mark without my perceiving him, and the crash on the stone made him jump, to the great amusement of the French soldiers, who had seen him all the time and yet allowed me to fire. The proud savage gave a look of scorn, and passed on. These insults to the conquered race are most reprehensible, and will bring their retribution, if ever the Arabs get an opportunity of revenge.

Nugent took me round to look at the troop horses, which were picketed by one fetlock to a rope extending the length of the shed, and in the day they lay on the bare ground; a shake of long coarse grass, which is cut by the troopers, being put under them at night. One poor brute had lost his tongue, which had been cut off, the serjeants thought, by the sharp-edged grass he was feeding on; but that is absurd. It is more likely that the accident happened while fighting with another horse, and that the tongue had been bitten off, for the Berber horses quarrel fearfully. The men have an idle time at these out-stations, for they never groom their horses. Indeed, it would be labour thrown away, as they would immediately afterwards be covered with dirt from lying on the clay floor. When in the stable, these little Numi-

dian horses have not much appearance of excellence, but when they get out they are full of life and fire, and can scarcely be held in.

In the afternoon the mayor and I took a walk up the mountains, but although we saw some partridges we were unable to get any, as his wild pointers sent them off in all directions. We came across some small patches of barley sown by the Arabs among the brushwood, and strange to say, the ruins of an old house, but whether it was built by a native or a European I could not learn.

I was told that, although there is so little appearance of natives or their horses, five hundred men, well mounted, could, if wanted, be collected at a short notice, just as our Highlanders of Scotland could be summoned by the fiery cross from mountain and moor. The Arabs of this country, like those in Arabia, object still to sell their mares; but they are becoming more greedy for money and less exclusive when a high price is offered. An ordinary horse can be bought for four pounds, and a good plain one for twelve pounds. There are government haras at Medeah, Milianah, Blida, and Teniet-el-Hâad during the summer, at which only first-class horses are kept, in order to perpetuate this admirable, hardy breed.

During the second day of my sojourn the rain poured down in torrents, and Nugent and I employed ourselves in firing at marks from my rifle and playing at écarté. The monotony of the day was relieved by the appearance of a party of burnoused natives on horseback, who filed past along the hill opposite, looking highly picturesque against the sky; and by two jackals, which slunk through the scrub below, but were off before we could get out our rifles. This was an unusual occurrence, as these animals rarely show by daylight.

We visited the tents of the soldiers, which are very comfortable, and hold ten each. A saturated convoy

from Teniet-el-Hâad had just arrived, and all the forage they were carrying on the horses' backs was drenched. I was surprised to hear that a free government-school existed in these mountains, in which the native children are instructed in French as well as in Arabic, but no religious teaching is permitted. Schmidt said that the results were beginning to show among the rising generation, who horrify their seniors by washing, dressing better, and sleeping on mattresses; for paterfamilias can pass the night comfortably with his burnous wrapped round him, on the ground, after supping on the acorns of the ilex, and when swelling it in the towns he can live well on five sous, or twopence half-penny a-day. In fact, as a Frenchman can live where an Englishman would starve, so an Arab can live where a Frenchman would starve.

Notwithstanding the rain, a number of Arabs came to arrange about getting up a boar-hunt in the cedar forest, but they asked a fabulous sum, and I was advised by Nugent to place myself in the hands of the Bureau Arabe at Teniet-el-Hâad, who would have all the arrangements properly made, so we sent the fellows off, indignant at having their fight with Kabyle for nothing.

Schmidt's cook and factotum had been a soldier, and was quite a character in his way. He was very proud of the establishment at large, and of his own cooking in particular, which he thought would qualify him for the best situation in Paris; but two misfortunes against which he had to contend mortified him most grievously. One was that Monsieur was obliged to drink bad ferruginous water, which was all that could be procured, and the other that the soldiers used to steal all the eggs his hens laid. I must not omit to mention a capital salad he made from a small wild plant like a daisy, which was called 'toussai.'

In conversation I learned from Schmidt that he, like our mayors, could try all small cases, but had to send all heavy business before the judge. His deputy, however, generally acted for him, as he preferred shooting amidst the wilds of the Atlas to leading 'a town life.'

The weather here is always fine from December until March, which is a wet and cold month. Then it is fine until September, after which bad weather sets in again. During the wet and cold season sudden changes occur, and often in the same day there are specimens of the four seasons. At this elevation I perceived none of the bitter evening blasts that are so trying along the coast, but all over Algeria it is often cold when rain falls.

On the third day we started for a *chasse* on troop horses, accompanied by mounted soldiers who were to beat for us. We were carried up the wild hill-side for nearly two hours before we arrived at the shooting ground; the little cat-like horses taking us up without any effort, and without turning a hair. On arriving at the summit, they were tied by their halters to dwarf evergreen oaks, while we scoured the country. From the top of the great mamelon-shaped mountain round which we shot, the panoramic views over the Tell as far as Milianah, and over the Sersou towards the Desert, were exceedingly fine and extensive. On the plateau of Sersou I noticed a low reef of cliffs that formed a circle round a large and deep depression in the ground, which gave me the idea of an extinct volcanic crater that had been filled up.

The Little Desert was bounded on the south by the Djebel Magrouat, at the foot of which lay Chelala, whose white houses could just be distinguished, though they were sixty or seventy miles away. From the top of this lofty eminence I was able, too, to realise the manner in which the natives conceal themselves from view on their mountains, for in a wild glen beneath lay a large Arab

encampment of squalid tents, with filthy women and children moving about. On the bare sides of this secluded valley lay small crops of corn on little patches of undrained ground, five or six acres each in extent. Donkeys and mules grazed around, but no horses. On our return to the farm, we found that the soldiers had killed a jackal during our absence. Many of them are to be found in the rocks, and in the plains hares are seen running about, as well as sand-grouse, gazelles, and bustards. Unfortunately, in the evening, Schmidt, who is a Lutheran, got up a dissertation on the English Church, and said he could not understand what we had bishops for in a Protestant church, although I proved to him that they had always existed in the Christian Church since the days of the Apostles. At Teniet-el-Hâad there are thirty-five Protestants, but there is no minister nearer than Cherchel. Another stumbling block to him was the number of poor in England. He thought we had only very rich and very poor, and that no such thing as a middle class existed. Had not his sister told him so, who had seen for herself? Why had we so many poor? I tried to explain to him that it was on account of the increase of our population, which was so rapid that work could not be found for so many; but he only got into a rage at being contradicted about his Anglophobist crotchets, and at last, excited by 'grogue,' vexation at our bad day's sport, and fury at being contradicted about what he knew so well through his sister, he exclaimed—'What can one expect from a nation who drag their wives into the open market with ropes round their necks, and sell them to the highest bidder by auction?' I told him it was very well for a low, ignorant Arab to speak so, but that a man in his position ought to be ashamed to utter such nonsense, on which he left us in high indignation, to the great relief of Nugent and myself.

The next morning Colonel Valée, the commandant at Teniet-el-Hâad, attended by Captain de Reinach, came over to breakfast, and to inspect the troops. The commandant told me of a large Roman station he had found in the Sersou, just below the farm, during one of his expeditions, where he halted for fifteen days to make explorations. He discovered a long colonnade, and one of the town gates, but no inscriptions, nor any objects of interest. During these expeditions the column was sometimes a fortnight without meeting a human habitation in the Desert. They were much inconvenienced from the want of firewood for cooking, and were forced to use grass and dried camel's dung for that purpose. The Arab horses never have oats given to them, as being too heating to their blood.

After breakfast we all started to see the cedar forest, which lay in Colonel Valée's route back, taking with us some champagne to drink on the top.

The last time he was there he was, he told me, in company with a young English lady, who rode a wild young charger belonging to one of his officers, and the horse, not being accustomed to a habit, took fright on seeing hers flapping in the wind. It was dashing through the thicket towards some dangerous rocky ground, when she prudently caught hold of a bush and swung herself safely off, and though her husband and all the officers tried to dissuade her, she insisted on remounting and riding to the top. 'It was *magnifique*,' the Colonel declared. He also told me that she had been out boar-hunting in the province of Oran, and had herself killed a boar which had been wounded, for which feat she had been given a certificate from the Bureau Arabe.

The Spahis, he said, were not to be trusted to fight against the natives; neither were the Turcos, though they fought so well in the Austrian war. The red sash

worn by the hussars round their waists has a very good appearance, and is considered a most valuable preventive against chills in the body.

We offered an Arab three francs to show us the way to the forest, but he wanted five, so we dispensed with his services, and one of the soldiers undertook to pioneer us. When about half-way we came to another colonist's farm, and in the valley underneath the house were some young horses feeding. They instantly attacked ours, striking out with their fore feet and loudly neighing, a compliment which was returned by our steeds with so much energy that the dragoons were obliged to shake their coats in the faces of the combatants, in order to separate them. All about this settlement were clustered native tents, squalid to a degree, and made of black camels' hair. The uproar made by the Arab dogs as we passed was frightful.

The ride from this spot was for some distance through a fine wood of ilex and cork trees with a few oaks, and along the boiling Oued. We also passed a quantity of juniper and furze bushes, and many plants of wild asparagus. This asparagus has a bitter taste, and after having been boiled it is generally eaten cold.

At length we got up into the deep snow, where many superb cedars of all ages were scattered around—from the venerable patriarch to a little sapling a couple of years old and a few inches in height. At one spot we came to a dorsal ridge, where several venerable trees were clustered round a large piece of water, and underneath whose branches we could see the Sáhara on one side and the valley of the Chelif on the other. A short way above this was a huge sloping mass of rock, which bore unmistakeable evidence of having been glacier-scraped. At the very summit the snow was so thick that the horses could with difficulty labour through it.

Here many of the cedars bore marks of burning, a great conflagration having occurred two years before, owing to the silly natives lighting camp fires beneath their shelter. Many of these fine old trees are six feet in diameter and sixty-five feet in height. Owing to the depth of the snow we had great difficulty in working our way to the mineral springs, of which several are to be found in the forest. The principal one is ferruginous, and resembles the waters of Spa.

Here, after partaking of our champagne, we took leave of the commandant, who continued his course to Teniet-el-Hâad, while De Reinach returned with us to the farm.

As we descended we met a party of natives, with a long string of the smallest donkeys I had ever seen; they were carrying wood into the town for firing, of which quantities lay about on the ground.

De Reinach told me that, although a peaceable man, he had been forced into fighting three duels with sabres, and that scarcely a day passed that a duel did not take place in his regiment, non-commissioned officers having their affairs of honour as well as their superiors, and that even privates had been known to have hostile encounters.

We passed quantities of a bulbous plant which the soldiers called 'onion,' and which is used for making squills. The water in this neighbourhood is all bad for drinking, although running off grassy hills, as it is impregnated with mineral matter.

De Reinach kindly lent me troop horses to go into Teniet-el-Hâad, as mules could not be procured in the town. On the way, one of the dragoons, who accompanied me to lead the animals back, galloped his horse at full speed over the most rocky and uneven part of the hill-side, leaving the bridle loose on the animal's neck, in order to show how surefooted the native horses are.

I passed the military road to Boghar, which goes by Abd-el-Kader's stronghold at Taza. This journey can be made in two days on horseback, stopping one night at Taza.

At Teniet-el-Hâad there is, in the Military Club, a large cedar-wood table, made from one of the forest trees, which is six feet in diameter, and five hundred and six rings can be counted from the centre of the block towards the surface, each ring corresponding to a year in the age of the tree; but as the circumference increases the marks become fainter, and at last imperceptible, so that no approximation can be made to the cedar's actual age beyond the five hundred years.

The old Arab money has all been called in by the French, and melted down; and as the Arabs are not yet familiar with the new coins, the Jews take advantage of their ignorance, and cheat them heartily.

The officers at the Bureau Arabe, one of whom was a native, were much annoyed at my want of success at Schmidt's, and most kindly gave me a letter to the Kaïd of the Ouled d'Aïa, requesting him to entertain me and give me some bustard and gazelle shooting in the Sersou, of which I gladly availed myself.

CHAPTER II.

The Kaïd—Board and Lodging—His Ideas of Geography—Wet Weather—Departure—Char-à-Banc to Milianah—Camp of Military Convicts—Haras of Arab Horses—To the Baths of Hammam-R'ira—The Roman City of Aquæ Calidæ—Frogs boiled to Death—Sarcophagi—My Dog pointing a Tortoise—Rambles through the Ruins—Killing a Lynx—Tracks of wild Boars—Hot Baths—Natives Bathing—Noisy Invocations of Sidi-Sliman—Visit to a Kaïd's Wives—Their Terror—Questions about English Women—Wives of Arabs Unveiling—Cry of 'the Arabs are Coming'—The Dress of the Women—Their Barbarity—Counting Time by Moons—Surrounded by the Beni-Menad—Walked quietly through the midst of them—Effervescent Spring—Roman Coffin and Cattle-trough—Polygamy a Curse—Open-air Museum.

AT the Kaïd's I found Captain Durand and his draughtsman, who were making a survey of this part of the country. Like all the French officers I met, they were most excellent companions, and up to any amount of sporting. We arranged for a grand hunt the next day, and the Kaïd promised to lend us his war-tent to camp out on the Sersou for gazelle-shooting. The ground was too bare for boar-hunting, and but few partridges were about. Cultivation is scarce in the locality, and it seemed an injudicious spot for the permament abode of the chief, as he had four hundred camels and eight thousand sheep, while the tribe possessed four thousand camels and thirty thousand sheep.

The Kaïd himself was a fine man of about forty, with

a hooked nose, somewhat similar to that of the great Iron Duke, and was decidedly a good fellow. He put me up in a stone-built hut thatched with straw, in which were two windows about a foot square; one was glazed, and the other was covered with an old French newspaper, while a long piece of camels'-hair sacking did duty for a door. The bed was far more comfortable than I had anticipated, the reason being that the Kaïd is often honoured by self-invited guests from the town, who insist on being treated with becoming respect. The wind, however, blew in everywhere, and down the chimney also, and put out the candle. An Arab was told off to attend on me all day, and be within hail when wanted.

Our meals were taken in a lean-to outside the large quadrangle of the Kaïd's house, where the officers lived, the windows of which were innocent of glass, merely possessing wooden shutters, while the doorway was closed by matting, as in my room. The dishes were passed through a door opening into the court of the great house inside, by an Arab boy to the officers' soldier-servant who waited upon us, but this door was only slightly opened, so as to prevent our looking into the apartments of the ladies. The repast consisted of the inevitable dish of kouskoussou, without which an Arab feast would be incomplete, for eating kouskoussou is their highest ideal of good feeding, and in it were some pomegranates the size of one's hand. There was also roast fowl, as well as roast, boiled, and stewed mutton, cakes covered with honey, a capital dish of eggs, butter, red pepper, and chicken, and a great variety of original dishes, washed down by excellent wine. The two days I stayed there our host gave us claret and champagne, lots of brandy, absinthe, beer which had been brewed at Teniet-el-Hâad, Kirchwasser, and Vermuth, of which, although a follower of the Prophet, he did not scorn to partake. After dinner he came and sat with

us for a couple of hours, chatting and smoking, after which he joined the ladies. He spoke freely about his wives, assuring us that he could not do with less than three to manage his household, and told us he was looking out for a fourth to soothe and console him when in low spirits, as the three old ones were only good to bake and perform other household duties. He made sundry apologies for not presenting us to the ladies, urging as his reason that it was contrary to the custom of the country, but slyly enquired whether Europeans did not often get into trouble through allowing so much liberty to their better halves.

His profound ignorance of geography was wonderful. We employed the bottles and glasses on the table to illustrate the relative positions of Paris, London, Constantinople, Egypt, and America, which seemed to be the only places he cared to know about; but we found it very difficult to give him any idea of distance, as he could only calculate by so many days' journey on camels.

Most unfortunately the two following days were hopelessly wet, so that our sport after bustard and gazelle fell to the ground. The third morning also promised to continue wet, therefore I determined not to trespass longer on the hospitality of my host, although I am sure he was sincere when he assured me I should be welcome for a month. The poor fellow seemed really to be mortified that he was not able to show me some desert sporting-life. Thanks to my waterproof coat and long waterproof leggings, I was quite dry on my arrival at Teniet-el-Hâad, although the rain had fallen as African rain knows how to fall.

The following morning I was off again for Milianah in the char-à-banc, which started at six and arrived at six in the evening. At one of the cantonier's stations on the road I found the three Englishmen I met at Teniet-

el-Hâad, who had gone there for some shooting, but had been unsuccessful, as the partridges were so wild from the continued wet weather. They were given hard forms to sleep on covered with sheep skins full of large lumps, which worried them incessantly throughout the night. They had come to this spot over the hills from Teniet-el-Hâad, about seventeen miles, and when one of them got fatigued on the way, their French guide pulled an Arab lad off his mule, who was travelling in the opposite direction, and mounted the Englishman in his stead.

The fearful state of the roads could be distinguished by daylight, and it appeared almost incredible that the poor jaded horses had dragged me through such bottomless ruts the night I had passed. The diligence horses could scarcely get along, and the coachman's castigation had to be supplemented by hearty blows from the shovels of the roadmen at every bad part.

We passed a large encampment of military convicts who were employed in breaking stones. They were ruffianly-looking fellows with shaven heads, and I congratulated myself on having passed them safely in the dark the night I had so nearly spent on that spot.

The coachman drove us in a most reckless manner, over ruts, rocks, holes, water-channels, and obstacles of all kinds, at the top of his speed, rattling us about surprisingly, for we had six horses and were bound to time. I was not, therefore, astonished to hear that one horse had broken his leg the day before, nor to see that the works of the carriage had been repaired all over, and in many places were tied together with rope. When I pointed out to the coachman that a horse had picked up a stone, he shrugged his shoulders and said: '*Oh, ce ne fait rien.*' He galloped up to the breakfasting hut in true Irish-postboy style, making my hat blow off, and

smashing a bolt in the works of the carriage, which was soon mended again in a rough-and-ready manner.

On our road we saw twelve magnificent Arab horses on their way to Teniet-el-Hâad, to form a haras. These haras are a much more rational way of improving the breed of horses than our senseless system of racing, which breaks them down at two and at three years old, before they come to maturity. One superb black animal plunged and bounded with such fury that he would have sorely tried the nerves of many European riders, but an Arab rode him barebacked, and without the slightest effort. The uncultivated portion of the Chelif plain here is covered with palmetto and the squille-yielding bulbous plant called 'onion.' After a gallop through the streets of Affréville, and up the rose and orange gardens on the hill, we once more reached Milianah.

From here there is a fine mountain-ride to Cherchel, which takes two days on mules, but the halting-place is bad. The officers do the journey easily in one day with relays of horses.

As I wanted to see the baths of Hammam-R'ira, I preferred going round that way, and consequently took the diligence at night for Bou-Medfa, sitting in the banquette, which I think is preferable to the coupé, being more commodious, and equally closed in with glass windows. Both the diligence clerk and the conductor assured me that at Bou-Medfa I should meet the omnibus from the hotel at Hammam-R'ira, which came down every morning for passengers. When I arrived, I was, as usual, disappointed, nor was there a conveyance to be got in the place; but at last an Arab agreed to go on foot over the hills to the hotel for a carriage. Meantime I had a good breakfast and a glass of champagne from the poor sickly *aubergiste*, whose wife was still seriously ill, and his little child was dying. He seemed, in fact, quite listless and stricken down, and

his assistant managed all the business, while he attended on his invalid wife and got her hot drinks.

It was fair-day at Bou-Medfa, and crowds of natives were round the railway station. One tribe wore large turbans, which were sometimes under and sometimes carried above the capote of the burnous. Many of the Arab women in this part only show one eye, with which they peep knowingly from behind their burnous. While waiting, I saw a traveller who had just arrived from the M'Zab country, where he had bought a handsome, thick burnous, of brown and drab woollen material with white stripes. It cost eighty francs, and was so large that it covered horse and rider.

After waiting three hours a break came, and I started for the baths. A short way outside Bou-Medfa the old Milianah road crossed the R'ira and struck up the hills. Close by was an encampment of military prisoners, who were kept hard at work making the new road to the baths, where there is a military hospital. The hills are covered with lentisk, narcissus, and a kind of single marigold.

Being only the end of February, no one had yet arrived at Hammam-R'ira, but in about six weeks from that time there would be fifty invalid soldiers in the hospital attended by an army surgeon, and also a number of Jews from Algiers at the hotel, to take the plunge and douche baths. The natives use the baths at all seasons.

Close above the hotel is the site of the old Roman city and watering-place of Aquæ Calidæ, the walls of which can be traced nearly all round, proving by their extent that it must have been a place of great importance. Little, however, remains above ground now, frequent earthquakes having thrown down the ruins, with which the hotel, the baths, and the hospital have been built. The streets seem to have run in terraces across the sloping

hills on which the town stood, but although a vast number of door-posts and other upright stones remain in position, it is impossible to trace any plan with certainty. The ground belongs to Government, and the engineers have made considerable explorations without bringing anything of great importance to light, beyond a large number of cellars, with walls strengthened by large upright stones, the same as abound above ground. One of the entrances to the city, with its guard-house, has also been laid bare, and there are traces of another gateway and of a small postern door-way.

There seems every reason to suppose that the two large public baths at the hotel are Roman work, and one at the very top of the town most certainly is so; from this latter a mineral spring rushes out of the rock, so hot that the hand cannot be held in it, and several frogs were to be seen floating about which had been boiled to death, from having jumped in and committed suicide, like St. Patrick's reptiles in Ireland.

This spring is strongly ferruginous, and the rock through which it rises perpendicularly is iron-stone, evidently deposited and formed by the action of the water. An egg can be cooked in it in three minutes, the temperature being sixty-nine degrees.

The overflow of the lower baths descends smoking through the kitchen-garden of the hotel, and down below the stream forms a thick deposit of salt of lime in its bed, which becomes indurated like cement.

The water of these, the principal springs, contains sulphates, chlorides, and carbonates of soda, magnesia, and lime. They are highly efficacious in cutaneous, neuralgic, and rheumatic diseases.

Aquæ Calidæ is supposed to have been founded in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, and to have contained two hundred thousand inhabitants. It was doubtless the abode

of great luxury, and frequented in summer by the inhabitants of Cherchel, Tipasa, Icosium, and the other wealthy cities along the coast. It is supposed to have been rebuilt three times, having been destroyed by fire as well as by earthquakes; but I see no grounds for this surmise by the French *savants*, although the overthrown ruins bear evidence in some places of having been built in square-hammered stone, and in others of rubble, like Saintes, Italica, Philippeville, Carthage, &c. But this difference of material proceeds, in my opinion, from the degree of importance attached to the structure by its builders, and the length of time for which they wished to ensure its existence. One large building has been excavated, and in it are some columns lying on the ground. There are also foundations of some square edifices, which were probably private houses. Outside the western gate, in a clump of lentisk, are the remains, to all appearance, of a temple. The part which seems like the entrance is square, and at the other end it is rounded like the chancel of a church.

Along the southern circumvallation are the remains of a round tower, projecting beyond the line of defence, which on this side is in most places still four feet high. The foundations of a square tower are also perceptible on this face, near where the pathway to the top enters the bounds of the old city. There are, besides, traces here underground, where cleared away, of another round tower and of a square building. The gateway at this spot seems to have led out of the city to the baths below. On the east of the walled portion of Aquæ Calidæ a deep gorge runs down, whose banks were covered with ruins, one of which had the appearance of being a temple overlooking the little Oued beneath, which is fringed with the finest and largest oleanders I ever saw, having large gnarled stems and roots. Junipers and narcissus also

grow about in profusion, mixed with the predominating lentisk.

But the most interesting antiquarian curiosities are the sarcophagi or stone coffin-like tombs, rounded for the head and flat for the feet, which are met with in numbers outside the old walls, in what would appear to have been extensive suburbs. A group of tombs in a row was also found in the forest adjoining Hammam-R'ira, where there is besides a modern Arab cemetery. Some were underground, and others above ground; but all have been opened and rifled by the natives. Pieces of iron and glass were found in those underground. One was roofed with large tiles laid against each other in the form of a sloping roof, and another had stone flags placed in a similar form. Iron nails were to be met with in almost all of them, which showed that coffins had been employed. Funeral urns were likewise discovered, as well as cups in red earth, and coins. It has also been said that a skeleton was dug up whole, of which I have seen a drawing in a learned medical work, written on the locality, by Dr. Morin.

The hotel and baths occupy three sides of a large quadrangle. The fourth side is a trellis-covered terrace, overlooking the deep valley of the Hammam below as far as Bou-Medfa, and the horizon is bounded by the Atlas Mountains in front, and the Zakkar-Chergui to the right, which assumes the shape of a sharp peak from this point. In another square, quantities of pigs, rabbits, quails, and partridges are kept. The day before my arrival, a wild boar had been shot while feeding among the tame pigs in the woods. It is very common for a cross to take place thus between the two breeds, the products of which I saw subsequently near Oran.

Outside the hotel premises, which are shut up at night by large gates, there is a tumble-down *Café maure*, at

which the natives who frequent the baths obtain refreshments. A large stable is being built in the hotel premises, with black mud instead of mortar—scarcely earthquake proof. The carved columns around the court are old Moorish, or perhaps Roman, dug out of the ancient town.

The country abounds in partridges, and I had some good sport on the site of the old town. This part is covered with jujubiers and with asphodel, from which latter the brandy of Algeria is distilled, so frowsy and abominable in flavour.

One day among the ruins my dog came to a point at a small clump of lentisk, but though I threw stones in I could find nothing. At last, on looking down, I saw he was setting a land tortoise, and afterwards I got five in this manner, whose shells were all well marked. Walking over the patches of young corn sown by the Arabs near the old town, I found several pieces of glass; of fine pottery, apparently parts of tazzas; a small flower-pot; bits of carefully-moulded vessels; and a large quantity of flat tiles with one edge turned up, the use of which I cannot imagine. The under side of all these tiles bore the finger marks of the potters. As I went over the ground where this old city stood, I ascertained the reason why so little of the materials remained of which it was constructed, for the soil is literally covered with small stones, often collected into large heaps, which doubtless composed the rubble walls of the houses.

On examining the round tower of the south-western extremity, I perceived some pottery under the surface, and laid part of it bare, thinking it was old, but the roofing tiles, bricks, and flat tiles that I found were evidently modern, a fact which puzzled me much. However Cadet at the hotel solved the mystery by informing me that they had been hidden there by his predecessor, who

was angry with the Government for binding him to lay out so much money on the premises and grounds that he was ruined. He would not give them, therefore, the benefit of his building materials, but filled up the tower with them, where previously the Arabs had a *silos* for their corn.

Cadet was very stingy in his allowance of food for meals, and the meat was always served nearly raw. On my remonstrating, Madame Cadet said that she had always heard the English liked their meat *sanglante*, but she thought it *dégoûtante*. The untravelled French consider us to be half savages, decidedly cracky, and believe all the stories related by Assolant and other Anglophobists. I had a dandelion salad, which was rather bitter, but passable, also an omelette made with some wild-boar meat, and a piece of wild-boar ham fried, both of which were excellent.

There is no fresh spring water in this part of the Atlas, all the springs being medicinal, and the water for drinking is brought from a cold chalybeate spring a mile distant, which is slightly effervescent and very agreeable with wine. Eighty-thousand bottles of this water are exported every year.

Mustapha, a very smart orphan Moor from Blida, officiated as waiter, assisted by a little niece of Cadet's, who stood in the doorway during the whole of meal-time, gazing with open-mouthed attention at my behaviour at table, expecting doubtless to behold some outlandish performance. She, however, was not the only beholder of my gastronomical exhibition, for I had an admiring audience besides, consisting of three dogs, a cat, and a large turkey-cock, who occupied the best position, and pecked vigorously at all intruders.

One morning Cadet took me for a walk to the forest at the westward, which consists of ilex, pine, lentisk,

juniper, myrtle, and other kinds of trees. There are lovely sites for villas all along the brow where we walked, and I have no doubt that some day this spot will become a famous watering-place again, as it was in the time of the Romans, if the French keep Algeria. We passed a strong hot spring rushing out of the hill-side, where many others trickle down, making swamps through which it is difficult to pick one's steps. Near some splendid old carob trees, covered with their bean-like fruit, and some apricot and peach trees, where probably an abode of luxury had once existed, we came on a lovely view of Hammam-R'ira, Bou-Medfa, and Vesoul-Benian, with the background of the Atlas range scarred and furrowed by earthquakes. Here were the Roman tombs that had been opened.

We had a long scramble through the dense woods, one of the few spots I saw in my travels that does not justify Sallust's sneer about 'treeless Africa.' All along there was a luxuriant undergrowth of pink and white ericas, six feet high, variegated thistle, and the pretty cytisus or genista in full blossom, that, in company with cinerarias, adorns our conservatories during the early spring. I also noticed a shrub resembling our holly, and lots of caper bushes.

In every direction were immense footmarks of boars and other wild animals, and paths made by them through the thicket. At one spot a boar had been killed and devoured, nothing remaining but his tail and large tufts of hair. Plenty of partridges rose in all directions, but the foliage was too dense to get a shot.

Cadet proposed that I should sit up all night in the forked branches of a large caroubier, carob tree, for the chance of getting a shot at the wild boars feeding on the young grass-corn of the Arabs under its branches, but I begged to be excused. However, I am sure that if anyone would lie in ambush at their regular passes over the

little Oueds, where flowing through the oleander bushes, he would be rewarded sooner or later. One day two chasseurs came with 'pointaires' to give me a grand day's sport, which succeeded beyond anything I could have anticipated; for, besides making a capital bag of partridges, we had the rare good fortune to kill a lynx, which bounded out of a large brake the dogs were beating, right between my companion and myself. We each sent both barrels at him, and knocked him over, when the dogs luckily came up and secured him, after a stiff scuffle. We did not know how to preserve the skin, and unfortunately, when I got to Algiers, it was worthless—at least, so said the furrier.

One of the large plunge-baths is devoted exclusively to the natives, who come in great numbers. The women take precedence and bathe first, a compliment rarely paid, the men using the same water afterwards. It is to be hoped that they do not follow the example of the Spanish courtiers at Seville when Maria de Padilla bathed, and imbibe the precious fluid, for the black alluvial deposit at the end of the day is so dense that the water has to be let off while the flooring of the bath is cleaned with iron scrapers. Mondays and Tuesdays are the great days for them to bathe, as they believe that Sidi-Sliman, the Prince of Gins, is invoked on those days more successfully than during the remainder of the week, and more effectually by night than by day. Their custom is to rub their bodies over with leeks when in the bath, and the women put incense into papers, which they burn and throw into the water, uttering loud cries of 'Lou, lou, lou,' all the while to the Gins. They also place small dolls at the margin of the bath, with thirty or forty small candles burning round, to make Sidi-Sliman understand that they desire offspring, and they endeavour to attract his attention by deafening shouts,

kept up till late at night. When poor Jack first heard this lou-lou chorus he was greatly terrified, not having any knowledge of heathen worship.

The charge for being allowed to indulge in these rites is only a penny, but the bathers often give eggs in lieu of money payment.

A very smart woman, doubtless the wife of some Kaïd or Agha, went in accompanied by two attendants, and attired in white trousers and maroon dress tastefully made. A Kaïd also arrived from near Medeah with two of his wives and his brother, and while he was taking his bath and praying to the Gins, the landlady took me in and presented me to the wives and the brother, which latter enjoyed the joke immensely, and laughed heartily at the way in which the Kaïd was circumvented. The ladies, the elder of whom was plain and the younger pretty, unveiled for the occasion, and had barely time to ask me, through Madame Cadet, whether English women used henna and kohuhl, and whether their husbands thrashed them much, for they were awfully afraid that the Kaïd might come back and catch me there, when they would be well beaten. Both of these women had children, yet they were not in the least jealous of each other, but lived together harmoniously.

On another morning, when a number of common women and children were squatting on the ground outside the hotel, while the men were enjoying their baths, Madame Cadet made them unveil for me, which they did with perfect modesty, and one, who took me for a *savant* engaged in philosophical research, exposed her bosoms, which were the most dreadful, elongated objects I ever beheld. Even the little girls are thus shaped, from causes which I cannot here explain. Some of the women wore fifteen folds of muslin round their heads for turbans, and all had on the most enormous earrings, hung over the

ears instead of from pierced holes. The earrings are semicircular in form and made of thick gold, in two pieces, with a catch. From the bar at the bottom of the crescent hung large pieces of pink and red coral, yerd antique and lapis lazulæ, together with beads of fantastic patterns and coarse pearls. They also wore silver brooches, and little round looking-glasses hanging from their necks. They are greedy for jewelry, and Madame Cadet told me that none should ever be placed in their hands, as they are confirmed thieves. Many of the women are largely developed in the style of the Hottentot Venuses. The whole party had just been staining their teeth with henna after the bath, and were expectorating in a most unlady-like manner. They also had out their long round kohuhl boxes and extracted the pigment with little spoons, at the handle-end of which was a sharp point for tattooing. After having tattooed their visages, they put a strong dash round their eyes, and some stuff inside which made them run down with water. Kohuhl is a blue shining powder, something like emery powder. Three girls of fifteen were extremely beautiful, and one grown-up woman, who seemed of a superior class to the rest, was also very comely and well-formed. There was besides a little girl engaged to be married, although quite a child.

As regards cruelty the Arab women are perfect fiends, their great delight being to follow their men in battle, and to pull out the eyes and finger nails of their wounded enemies, whom they afterwards chop into pieces.

Suddenly a cry was raised by the women of 'les Arabes,' on which they covered themselves in terror, and motioned to me to fly. We were only just in time, for on passing the hotel gate I met all the men coming out. A bigoted old Mahometan in the *Café maure* close by was highly disgusted at what he considered the indelicate and irreligious conduct of his countrywomen in unveiling

before me, and abused them heartily. One woman, of a better class, was so overcome and scandalised by his invectives, that she decamped hastily, carrying her pretty child on her hands joined behind her back, but she afterwards tied the child up in a handkerchief, keeping it, however, in the same position.

On another occasion, when on my way to visit the pet rabbits and birds, I happened to pass the door of the bath while the women were in the water, and their husbands keeping guard outside the door, when Madame Cadet luckily saw me and pulled me back, amid the furious scowls of the Arabs, who thought I was prying after forbidden fruits. When Cadet's man once passed on a similar occasion, the fellows collared him and made him eat humble pie. Had he not done so, they might have struck him in unreflecting passion with their long dirk knives.

I found the baths very agreeable, but the water is so exciting that it is unwise to stay in longer than twenty minutes, at the outside. There is a small dressing-room, and all the arrangements are excellent. The water is perfectly limpid.

The Arabs have a singular habit of counting time by moons instead of by years. The women asked me my age, but were quite mystified until I multiplied my years by twelve, which sounded quite patriarchal to my ears, but gave them a correct impression.

Hearing that there was a fine view of the sea from the mountains above the Roman town, I started up with my dog. At the top of the town I came upon several pieces of sculptured frieze, which, from the shape, must have belonged to a polygonal building, probably a temple. Farther on I passed a village of squalid cane-huts, the most miserable, and pervious to wind and rain, I had yet seen. The men must have followed me, for in a moment

I found myself surrounded by fifteen ruffianly Arabs, who pretended to beat the scrub for game, which I felt to be a sham. I was then about two miles distant from all aid. I called my dog into heel, felt the breast pocket of my coat, where the French carry their revolvers, and stood as if looking on at the sport. But they no longer pretended to hunt, and preserved the circle around me, through which I quietly walked unmolested. They might have been actuated by curiosity, but I should not like to put myself again in the power of the Beni-Menad. I took a different route home, which I knew would bring me soon within sight and hearing of the hotel.

At the very highest part of the mountain I passed an Arab cemetery under fine yews and junipers, hung with rags and other offerings to some saint. There was a fresh grave covered with hurdles and blocks of wood to keep off the wild beasts, for the dead are interred without coffins, a wooden tombstone (Hibernicè) being the only memento. I should have been glad to inspect this, and also to look for a Roman road said to run over the hills, but I thought it wiser to move on; and I was right, for on looking back I saw the Beni-Menad peeping after me over the lentisk.

On my way down I passed four large stone coffins standing above the ground, the cover of one having been removed by the engineers.

On the brow of this hill the next day, I came across the quarry from which Aquæ Calidæ had been built, and numbers of squared stones with mortice holes in them were lying about, ready prepared for use.

Pursuing the road commenced by the engineers to go out on the Bou-R'Kika road, but superseded by the new one from Bou-Medfa, I arrived at the Koubba, the well-house of the cold chalybeate spring, whose water bubbled out of a fountain in the centre of the building. A bottling

machine was the only furniture, and the four soldiers in charge of the hospital were bottling off the aërated water for home consumption.

Here were some of those hills, so peculiar to the wild parts of Africa, that seem composed of baked mud, where no vegetation will grow.

On the lofty brow where I was walking, high above the valley of the R'ira, was an enormous native cemetery among the patches of brushwood, and from here the views of the hills along the Bou-R'Kika road to the further Atlas ridges was grand. By the side of the unfinished road was a Roman sarcophagus, which had been converted into a drinking-trough for cattle.

All along this road the engineers have searched in vain for good spring water by deep cuts in the hill, all the water being spoiled by the oleander, or else being naturally bad.

The natives in Algeria suffered frightfully within the last few years from famine, cholera, and typhus, and have died like flies. The Archbishop of Algiers took nearly four hundred orphans to bring up as Christians, but they did not turn out well, for it was impossible to eradicate their old lazy habits and evil propensities. The custom of marrying several wives, and having families by each, entails great misery on the poorer classes, as they have no provision whatever for so many. If he can barely subsist, the Arab is content. About Hammam-R'ira they live chiefly on thistles and other wild plants boiled, and often raw.

Near to the hotel was a strong spring for watering the cattle, but it was very dirty, being allowed to run wild. The ground around bore evident marks of having been closed in with masonry, and doubtless the Romans drew a water-supply from there, if, as I believe, the water is pure naturally, but the quantity in the summer is very limited.

The hotel gardens contain fine apricots, pomegranates, figs, large vines, and olives; and the green peas were nearly fit for table in February.

In a grove of plane-trees, where Cadet wanted me badly to join him in a battue at goldfinches, linnets, robins and bullfinches, there is a little museum of the few remains discovered in the old town. The entrance is between two columns which stand upright. Inside are two large slabs with inscriptions—one of smooth stone, and the other of coarse sandstone—both difficult to decipher, and in the middle stands a fountain raised upon a group of columns. A table is near made of two columns screwed together by bolts, with a slab laid on the top. There is also a large funeral urn in pieces, and many smaller remains of pottery and marble mouldings.

With the exception of one day, the weather was fine, although sometimes a sirocco blew which was searching, and depressing to the spirits.

CHAPTER III.

Over the Djebel-Ziberranif — Marengo — Road to Tipasa — Tipasa founded by the Emperor Claudius — Monsieur de Monchy's Museum — The Port — Ruins — Cathedral — Kabyle Pottery — Zurich — Roman Aqueduct — Cherchel, the Phœnician Iol — Isle de Joinville — Saint Marcian devoured by Wild Beasts, and Saints Severian and Aquila roasted alive in the Amphitheatre — Saint Arcadius chopped in pieces in the Theatre — Ruins — Museum — Jewish Girls — The Tomb of the Christian — Various Theories as to the Founder — Legend — Attempted Demolition of the Koubba — Apparition of the Christian — Koleah — Tomb of Sidi-Embarik — The Saint and the Partridges — Dangerous Bridge at Douaouda — Traveller forgetting his Wife.

FROM Hammam-R'ira I wanted to visit Cherchel, Tipasa, and the Tomb of the Christian. The easiest route would have been by rail to El-Affroun and on by diligence, but wishing to see the wild depths of this portion of the Atlas, I engaged Cadet to drive me over the hills to Bou-R'Kika, and thence to Marengo, in his break with three horses.

I remarked to him how few cattle I had seen in Algeria, and he said I was quite right, for they had become exceedingly scarce, and even sheep were not nearly so plentiful as formerly. The Government tax on land is one franc per hectare.

The drive was delightful, the road running between the steep hills of the Soumata, covered with scrub.

After passing the high table-land of the Djebel-Ziberranin, I descended by the Oued Bou-R'Kika to the village

of Bou-R'Kika, and turning to the left on the high road from Blida to Cherchel through the Metidja, soon arrived at Marengo.

At Marengo the roads diverge for Cherchel, Tipasa, and Algiers by Koleah.

The entrance to the principal hotel of Marengo was through a common pothouse, where the landlady presided at the bar; but wishing to see Tipasa, I was obliged to stop there, and found tolerably comfortable rooms in a small court at the back. Marengo is of the pure French-colony type—a large open square planted with plane-trees, a watering fountain, supplied here by a pump, and wide rectangular boulevarded streets of poor houses. This part of the Metidja is unhealthy, but not as bad as formerly, before the lake Haloula was drained. The evergreen eucalyptus is extensively planted throughout the town, and thrives well, growing at a prodigious rate.

About a couple of miles from Marengo the road to Tipasa runs through a fine wood of immense elm-trees, too old to have been planted by the French, which are intermixed with bay-trees, evergreen oaks, and white thorns in blossom—on the second of March.

On emerging from this English-looking wood, I crossed a bridge over the Oued-Meurad, a wild torrent dashing down from the Atlas, along which the road continued for a long way between high hills, passing the stream again by a ford.

I met a great many of the natives who were going in to the market at Marengo, and I noticed that all the men carried their long sticks behind their necks, in both hands, like a back-board; I remarked the same peculiarity in the Desert near Biskra afterwards, although the custom there was not so general.

The women were all uncovered and wore immense ear-rings and bangles, and one had a large silver brooch in

the front of her turban. A great number of the mountaineers were halting under some trees, at what seemed a *rendezvous* for those proceeding to the fair, for they were pouring down the paths of the Atlas in all directions, and among them were several horsemen.

After passing the watershed, another Atlas stream runs along the road as far as the large farmstead of Monsieur de Monchy, the proprietor of all the land about Tipasa, which was granted to him by the Government on condition that he should found a colony on the site of the old city, and with its materials of course. He, however, is a man of cultivated mind, and exerts himself to preserve the old ruins, instead of to destroy them, like most of his countrymen.

His extensive enclosed farming establishment, which comprises dwellings for his numerous labourers, stands near the sea, along which low grounds extend to the westward as far as the great headland of the Chenoua, which juts boldly into the Mediterranean, the outermost point being the Ras-el-Amouch.

Turning up a rising ground to the right, the ruins appear in front, while to the left is a wooded, hilly promontory covered with the remains of tombs. It was evidently a vast necropolis belonging to the old town, and a deep ditch appears to have surrounded it, on the inward slope of which doubtless stood a strong stockade, as was the case in the great Roman line of defence which stretched from the Rhine to the Danube, and on part of the fortification called Severus's wall, situated between Carlisle and Newcastle-on-Tyne, which I have already alluded to.

Tipasa, the Tefacedt of the Arabs, was an important seaport under the Romans. It was founded by the Emperor Claudius, and colonised with veteran soldiers. It is mentioned by Ptolemy, and also in the Itinerary of Antoninus. Count Theodosius started hence in the fourth

century on his expedition against the Mazices and Musones, allies of the rebel Firnus, who dwelt in the Anchorarius or Ouarensis country beyond Milianah. Hemaric, the Vandal King, sent an Arian Bishop to the Catholics of Tipasa, to induce them to embrace Arianism, but without success. Most of the inhabitants fled into Spain, and those who remained refused to apostatise, and had their tongues and right hands cut off.

On the road running down to the sea through the ruins, Monsieur de Monchy has built a fine house, and his gardens continue up the hill at the back among extensive foundations of ancient buildings. I noticed, where a walk had been cut here in the side of the hill, that the earth was full of bits of marble, pottery, bones, and other remains. Across the road there was a large piece of pleasure-ground laid out as a museum, in which were preserved a great number of interesting objects which had been discovered in the old city. There was a fine white-marble sarcophagus, with two lions devouring a deer sculptured on its side; also numberless figures in marble, but they were all imperfect. The best preserved object was a large earthenware vase about three feet high, used probably of old for containing oil, which was placed upright on a pedestal. Just outside this garden was a ruin of a large building, probably the palace or residence of the Governor, judging by its size and the solidity of its construction.

Through the middle of this edifice, a high road had been tunnelled at right angles to the one named beford, and the walls, where cut through, exhibited large white earthenware bottles built into the rubble work, either for ventilation or for allowing the passage of a current of heated air. They were open at both ends, the neck of one being set with cement into the broad end of the one in front. An immense number of these were also lying

about in heaps in the gardens and elsewhere, and Madame de Monchy kindly presented me with a small one as a specimen.

The port can be readily traced, as well as the large vaulted buildings along its extensive quay, beneath the level of the ground, which are supposed to have been cisterns fed by an aqueduct from the Oued Nador. The harbour, although small according to our ideas, would have held a number of Roman galleys. While exploring along the shore, I came upon a row of square hollows in the rock, three feet from the ground, at a creek, the same precisely as those described by Sir William Wilde which he met with at Tyre, and which he thought were the dyeing places for the famous purple Tyrian dye given to fabrics. What could those scooped-out cavities have been used for?

As it was some distance to the eastern end of the ruins, my coachman drove me there, and it was with great difficulty that he passed the end of the harbour, owing to the depth of the sand and the extensive *débris* of walls.

A curious ruin lay nearly on its side in the water; it looked like a large stone sentry-box, with a flag-stone on the top for a roof. It had probably been a small turret at the corner of some fortification, and had been overturned by one of the earthquakes so common in these parts.

After bumping for some time over broken ground, guided by an Arab boy, we came to a ruined gateway in the city walls, where I was obliged to alight and walk. From here the old walls of Tipasa could be distinctly traced, as a considerable portion remained, enclosing a large area, and running some distance inland.

Passing outside the town wall, which is built in rubble of cement and small stones, I soon came to the eastern burial-ground. It is quite different in character from the western, for here the tombs, of which there were many

hundreds standing above the surface of the ground, had the appearance of stone coffins with lids on; but they were not solid, and resembled those in our churchyards. My driver and I had taken pickaxes, in order to open some, but the Arabs had been beforehand with us, for everyone was broken open and rifled. The top slab of one only was perfect, so with great difficulty we lifted it off; but I found nothing inside, except some tortoise's eggs, and a quantity of ashes apparently human, as they contained a human finger-bone. The circumstance of discovering these ashes in the graves, and the fact that the Arab despoilers had not dug below the surface, led me to think that the bodies interred here had been previously burned, as was the custom of the early Romans. I passed some arched low buildings, evidently vaults, and I looked down into others far below the ground, but all had been entered and searched for treasures. The sárcophagus-like tombs were ranged in rows, as thickly as in one of our old metropolitan burial-grounds, in many places being twelve and fourteen in a row. At one spot I saw a family group of a father and mother and several children, the monuments being all of different sizes, but on none was there the slightest trace of any inscription or sculpture. At the bottom of this necropolis was the enormous quarry-hole, now overgrown with brushwood, out of which Tipasa was built. Up the hill, in the middle of the tombs, three or four squalid Arab families had squatted among the nettles and scrub, and had thrown up cabins against some old walls.

The ruin of the fine old rectangular cathedral was at the top, and its massive stone walls were wonderfully perfect. When exploring a year before, a number of skeletons were discovered about this church, and the Archbishop of Algiers, accompanied by the Governor-General, came to inter them with much ceremony in a

large hole in the nave. It is proposed to erect a chapel over the spot, but I trust it will not be built with the stones of the ruins. At the cathedral I found a large block of blue-and-white mosaic flooring, and was able to break off a piece with my pickaxe. This old building occupies a fine position, commanding an extensive view of the sea and coast.

On returning to the little auberge, I was besieged by boys offering upwards of fifty Roman coins for sale; but, with the exception of a couple which I purchased, they were unintelligible. One of mine belonged to the reign of the Emperor Galerius. Those of Nero are extremely scarce, but many of Constantine are found. I was also entreated by a sailor, who understood some English, to buy a human jaw-bone with some teeth in it, which he solemnly assured me came out of a Roman's grave, but I was unbelieving.

I heard at the auberge that M. de Monchy would allow any gentleman to explore among the ruins, and take away whatever was found. Anyone fond of such pursuits, who went there in a yacht, could keep it at Cherchel, round the Chenoua headland, while making researches, and stow away at leisure the antiquities he found.

Returning to Marengo, the heat was intense, as a strong sirocco was blowing, and several Arab lads I passed on the road wore only their cotton haïks, their woollen burnouses being too warm to travel in. This was the only instance I met with in Africa of the burnous being laid aside.

The part of the Metidja about Marengo was the centre of the country of the Hadjoutes, who collected the neighbouring hill-tribes under their standard, and fought so many engagements with the French.

The first portion of the drive to Cherchel was up a steep hill, through dense scrub which extended far away

in monotonous luxuriance over the Atlas hills. Afterwards the road ran along a valley parallel to the Chenoua Mountains, up the side of which the green corn-fields and pastures of the Kabyle population ran to the top, as in Switzerland. These Highlanders are industrious, like their brethren in Kabylia Proper, and mould highly elegant pottery after the ancient models. A collection of these excellent works of art would form an interesting addition to a museum. In agriculture they far surpass the French as regards extent, but their system of farming does not produce more than a third of what the ground yields under European cultivation. Like the Arabs, they merely scratch the ground, never harrowing nor rolling afterwards; and it is sad to see the many thousands of hectares of marvellously-rich land which is lying waste over the low country; for here the Kabyles will not descend to till.

I saw an Arab ploughing near the road, whose oxen struck work, and he was sorely puzzled to thresh them with one hand, while he guided his single-handed plough with the other.

On the summit of a lofty eminence, about a mile off the road, stands the residence of the Agha of the Beni Menacer, who is immensely rich, and has been decorated by the ex-Emperor with the Legion of Honour. He has a fine farm, and owns large flocks and herds.

In the valley under the Chenoua, watered by the Oued-el-Hachem, the fortified village of Zurich has been built, on the site of a Roman villa called by the natives Enser-el-Aksob, or the Source of the Reeds, where gold coins have been found of the time of Honorius and Marcian. The road continues along the valley of the Oued-el-Hachem, which streamlet it crosses at a ford near some splendid weeping willows, whose wondrously long boughs wave to the wind like horses' tails. Here a fine stone bridge is in course of construction.

Some distance on are reached the remains of a magnificent Roman aqueduct, which stretches parallel to the road across a deep ravine, between two of the Atlas heights. A couple of miles farther it again appears, crossing the valley high above the road and the river, and disappearing in the side of the Chenoua. The columns at this part have been worn away at the base, where they are so much smaller than above that the entire fabric seems ready to fall. These two arched structures are supposed by the French *savants* to have formed one aqueduct for conveying water to Tipasa from the Chenoua; but I cannot concur in this view, for the water from that mountain could have been conveyed direct across the summit much more easily than by such a *détour*. Far more probably, they were two separate aqueducts which met at this lower point, and joining there, supplied Cherchel, which is quite close at the back of the hill; the one conveying the water from the Chenoua, and the other from the Atlas range in the Beni-Menacer country. What confirms my opinion is, that the aqueduct across the valley inclines decidedly to the direction of Cherchel. The '*Tableau des établissements français*,' by the War Minister, bears out my view that these aqueducts were for the supply of Cherchel.

Again fording the Oued-el-Hachem, near the aqueduct, and ascending a steep hill, from which can be seen the white marble quarries of Chenoua, a square Roman fort is passed, placed here to defend the approach to the town, and opposite are the ruins of a Turkish castle built with the same object.

Keeping above the sea under wooded hills, the road goes over several gorges, and in many parts the old road is discernible, probably the Roman *via*; but as all the old paving-stones are utilised for road-making, it is impossible to trace these thoroughfares, except in remote

localities. Remains of walls exist in several places, and some koubbas, called the Koubbas of the Berkanis.

Before entering the gates of the walled town, a large ruin is seen to the left, across an extensive open space, amongst fruit-trees and olives, which induce the expectation of finding the statements realised as to the quantities of ruins remaining; but the Arabs, the Vandals, and the French have vied in destroying almost everything.

Cherchel has been erected on the site of Iol, an ancient Phœnician colony, which subsequently, under Juba II., became the capital of Cæsarean Mauritania, by the name of Cæsarea. As before mentioned, Ptolemy, the son of Juba, was assassinated, and his kingdom was incorporated in the Roman Empire. The rebel Firmus destroyed Cherchel, which was rebuilt by Theodosius, but was ruined againby the Vandals, after whose defeat by the Byzantine armies under Belisarius, it recovered some of its former prosperity.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, as we learn from Ibn-Khaldoun, it fell into the hands of the Merinides, or Beni Merin, a Zenatian tribe from the Sahara; but in the middle of the same century it passed under the sway of their successors, the Abd-el-Ouadites, commanded by the Sultan Ali-ben-Rached.

The Moors of Andalusia took refuge here at the end of the fifteenth century, and Kheir-ed-din from Algiers invaded and conquered it early in the sixteenth. Doria subsequently attacked the place, and burned many of the Algerine galleys in the harbour, without being able to effect a landing.

From this time history remained silent as to Cherchel, until a French trading-vessel got becalmed opposite to the port and was plundered by the inhabitants, which led to the occupation of the town by the French under General, then Colonel, Cavaignac. This occurred in 1839.

The port was of considerable importance in the time of the Romans, being sheltered by high precipitous rocks. It was filled up subsequently by an earthquake, which overthrew into it vast residences, whose ruins were perceptible beneath the water until cleared away by the present owners. Amongst the *débris* taken out were found a fine Phœnician statue in black marble, now in the museum, and a Roman bark, more than thirty feet long, filled with pottery.

On the ridge of rocks, called the Isle of Joinville, now joined to the shore by a pier, a large lighthouse and battery have been erected; and on the top of the perpendicular sea-face of this rock many foundations of buildings exist, and some rooms floored with coarse yellow and red mosaic. A large jetty is being carried out to sea from here in order to enlarge the port, and is constructed of blocks of concrete. Farther out lay a rocky islet, literally white with thousands of sea-gulls.

Overhanging the harbour is a strong castle, said to be of recent Turkish construction, but it is built of solid squared stones, and has every appearance of being more ancient. Part of it is inhabited, and the entrance is by an arched and dark passage. The hill below is covered with vast blocks of masonry hurled down by earthquakes, which reach to the sea. In front of this castle, on a large open space, planted with bell'ombras, lie a number of white marble and grey porphyry columns belonging to an old heathen temple, also several huge blocks of the frieze they supported, still bearing the numbers cut on them by the builders, to indicate in what order they should be placed. They had been joined with lead, and were all of the peculiar marble of the Chenoua, not pure white, but having a pale greenish tinge. These sculptures are as sharp in outline as if newly executed. The barracks have been built round the Grand Mosque, which building

has been converted into the military hospital. Its roof is supported by eighty columns of green granite, which had previously decorated a Roman temple. Here also are the old Roman vaulted cisterns, now repaired and restored to their former use.

At the western end of the town is a vast collection of ruins in shapeless heaps, thought to have been the baths. Here several interesting antiquities have been discovered, which grace the museum of the town, and that of Algiers. The earth, where turned up, is full of fragments of fine pottery and marble.

Among the ruins I noticed quantities of a wild cucumber running over the broken fragments of masonry, and also over the rocks and banks in the outskirts of the town. This, I fancy, must have been the *elaterium*, or poisonous cucumber, which I understand is found in many parts of Algeria. I am told it possesses the property of squirting the seeds out of the fruit with great force, when ripe.

In the centre of the town stood the theatre with perfect steps of squared stone, but it was used as a quarry until it went the way of all Algerian monuments of interest.

To the eastward is the large ruin I saw on my arrival. This is called the Arenas, or Circus, but it is far too small, and of a wrong form, for such a purpose. It had evidently been square at the north end, with two rounded terminations at the south, and must have been an immense double-apsed church or cathedral, of which some existed in Africa, as is shown by the one at Zana, near Batna. All the squared stones have been abstracted, and it is therefore difficult to define what the lofty walls were like when complete.

M. Victor Bérard asserts that in the arena or amphitheatre of Cherchel, Saint Marcian was devoured by wild beasts; and that in the same place the wedded Saints Severian and Aquila were burned alive, while Saint

Arcadius was being cut into small pieces in the theatre; but it is improbable that these rival performances took place at the same moment.

In one of the private houses I saw a little ancient lavatory fountain, made of the greenish white marble, and beautifully carved in acanthus leaves, which was fitted into a corner, and still served for ablutions as in the days of its former luxurious owner. The entrance to the same house was through an old white marble doorway; and indeed all the houses in the town are full of valuable antiquities; even a blacksmith was using a Parian marble column in his forge to hold his anvil.

The museum contains many good statues, but none are perfect; the best having gone to Paris and Algiers. Among them are replicas of the 'Thorn-picker' and other famous statues. There is also the greater part of a lovely statue of Venus, a fawn, and a Diana, besides some small square boxes of white marble containing skulls and a few bones. These boxes are very curious. I was told by the custodian that the flesh was boiled off the skulls previous to their being interred, but this mode of sepulture was new to me; probably the flesh was burned and the ashes put in with the skull. A large petrified wooden wedge is also in the museum, as well as a quantity of lead pipe.

Formerly there were many mulberry trees at Cherchel, and the Moors carried on a large trade in silk. Now, the only trade consists in the export of grain and coarse pottery, which is conveyed in the sandals or coasting-boats to Algiers.

Five miles to the westward is Novi, called Sidi R'las by the natives, standing on the site of a Roman town, as is proved by tombs and other remains found there by Berbrugger.

While at Cherchel, the mountaineers brought in two wild boars and a lion's cub which had just been killed in

the Atlas Mountains. A few lions frequent the wild heights above, but have been so often wounded by the natives, whose old guns are not powerful enough to kill them, that they are poor and sickly.

I saw some Jewish girls at Cherchel who walked lithely and gracefully, and would have been good-looking if not so filthy in their person. A Moorish or Arab wife can be bought for four pounds, a superior one for sixteen or eighteen pounds, and something quite out of the common for thirty pounds.

I took the diligence back to Marengo, where I was to turn off the Blida road, and had the pleasure of the company of the two defunct wild boars, travelling on their way to Algiers.

Two important events had occurred at Marengo during my absence—a pig had been killed, and the landlady of the inn had gone mad from an attack of erysipelas. Beyond hearing an occasional yell, the latter was not a serious trial; but the consequence of the pig's death was that I was inflicted with blood-pudding, trotters, and sundry other objectionable dishes, and on remonstrating, the aged waitress burst into a torrent of tears, and wound up by a dismal howl over her lately-departed husband.

From Marengo I started in a calèche for the Tomb of the Christian, or the Koubba-er-Roumia, passing along the Metidja as far as the drained lake Halloula. This lake used to be a famous haunt for all sorts of wild aquatic birds, and Tristram describes the delightful time he spent encamped beside the Koubba-er-Roumia above, when he collected many varieties of the rarest European water-fowl and singing birds in the scrubby and marshy ground around the water's edge. In this lake the Hadjoutes used to catch thousands of leeches. It is now drained and cultivated, and an English settler has a large farm of the reclaimed ground, with a comfortable

house and farmstead. He is in partnership with a Frenchman, who lives across the Metidja, under the Sahel Hills, and who uses steam power for his agricultural operations.

My driver took me into a farmyard by the road-side, and intimated to me that I was to walk up to the monument above, although I had paid for being driven to the top. A few strong observations, however, soon put things right, and he started up what was certainly a difficult road-track through the scrub. He informed me that he had not brought the key of the tomb, for which he had purposely called at the farm. It had been broken in the door, and the damage had not been repaired. The same apathy and want of intelligence with respect to anything of interest occurs all over Algeria.

A new colony had just been commenced at the beginning of the ascent, naturally implying the eventual destruction of the Koubba-er-Roumia. A large vein of chalk occurs in the hills, which has led to the colony being established below.

From the plateau on the top, where the grand old ruin stands, there is a superb view over the sea, the Sahel, and the Atlas range.

Much difference of opinion exists among learned authorities as to the measurements of this gigantic tomb, but it is about one hundred and eighty to two hundred feet in diameter at the base, by one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet high. It is built in the form of a truncated cone, with tiers of steps outside, as on the pyramids of Egypt. The origin of this edifice is lost in the mists of antiquity. Its name implies that it is the tomb of a Christian woman, and some suppose it to be either that of Cahina or Catrina, Queen of the Berbers in the Aouress Mountains, or else that of Cava, daughter of Count Julian, a Roman Governor of the province. The

presence of an enormous cross over one of the twelve blind doors, about twelve feet high above the ground that surrounded the building, would appear to confirm the supposition of its Christian origin. But, on the other hand, Pomponius Mela makes allusion to it eighteen hundred years ago, and then its origin appears to have been unknown, so it cannot have been built by Christians. Another theory is that it was erected as a monument for Juba, the King of Mauritania; but I must agree with Piesse that it existed before that monarch's time, and was the mausoleum of a long line of Mauritanian kings, ending perhaps with Juba, or Ptolemy, his murdered son. The cross must have been added by some enthusiastic Christian at a far later period, for in the time of these sovereigns Rome and Africa were both Pagan. There was a Roman station close to this spot, whose occupants may have performed this pious act and have engraved the Latin inscription on the building.

Close against the eastern side stood a structure which French writers call a bastion, but which was doubtless a temple. It was demolished by Baba-Mohammed-ben-Othman, Pacha of Algiers, in 1791, when endeavouring to bring his cannon to bear on the tomb itself and level it, in order to search for treasure. The ruins have been cleared away by the engineers, and a large square platform exposed, the stones of which were formerly joined together by iron cramps fastened with lead. This had evidently been the floor of the structure. Traces of a colonnade appeared at one part, and likewise against the tomb at this spot. Down a few steps beneath the surface was found the entrance to the monument, which the other building overhead had been most probably intended to conceal. It was below one of the mock doorways, and so small that it is difficult to stoop sufficiently to get in. I was told at Algiers that a narrow passage winds round in

a spiral form towards the centre, which about half-way in is blocked by a wall and gate, and on breaking through these obstacles the passage was followed on to the end by the military engineers. This description must be correct, for there is a plan of the interior in the museum at Algiers corresponding with it. On enquiring what was found, a solemn silence was preserved, and my belief is that some important treasures were discovered and abstracted. According to the Arab legend, however, the precious contents had been removed long before, and on this wise:—

A Metidjian Hadjoute, named Ben-Kassem, had been taken prisoner of war by the Spaniards, and sold in Spain to an old philosopher, to whom the captive bewailed his separation from his wife and children. His master at length restored him to liberty and sent him back to Africa, after he had made him swear fervently that he would, on his arrival, go to the Koubba-er-Roumia and burn on a brazier the paper he gave him, turning his face the while towards the east. The grateful Arab performed his promise, but no sooner was the paper consumed than the door of the tomb burst open of its own accord, and a cloud of gold and silver coins rushed out, rising up into the air, and flying away over the sea towards Europe. After this the door closed again. At first Ben-Kassem was astonished at the sight of such wealth, but recovering his self-possession, he flung his burnous after the passing golden shower, and succeeded in intercepting a few pieces in their flight.

Salah-Raïs, Pacha of Algiers, hearing of these fabulous riches, thought there might still be some remaining, and sent a number of workmen to demolish the building; but just as the first was lifting his hammer to strike, the white figure of the Christian appeared on the summit, crying, 'Halloula! Halloula! To my aid!' Immediately a cloud of immense mosquitoes and flies arose from the lake below,

and made such a furious attack upon the labourers that they fled in dismay, never to return.

On the top, where quantities of rabbits have burrowed, I found a curious fern, with leaves arranged round the stem like a corkscrew, which subsequently I saw wild at Llanberis in Wales.

After partaking of some bread and eggs, and some bad wine, at the little wooden auberge below, served by a black with the spindle shanks peculiar to the Soudanese, and which shone like ebony, I continued my drive along the northern edge of the Metidja to Koleah.

When I passed the large farm of the Frenchman I named above, I saw that his partner had indoctrinated him with British notions, for all his ploughs and other farming implements were English. He had a large herd of fine dairy cows, dairy produce paying well in Algiers. An immense herd of young horses also belonging to him were ranging through the scrub and broken ground at the road-side, and were very demonstrative in their efforts to make my acquaintance, sending their frisky heels into unpleasant proximity. Wild olives and arbutus grew all along the road, which were covered with clematis in full blossom, climbing over them, while quantities of double daisies, linum, and saponaria flowered around in profusion. There were several fine farms on the road, and at one I saw a waggon drawn by oxen, a rare sight in Northern Africa. I also noticed two horses ploughing with a yoke over their necks, similar to those carried by oxen.

Nearly all the Sahel slopes are covered with brushwood, which a few new settlers were cutting down and burning for charcoal in large heaps, banked up outside with clay to keep in the flame.

Koleah stands high up on the Sahel hills, and there is a steep ascent to it from the Metidja. It is famous for the tomb of the Marabout Sidi-Embarek, situated oppo-

site to the gate of the Great Mosque, now converted into a military hospital. The tomb is down some steps, and none descend them to pray without taking off their slippers. It is lighted by a handsome lamp of rich design, in the form of a large chandelier. Outside were several great native chieftains mounted on fine horses, amongst whom a fool went about and was treated with marked respect, though he had the manners of a drunken sot. These idiots are looked upon as holy, for their spirits are supposed to be with God. A watch is kept night and day over the Saint's tomb.

Sidi-Embarek was a common labouring man, and made his reputation by sleeping under a tree while his oxen were performing their work, which they went through just as well as if he had been beside them. Ismaël, his employer, went one day to witness this miracle, when he beheld a covey of partridges gorging themselves with what they extracted from the tangled locks of the Saint. He could no longer doubt the divine mission of his menial, and exclaimed, 'Sidi-Embarek, you are the elect of God! You are my master, and I am your servant.' His fame soon spread, and pilgrims flocked from all parts to present offerings, and solicit his favour and prayers. His Koubba is still in great request amongst all the Mahometans of the neighbourhood.

Below the Koubba there is a pleasure-garden belonging to the officers, laid out, as they think, in the English style; but beyond its containing some good fruit-trees, I saw nothing wonderful.

Three or four miles off is Aïn-Fouka, the Casæ Calventi of the Itinerary of Antoninus, where Berbrugger has found some Roman antiquities, but no ruins are to be seen.

From Koleah I took the diligence to Algiers, inside which four pigeons were running about quite tame.

A profusion of young nasturtions were growing along the road-side, which must present a very gay appearance when in flower.

The rivers along the road all run below the level of the country with steep banks, like those in Ayrshire. A large convoy of natives on mules and asses was going up the dry bed of one of these shallow streams under the trees, and looked very picturesque.

The broken stones for the road, at its side, were covered with a square mark in lime after having been measured, so that the heaps could not be tampered with.

At Douaouda there is an old wooden bridge over the Oued-Mazafran, which slopes so much to one side that the carriages nearly topple over when crossing. A stone one, however, is in course of erection.

After passing a long line of sandy dunes, we reached the turn to Sidi-Ferruch, where a man jumped out, and started off at a brisk walk. Hereupon one of my fellow-passengers loudly screamed, when it turned out that she was his wife, and that he had forgotten all about her.

CHAPTER IV.

Carnival at Algiers—The Bou-Zareah Heights—Koubbas bowered in Palmettos—The Fraîs Vallon—Fresh Husbands supplied to divorced Women by Sidi-M'djebbar—Summer Palace of the Dey—Dolmens near Cheraga—Fields of scented Geraniums—Cytisus and gigantic Heather—British Cohort at Algiers in the Service of Rome—Mammoth Caves—Old Roman Road—Eucalyptus—Boar Hunt on the Sahel Hills—Moorish Lady at Home—To Milianah—Roman Stations—Orléansville—Singular Inscriptions—Road to Tenes—Traveller attacked—Massacre by General Pelissier in the Cave near Tiharet—Irrigation at Perregaux and St. Denis du Sig—Abd-el-Kader at Maskara—Battle of Isly—Oran—Surrounding Heights and Forts—Bath of the Queen—Leap on Horseback into the Sea by the Sultan of the Almoravides and his favourite Sultana—Mirs-el-Kebir—Oran in the Olden Time—Rumoured Fighting in the Sahara—Orange Groves of Misserguin—Salt River—Aïn-Temouchant—Quarries of rare Stones—Approach to Tlemcen.

On my return to Algiers, I found the town in the full excitement of the Carnival, which was a miserable affair. The dresses were bad, and everything was poor in the extreme; but the excitement and noise were on the most approved Parisian model. The profound astonishment, mingled with contempt, which the natives exhibit is highly amusing, as they gaze in wonder at the antics and follies of their masters on these festive occasions.

There is a delightful drive to the Bou-Zareah heights, from which a most lovely panoramic view is obtained, embracing the whole of the Lesser Atlas range from the headland of Chenoua on the west to the snowy peaks of

the Djurjura; on the east the towns of the Metidja and Sahel, and the tomb of the Christian; and Algiers beneath with its harbour and villa-clad hills, bathed in the bright blue sea. The foreground of koubbas bowered by venerable palmettos, the size of small palm-trees, completed the entrancing picture. I entered some of these marabouts, or koubbas, which all contain the shrine of some Saint, the principal being Sidi-Nouman. The spot where the body lies is indicated by posts with planks laid upright on their sides between them. The number of tombs in the west cemetery crowning the top of the hill was incredible. Here I saw an interment, the dead being honoured by a shell coffin. Numbers of the most squalid huts were built out of the ruins of what looked like a Moorish dwelling. The women went about unveiled.

The Frais Vallon lies beneath—a delightful retreat, whose sparkling streams and groves of orange, fig, pomegranate, and almond are ever shaded by the mountains above. Here the famous ferruginous spring of Aïoun Sr'akhna bubbles forth from the koubba of the venerated Sidi-M'djebbar, whither divorced women repair to pray for fresh husbands, and generally with success, if at all good-looking.

The drive down was past a fine old summer-palace of the Dey, surrounded by rows of cypress and groves of orange and almond. At one spot the road ran round a hill clothed with a rich undergrowth of laurestinas. I also passed a large quarry, out of which the stone is taken for building in Algiers. Farther on I saw a Jewish cemetery, and two for Blacks adjoining, all unenclosed, not far outside the Bab-el-Oued gate.

But the most interesting excursion I took was to the great cemetery of Dolmens at Haouch-Kalâa, near Cheraga; I was a long time, however, before I could find a coachman who had ever heard of the spot. After

turning off the Koleah road, the route lay for some distance through fields of scented geraniums and fruit orchards, and then through wild broussaille full of yellow cytisus or genista, and lovely tall white heather in blossom. One must travel along these by-roads to be able to appreciate how little has been done by the French to reclaim these fertile lands.

These Dolmens are precisely similar to those at Djelfa in the Sahara, and also to those in Brittany, England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. They are formed of a flat slab laid upon three upright ones, and are commonly known in Europe by the name of Druids' altars. At Cheraga they stand thickly together, and still cover a large extent of ground, though numbers of them have been demolished. There is every probability that these were the tombs of the ancient Britons belonging to a British cohort in the service of Rome; for at Aumale the tombstone of the Tribune Gargilius was found, which records that he governed the country about Algiers, and likewise commanded a 'Britannic cohort.' The natural inference is that this contingent force was quartered in the territory over which he ruled, and consequently that this Druidical burial-ground belonged to the soldiers composing it. French writers endeavour to establish that this was a Breton cohort, but Brittany was called Armorica in the time of the Romans, and did not acquire its modern name until long after they had withdrawn from Western Europe.

After a steep descent I got down at Guyotville, on the high road along the sea from Algiers to Sidi-Ferruch.

While awaiting some letters I expected, I went with a Danish friend to hear a most interesting lecture by Professor Bourgot on some caves lately discovered at Pointe de Pescade, where the bones of many antediluvian animals had been found in juxtaposition with human

bones, and with stone implements belonging to pre-historic ages.

I also accompanied the owner of the hotel to see a pretty *campagne* he owned, and near to which a new station to the Virgin had been constructed on the slopes of Mustapha Supérieur. We had a walk along the old Roman road between Icosium and Rusgunia, overshadowed with splendid trees, and we also went to see a large dairy farm, the owner of which was enthusiastic on the subject of the eucalyptus absorbing poisonous gases, and modifying the unhealthiness of the African plains. He had a nursery containing thousands of the young plants, and a thriving wood of well-grown trees. The great drawbacks to this tree are that it is so easily blighted by the sirocco, which dries up all its moisture, and that it quickly snaps in a high wind, owing to the spongy nature of its stem. It thrives best when sheltered from the prevailing blast.

I also had the good fortune to join a boar-hunt, which I found had been got up by my friends the Francs-tireurs of Boufarik, who rent and preserve about twelve hundred acres of scrub on the Sahel hills. There were large parties of Arabs out, and twenty-eight guns, who unsuccessfully tried to advance in line. We had a long walk through the high scrub and a great deal of firing, shouting, and yelling at dogs, but only succeeded in bagging one small boar.

I heard from some ladies I knew of a visit they had paid to a Moorish lady. After waiting some time, she came in and shook hands with them in European fashion, and motioned to them to seat themselves with her on cushions upon the floor, which was covered with Turkey carpets. She was richly attired in trousers and papouches, with a r'lila, or jacket of silk embroidered in gold, and a velvet chachïa, or cap, on her head, trimmed with red

silk shot with gold. On her fingers were immense rings, and in her ears pendants of badly-cut and badly-mounted precious stones. She also wore bracelets which are called m' saïs, and anklets called m' kaïs.

Having received the business letters for which I returned to Algiers, I prepared at once to start again for the province of Oran, as I had a vast extent of country to traverse before the approach of the hot weather. I therefore commenced my journey to Milianah, *en route* for Oran by Orléansville.

At El-Affroun the convicts were still making stuffing for mattresses and furniture, and even coarse materials for dresses, from the palmetto.

When near Milianah, I passed a large mountain-train of light field-guns, the guns carried on one mule and the carriage on another.

The diligence for Oran leaves Milianah at night, and turning to the right at Affréville skirts the edge of the Chelif. Eight miles farther the Djebel-Doui-el-Arib juts out from the Atlas, and leaves the Chelif but a narrow passage. This strong position was utilised by the Romans, who had a camp here called Tigava Castra.

Close to Duperré are the ruins of Oppidum Novum, an old Roman city of importance on the highway which here ran across Africa, founded by the Emperor Claudius and peopled by veterans. It was an episcopal see, and Benantius, its bishop, was exiled at the end of the sixth century by Huneric, the Vandal and Arian king. El-Bekhri says that a fine Arab city flourished here afterwards, called El-Kadra, surrounded by lovely gardens.

Near the Oued Rouina are the remains of another Roman town, whose name has not been discovered.

Farther on, in the Aghalik of Braz, the road runs between the ruins of Djebel T'moulga and Beni-Rached, supposed to belong to the ancient Tigada Municipium.

Beyond the junction of the Oued-Fodda with the Chelif, other ruins are met with, but the name of the Station is unknown.

At Orléansville I expected to find interesting memorials of the Roman occupation, as so many covered the spot when Marshal Bugeaud fixed on it as the site of a new town, and so many have since been discovered; but not a vestige exists. The French generals seem to have taken a pride in selecting places to build on where the Romans had their settlements of old, from a feeling that they were taking their stand as the military successors of the conquerors of the world.

These buildings so ruthlessly destroyed were the ruins of Castellum Tingitii. In making a street, the foundations of the Basilica of Saint Reparatus were discovered, with a mosaic pavement in red, white, and black, ornamented with five inscriptions, which are supposed to have been abracadaberas, or charms against disease. The two principal ones were composed of the words 'Sancta Ecclesia' and 'Saturninus Sacerdos.' In the first, the letter 'S' of the word 'Sancta' was placed in the centre of the figure, so that 'Sancta' was read four ways in the form of a cross. Outside this cross the word 'ecclesia,' spelt with one 'c,' completed the four sides of the square, the word occurring thrice on each side and beginning at the middle of the line. The remainder of the square was filled up with letters which formed portions of the two words, more or less complete. A third inscription gave the date of the foundation of the cathedral as having been laid in the year 325. A slab of marble, thought to have been the altar-table, bore the inscription 'To the blessed SS. Peter and Paul.' All these interesting antiquities have either been re-buried or destroyed, it being indispensable to keep the street in a right line. Nothing is to be seen but some coarse sculptures in the barracks.

The walls of the town enclose a great deal more space than has been built upon, and in the outskirts a wood has been planted as an experiment in modifying the climate. An important market is held every Sunday in Orléansville, at which five thousand wild mountaineers, from the Ouarensis and other Atlas ranges, often assemble with their cattle and provisions, and even Saharians with salt, dates, and other products from the Desert.

Here the road branches off for Tenes on the coast, the Cartenna of the Romans. A fellow-traveller told me that his father had been nearly robbed on this road by natives, who appeared from behind a rock in a narrow gorge, one of whom advanced and asked him for some powder; but he quickly pointed his revolver at them, telling them to take what there was there—a movement that sent them clambering nimbly up the mountain. They generally sneak in under pretence of asking for a lucifer match, when a blow of their stick on the head, and a cut with a knife across the throat, speedily arrange matters, so it is always wise to make them keep at a respectful distance.

The greater part of the road to Relizane, where the railway to Oran commences, is through the valley of the Chelif, a most uninteresting country, covered with lentisk on the high grounds, and jujubiers on the low. Here the grass is everywhere turned up by the rooting of wild boars.

For a long distance the new railway in process of construction from Algiers to Oran keeps alongside, which must be a cheap line to make, as the ground costs nothing and the country is tolerably level. The hills in many places are covered with a dense growth of bright-orange marigolds.

At the Djebel Guezzoul, to the left of the road, was Tiharet, the ancient Tingartia, and the see of a bishop in the fifth century. El-Bekhri says that when the Arab

tribe of the Berkadjenna tried to erect a fort and town on the site of the old city, they found their work demolished every morning, and consequently founded the town of New Tiharet six miles away. Near Tiharet, Abd-el-Kader founded Tegdemt, or Takdemt, which, after the fall of Maskara, he made the base of his operations against the French, who subsequently took Tiharet and rebuilt it. Between the plains of Mina and the Ouanseris, and near also to Tiharet, is the famous cave in which General Pelissier so barbarously smothered 1,600 natives of the Flittas tribe.

The diligence stopped for us to breakfast at Djidiouïa, on the Oued Malah, a confluent of the Chelif, in an auberge where the tables were laid in an arbour made of bamboo cane, there only being room inside the hut for cooking.

It was very late at night when the diligence arrived at Relizane, and the place where it stopped was at some distance from the railway, so I had to walk over a large open space, intersected by streams of water, crossed by narrow planks, which were not easily found in the dark by the light of a lantern.

The train started at six in the morning from Relizane for Oran, in a cold fever-bearing fog, rising out of the plains of Habra and Sig, through which the line runs. The plains were filled with semi-nomad tribes, possessing enormous herds of cattle, horses, mules, and asses, and thousands of sheep and goats. The few living in huts had their dwellings surrounded by heaps of prickly jujubier boughs to keep off the wild beasts. The ground was covered with catlock, called prussiach in Ireland, the yellow weed that grows in the corn of our bad farmers, and also with quantities of marigolds.

At Perregaux, one of the stations, the Government are constructing large reservoirs in the hills above to irrigate

the Habra plain, and so bring a vast quantity of land under cultivation.

Another irrigation reservoir is in course of construction at St. Denis du Sig, on the site of the former Turkish one, whereby some thousands of acres will be reclaimed in the plain of Sig. These works have been undertaken by a company called the 'Union of Sig,' who have introduced the culture of tobacco and cotton. Here I saw barley in full ear on the fifteenth of March; the fruit trees also were in blossom. Along the banks of the Sig were some very extensive willow copses, the only ones I saw in Africa.

At St. Denis du Sig the road for Maskara turns off up the mountains by Oued-el-Hammam. Above this, in the Djebel-Tifroura, a deep ravine is passed clothed in forests of pinaster, thuya, lentisk, ilex, and olive.

Maskara lies on the southern slope of the Atlas, called Chareb-er-Rih, and was constructed by the Berbers on the site of a Roman town. Shaw supposes it to have been Victoria, but M'Carthy thinks that city stood to the westward, in the Djebel-Tessala at Aïn-Zertita.

Maskara was the subject of one of the sarcastic sayings of Sidi-Ahmed-ben-Youssef, the Marabout of Milianah, who observed of its people: 'If you meet anyone proud, fat, and dirty, you may safely say he is an inhabitant of Maskara.

Here Abd-el-Kader raised his standard of revolt in 1832, and made his triumphal entry with only one small coin in the corner of his haïk, but the Jews and M'Zabites soon filled his coffers.

In 1835 Maskara was burned, and nothing was left to the Emir but a tattered tent to dwell in. Nevertheless, the same year all the tribes submitted afresh to his leadership.

Having been afterwards defeated at Maskara, the

Emir took refuge on the confines of Morocco, and carried on a desultory warfare, assisted by the Emperor of that country, until the bombardment of Mogador and Tangier, and the battle of Isly, where the Moorish army was defeated by Marshal Bugeaud, after which the Emperor's aid to the Emir was withdrawn.

Before arriving at Oran, the enormous Sebkha, or salt lake of Oran, comes in sight. It resembles an arm of the sea in extent, and its western shore is not visible, so that its three islands appear to rest on the horizon. To the south, the Djebel Tessala chain stretches far away inland.

At the entrance of the town are several windmills with cutter-rigged sails on the arms.

Oran occupies a pleasing position along the sides of a ravine opening down to the sea, called the Ouahran—whence the name of the city. The hill on one side of this valley is well laid out in public gardens planted with bell'ombras and roses. The opposite bank leading down to the harbour is covered with nettles and rubbish, but above stands the western part of the town, over which towers the peak of Aïdour, twelve hundred feet right out of the sea, surmounted by the fort of Santa Cruz, or Bordj-el-Djebel. The town is triangular in shape, the base being occupied by the quays and warehouses of the port, and the apex sloping up to a large tract of waste land, enclosed within the walls, where cows were feeding, and on a portion of which the Arab quarter stands detached. At Oran some Roman remains were discovered, where probably stood a military post, which defended the mountainous approach to the Roman city of Portus Divinus, now Mirs-El-Kebir, at the back of the Aïdour. Some suppose it to have been the missing Quiza or Quiza Xenitana, mentioned by Antoninus and Pliny;

but both these writers determine the position of that town as considerably to the eastward.

The space around the new harbour made by the French is being greatly increased, and a large part of the Aïdour has been blasted away to make room for the warehouses. The blasts are on a gigantic scale, a little mine being tunnelled into the hill-side which is filled with powder and fired, when a large mass of cliff comes crashing down. I was so fortunate as to see and hear one of these stupendous explosions.

A footpath, the old mule-track to Mirs-el-Kebir, runs along the side of the Aïdour at a considerable height, and affords a fine view of the town below, of the coast along the large Gulf of Oran, and of the hilly country far beyond. Ascending farther up the rocky heights of the mountain, which are covered with genista fragrans, lavender, a delicate variety of furze, and a quantity of rare and beautiful rock plants—quite a garden of nature—the view to the south opens out, and the vast Sebkha is seen bounded by the Tessala Mountains, with the plain of Sig stretching away to the horizon. The old Spanish fort of Santa Cruz on the top has been lately repaired and fortified, but is not garrisoned. From here the Spanish coast at Cartagena can often be seen in clear weather. Mounting past this powerful fortress, a bold pass is reached, and from the top a fine view of Mirs-el-Kebir is obtained. Large woods of firs clothe the heights, which are said to be peopled with monkeys, and on the summit of which a koubba is approached by a pretty walk through the woods.

Another way down leads past some old ruined Spanish redoubts, and below them I found a long tortuous subterranean passage which I followed for some distance. It doubtless communicated with a sally port below on the brow of the hill.

In the solidified shingle rock on the side of the mountain a number of Spanish gipsies had excavated dwellings, the same as at Granada, and I noticed many of these abodes along the valley of the Chelif, belonging to the railway navvies, who were probably Spaniards also.

A fine piece of road has been run, overhanging the sea, at the foot of the Aïdour, from Oran to Mirs-el-Kebir, which passes through a tunnel and past some natural caves in the concrete of petrified shells and shingle that compose the rock, the shells adhering together in large clusters.

About half-way to Mirs-el-Kebir the Bath of the Queen is reached—so called from the visits paid here by Crazy Jane, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, after the capture of Oran by Cardinal Ximenes, who also used these thermal springs. The Baths are reached by a steep descent down the precipice to the sea, which used to come within nine feet of the hole in the rock where the springs issue out of the mountain, but now a large space has been rescued from the waves on which a considerable bathing establishment has been erected, and a hotel has been built on the road-side above, clinging to the face of the cliff. The baths are all to be of white marble from Chenoua. The ancient ones are most singular in design, being round, and adhering to the rock like swallows' nests, instead of standing upright on the ground. The heat in the small dark caverns of the old baths is intense, and the water is very hot to the touch.

The natives frequented these baths long before the Spanish occupation, but latterly deserted them for those of Bou-Hadjar in the Tessala range, when they became nearly forgotten, but were again brought to light during the construction of the new road overhead.

Close to this is a ravine called the Salto del Cavallo, from the chief of the Almoravides, Tachfin-ben-Ali,

having leaped down the precipice on horseback into the sea beneath with his favourite Sultana in his arms, to escape from his conqueror, Abd-el-Moumin, the Almohade Sultan of Tlemcen. The head of the dead chieftain was sent in triumph to Timmelel, a town in the Atlas Mountains at the south of Morocco.

Before the construction of the harbour at Oran, Mers-el-Kebir was the only port on the western coast of Algeria where large vessels could enter. In the Roman period this was a port of great importance under the name of Portus Divinus; and Abd-el-Moumin, the head of the Almohades dynasty in Mareb, established here a great arsenal.

On the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, Mers-el-Kebir became a nest of pirates, until occupied by the Portuguese, and subsequently by the Spaniards under Ximenes. The latter nation held Oran and Mers-el-Kebir until 1792, having retained possession for 250 years against the repeated attacks of the Arab and Turkish Governments.

During their occupation Oran was their convict station, and the place was full of the scum of Spanish society. It has been described as a city of sweet delights in those days, but it must have been a sink of iniquity where the soldiers, the convicts whom the soldiers were too idle to guard, and the civilians vied in every description of profligacy. The city had degenerated greatly from its opulence and splendour in the middle of the ninth century, at which period the Genoese, Venetian, Pisan, Marseillaise, and Catalan merchants repaired thither to buy ivory, gold-dust, ostrich feathers, tanned hides, black slaves, and grain, as well as the rich woollen fabrics and swords manufactured by the inhabitants. Its streets were then ornamented with splendid mosques, public

edifices, and private houses, and by schools which vied with those of Cordova, Seville, and Granada.

The principal mosque has a fine minaret, but is otherwise uninteresting. The mosque of Sidi-el-Hâouri, which was founded in the year 1800, was built in honour of a Marabout of that name, a famous worker of miracles. One of his exploits was sending a hare across the sea to Andalusia to fetch back an old woman's son who was a slave in that country, having first given the hare a savoury mess of boiled meat to fortify her for the journey. As the hare was lounging through the streets of Malaga, she met the object of her search carrying home some meat for his master's dinner, which she straightway seized and dashed off with to the shore. The slave followed and plunged into the sea after the animal, when the next moment he found himself in his mother's arms in Oran, the holy Marabout shedding tears of joy, and the hare skipping round the room with delight.

Some officers at the table d'hôte in the Hotel de la Paix were speaking of a great expeditionary column that was to be sent from Oran against a powerful chieftain in the Desert, with a force of about 1,500 men. This I recognised as the same I had heard of at Laghouat, and was amused with the exaggerated importance given to this robber and his motley followers. They said he had shut himself up in the town of Figuig on the Oued Allouf in the Sahara, where they hoped he would await their approach, as Theodore awaited ours at Magdala.

The disturbed state of the south was a great disappointment to me, as I was most anxious to explore the highly-interesting rock inscriptions at Tiout, in the Oulad-Sidi-Cheikh country. The officers most obligingly offered to get permission for me to accompany General Wimpfen's expedition, if I wished to travel through the interior; but I found that the movements of the column

were very uncertain, that they were going in an opposite direction to where I was bound, and that they might be detained south far on into the sûfmer, chasing their enemy about the Sahara. In addition to this, it would have cost me a large sum of money to purchase camels and mules for the carriage of tents, servants, and two or three months' provisions, including even water—so I reluctantly gave up the project.

Outside Oran, on the Tlemcen road, a quarry of fine freestone is passed, quite free from oxide of iron, of which the new military hospital, on the site of the old Kasba, and other buildings at Oran are constructed. In making the foundations of these edifices a kind of red muddy clay is used, instead of mortar.

After mounting through scrub and waste ground, on which grew two kinds of lavender with differently-shaped leaves, and whose flowers had not so agreeable a smell as ours, the great Sebkha came in view, along the western side of which runs the road to Tlemcen.

The village of Misserguin, famous for its groves of orange-trees, amounting to ten thousand in number, extends along its banks. Here I noticed the lemon-trees with thorns on them, like a young tree I had seen at Blida, and of which, I had been told, there were several in the Jardin d'Essai.

Coins of the Lower Empire have been exhumed, and M. Fey thinks that the Roman Gilva stood here, which M'Carthy asserts was situated at Ar'bal, on the opposite side of the Sebkha.

The Beys of Oran had a delightful summer residence on the borders of the lake at Misserguin.

To the right of the road, between Cape Falcon and Cape Lindles, stood the Roman town of Castra Puerorum, on the sea.

The koubba of Bou-Tlelis, at Aîn-Bridia, was built in

honour of a Marabout named Ali, who, during life and after death, performed great miracles, amongst others the one from which he derived his surname of Bou-Tlelis.

It was this.—An envoy of a Merinide Prince, at war with the Sultan of Tlemcen, made a requisition to Ali for a large quantity of barley to feed his horses, but being poor, and having only a little corn, he brought out a small sack on the back of a huge lion. The royal envoy fled on seeing the monster, but Ali asked to be conducted into the presence of the monarch, lion and all. When the Sultan beheld the little sack of barley, he threatened to flay alive both Ali and the lion, but the Saint emptied the contents of his sack upon the floor, and it at once grew into an enormous heap of grain. The miracle was acknowledged by all, and Ali was henceforth called Bou-Tlelis, or the man with the little sack.

After passing the Sebkha, the Rio Salado, or salt-river, is crossed, which runs down to the sea from the Tessala Mountains. This was the Flumen Salsum of the Romans, and the Oued-el-Malah of the Arabs. In its water several species of fish, shell-fish, and turtles thrive.

Two miles beyond the bridge over this river some Roman remains have been found, which date from the middle of the second century.

Here a large concession was made by the Government to a settler, on condition that he would colonise the property, but he is merely cultivating a small portion for himself, and holding back the remainder in the hope that the price of land will rise. Much brushwood prevails at this part, and it is said to be full of wild boars.

Ain-Temouchant, the Oppidum Timici of Pliny, and the seat of a bishop, is situated at the confluence of the Oued Temouchant and the Oued Senan. Several Roman remains have been found, showing that this was a city of importance, but not a stone now remains. One of these

was a curious inscription of three words, two in Greek, and the last in Latin characters:—ΔISCE. ACEΔO OSIRI. The last word, 'Osiri,' plainly alluded to the god Osiris, but the other two, probably Phœnician, are unintelligible. A bas-relief of the death of Cleopatra, and an Indian Bacchus, were also discovered.

To the right of the road at Ain-Tekbalet are the famous quarries of jasper, agate, and onyx—clear yellow, rose, white, dark brown, orange, and pale green—from which the Sultans of Tlemcen took the columns, flag-stones, and doorways, for their palaces and mosques.

The river Isser, which has a namesake near Dellys, runs through a fever-stricken district. It is the only river in Algeria where I heard of trout being found.

Farther on, its affluent, the Oued Amïeur, is crossed also, and the remains of a Roman fort are perceptible at Bou-Djezar.

On the high ground between these two Oueds, a splendid view is obtained of Tlemcen, standing aloft, backed by its bold chain of mountains, and surrounded by lovely gardens and fruit orchards.

The road winds up to Tlemcen, through a grove of huge olive-trees, carefully watered by little streams, and through peach, pomegranate, and apricot trees, interlaced with gigantic vines, which wind aloft round their boughs. Through this mass of rich verdure a ruined old Moorish villa occasionally peeps forth, or a sparkling rill dashes down the hill, bearing health and life to the luxurious vegetation below.

CHAPTER V.

Pomaria—Fraudulent public Measure of a Moorish Sultan—Splendour of Tlemcen—Death of Barbarossa—The Mechouar—Singing Birds on the Silver Tree—The Feast of Moulad—The wondrous Mendjana—Reply by the Sultan Yar' Moracen to his Flatterers—Grand Vizier buried Alive for killing a Marabout through Jealousy—Burial-ground of Mokbara—'The Flying Man,' El-Eubbad—Tomb of Sidi-bou-Meddin—Inlaid Cedar-wood Gates—The Medersa—Falls of the Saf-saf from the Djebel-Terni—Ruined City of Mansoura—Flying Column despatched to the Desert—Sporting Sergeants of Spahis—Barbarous Cruelty of the Arab Women—Murder of the Agha of Tlemcen, and of the Mayor of El-Eubbad.

TLEMCEN replaced Agadir, which was erected on the ruins of Pomaria, an important Roman military station, which, in conjunction with Syr, Nedroma, and Ouchda, kept in check the wild tribes in the west of Cæsarean Mauritania. The Abbé Bargès says that before the time of the Romans, some native chiefs of the Mar'roua ruled here, the Machourebioi of the Greek geographers, and the Macurebi of Pliny. They were a Zenatian race from the Sahara, and were likewise called Massylians and Massesylians. During the reign of Gordian the Younger, in the third century, a large cavalry corps, commanded by a Prefect with Consular dignity, was stationed at Pomaria; and, according to votive inscriptions made by this Prefect, Flavius Cassiamus, it appears that the 'invincible God (Goddess?) Aulisva' was the tutelary Deity of the town.

Most of the tumulary inscriptions found date from the latter part of the fifth century, the period when the Arian Vandals were at the zenith of their power. But, with the exception of a few of these headstones, no trace of Roman occupation survives, although Pomaria must have been a place of importance, as it was a bishop's see.

In the museum—a small railed space beside the mairie—are likewise some Moorish antiquities. One is the royal cubit measure, established by the Sultan Abou-Tachfin, and which is nearly an inch too short, in order to favour his subjects in their dealings with the Europeans who resided in the Kassaria, a separate quarter of the town. Another is the epitaph on agate of a King of Grenada, who died in exile at Tlemcen.

The Queen of the Mar'reb, as the Abbé Bargès styles Tlemcen, or rather Agadir, its predecessor, was likewise the capital of the Zenatian states, according to Ibn-Khaldoun. It was subjected to many vicissitudes of fortune, and often changed masters, each succeeding wave of conquest destroying its predecessors. The dynasties of the Idrissides, the Fatemites, the Ifrenides, the Almoravides, and the Almohades ruled in turn this important city, and extended their power over all the Mar'reb country, and the Moorish dominions in Spain. After a reign of three hundred years, the Sultans of the Almohade race were ejected by the Abd-el-Ouadites, and these in their turn were besieged in Tlemcen, and conquered by the Merinides from Morocco, who built the large town of Mansoura on the site of their camp, while they were attacking Tlemcen. But this dynasty only lasted twenty years, when the Abd-el-Ouadites regained possession of the throne, and under them Tlemcen attained to a high degree of prosperity, had commercial relations with all the principal towns of the Mediterranean, and was one of the most civilised cities in the world.

The downfall of Oran in the sixteenth century speedily brought about the decadence of Tlemcen, which shortly became the vassal of Spain. The brothers Barbarossa, after taking Algiers from the Abd-el-Ouadites, soon conquered Tlemcen, but were overthrown by the Spaniards, who killed Bâb-Aroudj, notwithstanding the shower of gold he threw behind him in his flight to check the pursuit of the enemy. Bab-Aroudj, or Barbarossa, was killed by Garcio de Tineo, a Spanish officer, after a desperate struggle. He cut off the Corsair's head, and sent it as a present to the Spanish Governor of Oran, who presented it to the Monastery of St. Gerome at Cordova, as well as Barbarossa's red velvet vest, embroidered in gold, which was used by the Fathers as a vestment in the celebration of Divine Worship.

Thirty-five years later, however, Salah-Raïs, Pacha of Algiers, finally overthrew the Abd-el-Ouadite dynasty, and reduced the Mar'reb under the rule of the Turks, to whom it remained subject for two hundred and seventy-seven years, until the French took possession of the country.

The last Sultan of the Abd-el-Ouadite race sought refuge with the Spaniards at Oran, and embraced Christianity under the name of Don Carlos.

The panoramic views from Tlemcen are as lovely as the views of the town itself from beneath. To the north are seen the plains about Aïn-Temouchant, bounded by the fine range of the Djebel-Tessala, which continue round to the eastward, and behind which lie Maskara, Sidi-ben-Abbes, Hadja-Roum, Oran, Nemours and Rachgoun; to the south the Djebel-Terni, with the picturesque village of El-Eubbad hanging to its side among gardens and fruit groves, overtopped by the lovely mosque of Sidi-Bou-Meddin; and to the west, through the trees,

the red walls of the ruined city of Mansoura, and the pass to Lalla-M'ghrinia.

The Mechouar, now converted into barracks, containing a military hospital and prison—the Kasba, or palace of the Almoravide, Almohade, and Abd-el-Ouadite dynasties—was erected by the Almoravide Sultan, Youssouf-ben-Tachfin, on the spot where his tent stood when he was besieging Agadir beneath, thus forming the nucleus of the new town of Tagrart, which was finally united to Agadir, under the name of Tlemcen.

Abd-er-Rhaman-Ibn-Khaldoun, who lived at El-Eubbad, and other Arab historians, are loud in their praises of the beauties and marvels of this luxurious abode, where the Sultans of Tlemcen, surrounded by fabulous wealth and magnificence, attracted to their Court poets, philosophers, and artists from all quarters of the globe.

The Abbé Bargès gives a most interesting translation of Mohammed-el-Tennessi's description of the wonders the place contained.

The Sultan Abou-Tachfin possessed a large silver tree covered with singing birds worked by mechanism, who all poured forth the notes peculiar to their species with surprising accuracy. Their joyous songs were presently interrupted by a falcon, whose shrill cry sent the little songsters to take refuge in the leafy boughs of the tree.

The feast of Moulad, or the birth of the Prophet, was celebrated by Sultan Abou-Hammon-Moussa with extraordinary pomp and splendour. In the vast halls of the Mechouar he gave a sumptuous banquet, to which his subjects, of all degrees, were invited; the nobles and the poor being seated on thousands of cushions spread on the richly-carpeted floors in several long lines, between which huge flambeaux burned. The nobles of the Court were placed according to their rank, and beautiful pages, attired in silken tunics of the richest colours, wafted

around them censers in which delicious perfumes burned, and sprinkled them with fragrant aromatic waters. But what most excited the admiration of the guests was, the wondrous clock, called the Mendjana, constructed for the occasion by Ibn-el-Fahham, the mathematician of Tlemcen. This beautiful piece of mechanism was decorated with a number of figures, and was of the most elegant design. On a large bush which surmounted the clock a bird was perched, which covered its two little ones with its wings, towards which, at the close of each hour, a serpent climbed gently out of its lurking-place, as if to surprise and devour them. Two eagles then darted out of two large doors, and fought on the edge of a gold basin, while the serpent hissed loudly and sprang at one of the little birds, which it bit, notwithstanding the cries of the parent, who vainly tried to defend its offspring. At this moment the door of the part that marked the hour opened, and a lovely female slave appeared, wearing a sash of shot silk. With her right hand she presented an open book, on which was written the name of the hour in verse, and she held her left hand over her mouth, as if in the act of saluting the Sultan. Beneath the cornice at the top the moon passed round, revolving on its axis, and representing exactly the path of its original in the heavens.

It thus appears that the Mendjana of the Mechouar preceded, by two hundred years, the famous clock of Strasburg, made by Conrad Dasypodus in 1574.

The Djemâa Kebir, or great mosque, is a noble structure, built by the Almoravide dynasty, but the inscription stating this was effaced by the Almohades after the Sultan Tachfin-ben-Ali lost his life by leaping into the sea at Oran. The minaret was finished in 1282, by Yar' Moracen, of the Abd-el-Quadite dynasty. When his courtiers wished him to inscribe his name thereon, he

gave the fine answer that 'God knew his name already,' showing that he had erected the building to the sole glory of God. The court is flagged with agate, and a fine agate fountain stands in the centre.

On the top of this mosque several storks had established themselves and built their nests.

The Mosque, or Djemâa, of Abou'l-Hassan, a celebrated kadi and teacher of jurisprudence, possesses a fine cedar ceiling, elaborately carved, and placed there in memory of Yar'Moracen by his eldest son and successor.

Fares-ben-Abou'l-Hassan-Ali, a Merinide Prince, built the Djemâa Sidi-el-Haloui in honour of Abou-Abdallah-ech-Choudi, a native of Seville, where he was a kadi. After he relinquished his position, and, clothed in rags, arrived at Tlemcen, where he pretended to be a fool, the crowd followed and shouted after him, whom he further attracted by selling sweet cakes and bonbons, called 'halouat'—whence he derived the name of Haloui. When he had thus collected a large concourse of people, he delivered to them learned lectures on religion and morality, which filled all his listeners with admiration and delight; so, from being thought an idiot, he came to pass for an oracle, and gained the reputation of working miracles.

The fame of his piety and wisdom reached the ears of the Sultan, who entrusted to him the education of his two sons; but the Grand Vizier, through jealousy, accused the Marabout of sorcery, and caused him to be beheaded, throwing his body to the beasts and birds of prey for food.

However, the triumph of the Grand Vizier was short, for the Sultan soon received proof of having done wrong in causing the Marabout to be killed; and, to render justice, he had the Vizier buried alive in a block of concrete, placed opposite the spot where Haloui had suffered

death. This system of burying alive appears to have been a favourite punishment with the Mussulman rulers.

The agate columns and carved cedar ceiling of this edifice are very fine, and the minaret is covered with graceful faïence of harmonious colours.

The approach to El-Eubbad, or Sidi-bou-Meddin, is through the old Moslem burial ground of Mokbara, where thousands of tombs cover several acres of ground. There are but few tombs of any interest. The koubba of Sidi-Mohammed-es-Senoussi, a man of great learning, who reposes beneath a catafalque covered in rich stuffs, over which hang red and green banners, is near the portion fenced off for a Christian cemetery.

Where stood the mosque of El-Eubbad-es-Seffli, or Lower El-Eubbad, Mohammed-Ibn-Ameur and his son are buried beneath a small koubba. They were both eminent men in the annals of Tlemcen.

Close by is the imposing ruined koubba of the Sultan Marabout Ishak-Ibrahim-el-Tiyar, who died at Tlemcen in 1296. He was famous for his marvellous learning and piety, and was supposed to possess the gift of transporting himself by enchantment from place to place—whence his epithet of El-Tiyar, the flying man.

Mounting up a steep road, along a stream shaded by carob-trees, olives, aloes, and prickly pears, the village of El-Eubbad is reached; but the way is so rough and narrow that a carriage cannot mount to the top, so I was forced to walk, surrounded by a crowd of Moorish children, some of whom, particularly two girls, were perfectly beautiful. After passing through the ruined and deserted houses of this once prosperous and famed suburb of Tlemcen, the group of religious edifices appears to which the place owes its celebrity—the Tomb of Sidi-Bou-Meddin, the Mosque, and the Medersa, the two latter of

which the Mohammedans place under the protection of the Saint.

The entrance to the tomb is down a flight of steps, at the foot of which is the splendid mausoleum erected by Sultan Mohammed-en-Nasser to the memory of the Marabout, which has been richly embellished by succeeding monarchs. It consists of an outer chamber or court surrounded by agate columns, and its walls are covered with Arabic inscriptions representing the holy temple at Mecca, the slippers of the Prophet, fantastic animals, and other subjects. On the right of the stairs are the monuments of many Saints, and on the left a well, whose marble edge is deeply cut by the friction of the iron chain, which for ages has drawn up the waters for the ablutions of the pilgrims resorting to this holy place. Inside this court is the shrine of the Saint, where he has lain for six centuries and a half. It is beneath a dome pierced with narrow windows, through the stained glass of which a mellow subdued light dimly reveals the carved wooden cenotaph covered with rich stuffs embroidered in gold and silver; the silken standards emblazoned with inscriptions; the ostrich eggs, tapers, lustres, embellished lanterns, and silken draperies hanging from the ceiling above the shrine; as well as the pictures, the mirrors, and the fine octagonal timepiece suspended on the walls, which latter are ornamented with elaborately-chiselled arabesques.

The distinguished Marabout to whom this splendid monument was raised, studied at Seville and Fez, where he changed the life of arms, to which he had been destined, for the pursuit of science and theology. After living some time in the mountain above El-Eubbad, he proceeded to Mecca, where he met a famous Saint, who initiated him into the religious Order of the Krouan, of which Order he became the chief. He was largely gifted

with supernatural powers, but the principal miracle recorded of him is his inducing an outraged husband to take back a bad wife. He subsequently took up his abode at Bagdad, Seville, Cordova, and Bougia—a place where learning was held in great estimation in his day.

The Almohade Sultan, Yakoub-el-Mansour, invited him to Tlemcen, with the intention of receiving instruction at his hands, but the holy man died within sight of his favourite El-Eubbad, at the banks of the Isser, exclaiming, 'God is supreme truth.' He was called the 'Ouali,' or 'Friend of God,' and also the 'Kotb,' or 'Pivot of the World,' round whom, as a centre, the whole universe revolved.

Near him lie the remains of one of his favourite disciples, and also those of Sultan Es-Said, the last of the Almohades, who was killed in battle by Yarmoracen, the founder of the Beni-Zianite dynasty.

Here is likewise buried the Agha Mohammed-ben-Abdallah, who was treacherously murdered in 1856 by order of Captain Doineau, the chief of the Bureau Arabe at Tlemcen.

The mosque at the opposite side of a small quadrangle vies in richness of architecture with the most famous specimens of Arab art, and is embellished with marble 'faïence' and arabesque work, which recall to mind the choicest portions of the Alhambra.

The cedar-wood gates are beautifully carved, and admirably inlaid with brass. They are the production of a Spanish slave, made to purchase thus his liberty.

In the mosque there is a chair, or minbar, of cedar wood, which was presented by Abd-el-Kader, when he was in possession of the province of Oran.

The Medersa, or college, is a most unique specimen of an old Arab seat of learning before the decadence of the Moors. It has been most beautifully decorated, but the

damp from the Djebel-Terni, which is close at the back, has ruined all the delicate ornamentation. There is a large interior court and hall surrounded by cloisters, into which the cells of the students opened. This building and the mosque were erected in the middle of the fourteenth century.

El-Eubbad was formerly a city of refuge for criminals, who sought shelter at the tomb of Sidi-Bou-Medin, and in consequence a large proportion of its inhabitants were the most worthless outcasts, ever ready to rob and murder. Happily its evil reputation no longer exists.

From the terrace of the Café maure close to the sacred buildings there is a charming view of Tlemcen and the surrounding country.

After descending from El-Eubbad, and driving along the side of the mountain, which is clothed with vineyards and fruit-trees for a considerable distance, the lovely valley of El-Ourit is reached, still filled with the fruit-trees and ruined retreats of its former wealthy proprietors, but now only tenanted by a couple of Arab families in their miserable gourbis among the ruins beneath. At the end of this valley, which contracts into a narrow gorge bounded by the precipitous mountain heights of the Djebel-Terni, the Oued-Saf-Saf, in a succession of wild cascades, rushes down a height of three thousand feet, through huge boulder rocks covered with trees and shrubs of every variety. The upper part is an aggregation of small streams, each of which follows its own channel down the side of the vast semicircular basin, until they all join half-way down, and form in succession two of the grandest falls it is possible to imagine. The lower fall bounds down a face of rock about forty feet high, beneath a group of fine trees on one side and an ivy-mantled cliff on the other; and in front a light iron bridge for the Sidi-Ben-Abbes road has been thrown over the Oued,

which harmonises well with the scenery of this delicious valley.

The ruined city of Mansoura lies at the opposite side of Tlemcen, and on the way, outside the Fez gate, the simple but beautifully-situated koubba of Sidi-Bou-Djema is passed. He was a shepherd in the mountains, when a voice within impelled him to move onward away from his home, until he arrived at the gate of Tlemcen. There, obeying the same supernatural impulse, he seated himself on a stone, upon which he established himself, and from which he rarely moved. He allowed his beard to grow untrimmed and uncleaned, and never changed his attire until it fell off his back in rags. He soon got the credit of being an Ouali, or friend of God, gifted with the power of working miracles, and was often consulted by the Sultan himself on affairs of State. After living thus for many years, admired and respected, he was one day found dead beside his stone, and was buried on the spot with much ceremony.

The Bab-el-Khreims, or Gate of the Army, is the commencement of the town fortifications of Mansoura, erected by Abou-Yakoub the Merinide, when laying siege to Tlemcen, in the end of the thirteenth century, as before stated. The city was laid out with splendid public edifices and mansions, surrounded by gardens, through which flowed streams of delicious water amongst the rarest flowers and shrubs. It rose to a high state of prosperity, and its markets were frequented by merchants from distant parts. In short, it became the most important place in the whole of the Mar'reb.

On the establishment of peace, Mansoura was evacuated by the Merinides; but seven years later hostilities were recommenced, and Abou-Hassan-Ali, the black Sultan, rebuilt Mansoura, making it his favourite residence, in preference to his palaces in Morocco. However,

on the fall of Tlemcen and the extinction of the Abd-el-Ouadite, or Beni-Zian, dynasty, the Merinide sovereigns occupied Tlemcen, which they considerably, beautified, while they allowed Mansoura to fall into utter decay.

A great portion of the outer rectangular walls still remain, and show the great extent of 'El-Mansoura,' The Victorious. They are built of baked earth, and their gay, bright red colour makes a delightful feature in the landscape.

The minaret of the great mosque is a beautiful work, of which a great portion still stands. When complete, its height must have been upwards of a hundred and thirty feet. The doorway, part of the staircase with the joists of the stairs, and some small agate columns in the windows also remain. The panels on the outside retain much of the mosaic work in different-coloured squares, but many of them have fallen and strew the ground. A number of beautiful translucent columns, formerly belonging to the mosque, were found during some explorations, and now embellish the museums of Algiers, Paris, and Tlemcen. Some imperfect ones also lie about among the ruins.

On my return I climbed up the hill to explore a curious square rock, with walls built round the top, which had doubtless been a fort. A little off the road I came upon a colony of natives living in natural arches and holes in the rocks round a great hollow like a quarry. A copious stream of water ran through, at which the women were washing. These native people are called Rharanizah, or dwellers in caves, and other villages of them exist in the neighbourhood. They have probably acquired the custom of inhabiting these caves from the Spanish gipsies of Oran. These caverns must have been quarry excavations in the Roman time, for no stone was used in the construction of Mansoura.

At Tlémcen I learned that a flying column of two thousand men under General Wimpfen had actually gone to the Desert in search of the robber chieftain I heard of at Laghouat, but who was here represented as being the leader of a large army of insurgents. His name is Si Sala, and he is a Marabout, as well as a relation of Abd-el-Kader. He was driven into rebellion on account of a slap in the face he received from a French officer in a quarrel they had about some woman of whom they were both enamoured. Figuig was said to be full of refugees and deserters from the French army, and it was hoped Si Sala would stand his ground there. But many feared he would dissolve his forces on the approach of the enemy, to reassemble them at some distant point. He has been at the head of this robber-band since 1854, and possesses great power among the marauding freebooters of the desert.

While at dinner in the public room at the hotel some sergeants of Spahis entered and sat down to another table, where they ordered champagne and everything of the most expensive description. At first I was surprised at this, but discovered that these young fellows were of good family and had entered the army through the conscription. They live in the style befitting their social position, expecting that promotion will replace them in the condition from which they have sunk by serving as privates and non-commissioned officers.

The dress of the officers and sergeants of Spahis is very handsome, consisting of blue full trousers, a red jacket, called a djebadoli, embroidered in black braid, a blue cedriga or vest, and a red turban or chachiah.

I was told that some years since a hundred and fifty French dragoons were killed through the folly of the general in command who ordered their regiment to commence charging at three miles' distance from the Arabs.

The consequence of this Balaclava-like blunder was that the horses arrived blown and done up, and the natives pulled the troopers off, slaughtering them without mercy.

I likewise heard that in war-time the French used to bury their dead beneath the horses that had been killed during the fight, in order that the natives should not dig up the corpses and mutilate them. The barbarities of these savages, especially of the women, towards their wounded enemies, were frightful. They used to cut off particular parts, and eat them raw before the eyes of the dying men.

Here I also learned the particulars of the murder of the Agha of Tlemcen, from which it appeared that he and Captain Doineau had some quarrel, and, in revenge, the officer employed a Kaïd and his men to waylay the diligence and fire from ambush. At the first discharge the Agha and a fellow-traveller were killed. The Kaïd and Captain Doineau were tried and both condemned to death, but were pardoned by the ex-Emperor on condition that they left the country. This was done for the purpose of hushing the matter up, and so preventing the Military Government of the country from being brought into disrepute by the execution of one of its agents for such a serious crime. Captain Doineau is now the manager of the gasworks at Monaco.

I was also informed that the late Kaïd of El-Eubbad had murdered the Mayor of the place, for which he had been guillotined.

CHAPTER VI.

Kindness of French Officers—Interior of Arab Kaïd's Tent—Hadja-Roum—Ruins of Rubræ—Sardinian Cohort—Site of City under Tillage—Haughty Treatment of Khalifa—Wretched Inn—Off to Boar-Hunt—Arab Charger—Wounded Boar—Flying over Rocks and Brushwood—Wild Natives—Tremendous Chase and Death of the Boar—Breakfast in a Native Encampment—Gratefulness of the Khalifa for our Approval of his Entertainment—The Kaïd's War-Tent—Banquet—Partaking of Dates—Kouskoussou—Guard at Night—Sleeping on the Ground—Torrents of Rain—Return to Tlemcen—Great Flood at El-Ourit—Curious Rock Sculptures at Oulad-Sidi-Cheikh on the West, and at Wadi-Filisjarek on the East, of the Sahara—Lalla Maghrinia—A Miracle-working Female Saint—Nedroma—Legend—Nemours—Ambuscade by Abd-el-Kader—Capture of the Emir—Siga—Rachgoun—Commissariat Supplies starting from Tlemcen to Figuig—Fête des Moutons—Wonderful Performances—Return to Oran.

I HAD heard that there were plenty of wild boars in the hills beyond Mansoura, especially in summer, when water is scarce, and they come to certain spots to drink. One chasseur told me had killed boars fifty years old, with tusks five or six inches long. Now, however, the cover was so thick that they could not easily be got at, except by stalking at the little patches of green barley which grew at intervals through the scrub, and, as this was very uncertain and tedious, my landlord took me to the Bureau Arabe to procure a letter to the Kaïd of the Ouled Mimoum at Hadja-Roum, a place I was anxious to visit, as the ruins of the old Roman city of Rubræ were

close at hand. At the bureau, while the senior officer was making all arrangements, Captain Bernard, the second in command, an agreeable young fellow, came forward and voluntcered to accompany me himself and get up the chasse. He also most kindly offered to lend me one of his chargers and a gun, as I had left mine behind at Algiers. Such an offer was not to be refused, so we arranged to start the next morning.

It was early when Bernard called, bringing with him a friend of his who I found was nephew to a judge I knew at Charente in France. We started at once in a calèche, the saddle-horses having been sent on the previous night to Hadja-Roum, in charge of spahis.

On the road Bernard pointed out a fort in the valley towards Aïn-Temouchant, where his father was attacked by Arabs, and where, while he was fighting against them, the dwellers in the Sanctuary at El-Eubbad came down and stole some cattle which had been given to the colonists as a free gift by the Government to encourage immigration. His father gave notice that for the next offence El-Eubbad would be burned to the ground, which threat had the desired effect of stopping forays in the future.

We passed the beautiful cascade of El-Ourit and the valley filled with aloes, cactus and fruit-trees displaying the luxury of the Moors of old, and on mounting the steep ascent beyond, Bernard pointed out where a huge lion had once stood and gazed after him and his father as they journeyed along.

At the summit we got among the Tessala range of the Atlas, and passed several settlements of nomad and semi-nomad Arabs. At one of the nomad encampments Bernard stopped, and told the chief that we wished to enter his tent. This order was law, but the Kaïd looked indignant as he slowly led the way. The interior was well worth seeing. A large camel's-hair marquée was divided

into two portions by a partition of mats and cloths, one portion of which served for the family, and the other for the sheep and goats to be tethered in at night, to protect them from the wild beasts. All the animals that had young were secured by one foot to a rope running the whole length of the tent, to prevent them from straying. In the other part the women were collected together, unveiled, cooking, nursing children, and performing other domestic duties. Most of them were decked with a quantity of coarse silver jewelry set with coral, pearls, and rare stones. The children roared and cried instinctively when an European approached them. I found that the young shoots of the palmetto were a favourite article of food among these savage people.

We passed a large portion of scrub which had been set on fire by the Arabs to make the grass grow, as they have done for ages. Numbers of partridges were rising and flying away before the flames; but sometimes they cannot escape, and are overtaken by the conflagration, as are also hares and savage beasts.

The rocks we passed were composed of pudding stone and water formation, the latter being predominant.

Almost the whole way the road is no better than a cart-track. Stones are heaped up ready to be broken, but the Government have not money at present to complete the work. It is in contemplation to continue the railway from Sidi-Ben-Abbes to Tlemcen, consequently the road is of less importance than formerly. On the road-side is a cave into which some workmen had entered to dine, when a mass of rock fell and closed up the mouth of it, thus debarring their exit. Luckily, however, they were found, and extricated from their perilous position, unhurt.

The village of Hadja-Roum is prettily situated on the bank of the Isser, which we had to ford. It is enclosed by a fosse, but has no gates.

While dinner was being prepared, we strolled out to see the old city of Rubræ, or Ad-Rubras, which Bernard had visited some years before in company with his father, who went to look again at the battle-field where he had fought against Abd-el-Kader.

Since his visit, a fine temple and other imposing ruins had been levelled to build the modern village, and the place wore the stereotyped look of all the ruined cities in Algeria, with this exception, that the foundations of the extensive town can still be clearly traced. A few tombstones, some rounded on the top, with inscriptions on them, remain upright also, which is surprising, as they would be of use in building. They are all on the raised bank which marks the site of the old circumvallation, and probably were always situated outside the town, along the wall.

Bernard showed me the spot on which he had seen the Temple of Diana standing, now marked only by a mound of grass-grown stones. The edifice is described in M'Carthy's 'Algeria Romana,' and was erected by Fannius Julianus, prefect of the second cohort of Sardinians, who vowed to offer annual sacrifices to the goddess of the woods and of the chase. M'Carthy mentions trees he saw about the temple, conveying the idea that a sacred grove had existed there, but not a trace of a tree is now to be found. There is nothing larger than the jujube bushes and asphodels which mark the quadrangular site of the old city.

Another sepulchral inscription, found among the ruins, is to the memory of Aurelius Ironius, a knight of the Neartians. Great controversy has arisen as to who these Neartians were, and Barbrugger thinks they were Parthians. Doubtless they were one of the foreign auxiliary legions in the service of Rome, sent here away from their own country, on the principle always carried

out by that power. Thus, following the same system, we have seen the Sardinians quartered at Rubræ, and the Britons at Algiers and Djelfa. The Thracian cavalry were stationed at Rapidi, between here and Aumale, while the Numidian horse were drafted into Pannonia and Belgium, and the Numidian infantry into Britain and Egypt. The oldest inscriptions found at Rubræ date from the year 251, in the reign of Geta.

Rubræ, which contained 200,000 inhabitants, was built to command one of the principal passes in the Atlas, communicating between the Tell and the Sahara, and through which, in later times, the Zenatians, and other wild tribes of the Desert, are supposed to have swarmed up to the north in their march of conquest. Fears were entertained that Si Sala might come up by this pass, if the expeditionary army to the south should miss him, and that he might follow the old tactics of the Punic Wars, by carrying the war into the enemy's country. A company of Zouaves had therefore been detached from Tlemcen to Hadja-Roum, to guard this weak spot. They had ammumition enough to defend themselves until aid could arrive from Tlemcen.

The land on which Rubræ stood is farmed by a French colonist, who was ploughing over the once populous streets, now covered with rich loam.

While we were looking at a large square hollow of strong masonry underground, probably once a cellar, the Khalifa, or Lieutenant of the Kaïd, came to take orders, and make arrangements, for the great boar-hunt on the morrow. He sprang off his horse to make his salutation to Bernard, which consisted in placing his open hand on Bernard's, and then with the same hand touching his forehead, and afterwards his lips. He was most submissive and humble in demeanour, and Bernard most distant. He told me he was obliged to be haughty on

principle, for the Khalifa was one of the worst disposed men in the country, and would be one of the very first to rebel should an opportunity occur.

Bernard said he was once riding in front of his troop, in company with a similarly treacherous Kaïd and his followers, and happened to get a long way in advance of the dragoons, when, on turning behind a rock, he suddenly saw the Kaïd make a sign to his men, upon which Bernard drew his revolver, and kept them all off until the soldiers came up. This occurred during a military expedition to the south, in which the Kaïd was forced to take part against his countrymen, and undoubtedly meditated treachery.

When the dinner appeared, the meat was so full of lumps of garlic, that I could scarcely get a morsel to eat, much to the surprise of Bernard and his friend, who thought garlic so delicious, and likewise so wholesome, especially for the chest. This vile habit is the great drawback to travelling in the province of Oran, where it has crept in with the numbers of sombreroed Spaniards who throng the district. To add to my annoyance, a bagman monopolised the fire, and would take no hint to move, so that Bernard was very much disposed to eject him by main force. This auberge was one of the most wretched I ever stayed in. There was not even a stable, and the horses were all put into an open shed to sleep, with only some coarse grass spread under them.

We were off betimes in the morning, as we were to have our hunt over early, and go to breakfast afterwards with the Khalifa.

Bernard rode a fine strong grey Arab charger, and brought out one for me, a beautiful three-year-old chestnut, with a long flaxen mane and tail. He warned me about the animal being very wild, and advised me not to mount him unless I was pretty confident of my equestrian powers. His caution was not misplaced, for Hadja-

Roum, as I christened the horse for him, was the wildest and maddest devil I ever rode, and I could scarcely restrain him from fighting every other horse with his forefeet and teeth.

Riding along the Sidi-Ben-Abbes road, Bernard showed me where Abd-el-Kader had been defeated in the valley of the Ouled-Mimoum, and the routes taken by the cavalry and infantry to turn either flank of the Arab position, while the main body attacked in front.

After a long ride, we came to a temporary encampment, which had been erected for us to breakfast in at the end of the hunt. Here between one and two hundred natives were assembled, many of them on horses and mules, attended by a number of dogs, like greyhounds, which they use for boar-hunting. It is, however, cruel to employ them for this purpose, as they are not strong enough to hold the boars, and are often killed.

After a long parley with the head men, who, though dirty in person, were better mannered than numbers of our countrymen who are blessed with the advantages of education and Christianity, we set off in a long line to scour the country, two mounted spahis accompanying Bernard and myself, and also attendants on foot to carry our guns.

Several hares were started amid loud yells of excitement, but were soon lost amid the bushes by the dogs, who have no scent. Partridges rose in great quantities, as did the Poules de Carthage, which flew in coveys of twelve and fourteen. Owls also were put up, and a few rabbits, and we saw too a fine eagle soaring in the distance.

My friend was the only French officer I ever heard allow that any danger existed in the country. He acknowledged that last year an Englishman had his throat cut only two days' journey south, and assured me it was

decidedly dangerous to travel without a spahi, especially if much money or jewelry were displayed.

On arriving at the hilly parts of the Tessala, after traversing vast tracts of scrub, we slung our guns over our shoulders, and moved in the broad line of the beaters, expecting momentarily to see game; but it was a long time before any appeared, although the wild and jungly nature of the ground seemed peculiarly adapted for harbouring wild animals. There was one spot in particular between two lofty hills, where a dense growth of cane and jungle grew along the swampy edge of a tributary of the Isser, where we were all fully prepared to find something on a large scale. I was obliged to ride along a narrow track on the brow, where a man could scarcely walk, and I quite anticipated that Hadja-Roum in one of his wild freaks would topple over into the chasm, but fortunately he behaved discreetly. However, on ascending the precipitous bank opposite, after plunging through the tangled copse beneath, the saddle slipped down his back, and I had only just time to jump off, and so escape rolling backwards. At this moment a tremendous yelling announced that game was afoot, but Hadja-Roum danced about on the steep ascent, and reared to such an extent that I could not re-saddle him. Just at the right moment Bernard came galloping up, and released me from my difficulty, as the fiery steed knew his voice, and calmed down at once. While he was at work, a fine boar came charging down the bank, and I had but time to cock my gun and send him rolling and squeaking into the bushes, where he unluckily escaped, though I think he was badly wounded. To prevent the saddle from slipping backwards, Bernard told me always to hold on by the horse's mane when mounting these precipitous hills, where no European animal save a goat or sheep could climb through the clattering stones, and I found it an

excellent, although undignified, arrangement. Jumping up again, we followed the yelling rout, some fellows we had overtaken keeping up with the horses, and in such a chase I never joined, for the angles and passes through the scrub were so abrupt that Hadja-Roum would not attempt to turn, but went full tilt at the high bushes, trying to clear them, so that the run was a succession of bucking jumps. To add to my difficulty in guiding my horse, I could only use my left hand, as I had to carry my gun in the right, ready to fire. Furthermore, after some time the curb fell off, so I just let him go flying through the air, and alighting with a clash among rocks and stones on the other side, in a way that no European horse could have done without falling. As to our friend the lawyer, who was mounted on one of my carriage horses, we saw no more of him after the hunt began until he turned up at breakfast.

After a highly-exciting chase over this almost impassable country, covered with scrub from five to six feet high, the white burnouses of the chiefs floating wildly in the wind, several shots fired a-head, frantic shouting and hallooing-on of dogs announced that a boar had bitten the dust, and the next minute I beheld a huge old patriarch, with tusks six inches long, bellowing and rolling on the ground, held down by a dozen dogs. Bernard and the chiefs wished me to give him the *coup de grace*, but I assured them I was quite satisfied with being in at the death, and another who had ridden most pluckily all the morning was deputed to do the deed.

As the chiefs said they had seen ten more boars feeding in company with the one we had killed in a patch of green barley belonging to the natives, we started back again to look for the rest. One young one broke cover close to me, and I had a capital chance of a snap shot, but Hadja-Roum reared and plunged so diabolically that

I was unable to take advantage of the opportunity. The horsemen looked most picturesque in their long flowing robes and high-peaked saddles pointing their old matchlocks in readiness for him, but he slipped off through the brake, and gave us another run of a quarter of an hour, when Bernard and an Arab got each two shots at him, wounding him badly, and as the dogs could not follow by nose, he stole away. The noise from the frantic shouting of the savages and the reports of the shots fired was heightened by a loud clap of thunder that broke at the moment just over our heads.

It was now half-past one o'clock, and we had been in the saddle since seven, so this most original and exciting chasse was declared to be concluded, and we galloped off to breakfast.

At the encampment all was bustle and excitement, preparing for our repast, which was served to us by the brother of the Khalifa as a mark of great respect, the Khalifa not presuming to appear until we had finished eating. The encampment was placed beside a small Arab settlement, the women of which prepared the food. First came a capital kouskoussou prepared with sheep's milk, then an admirable dish omposed of eggs, fowl, and onions powerfully seasoned with chilis. Then the Khalifa's brother tore up some roasted neck of mutton with his fingers, and presented it in a bowl from which we took pieces and ate them from our fingers, no system of knives, forks, or spoons being recognised. This was followed by little pieces of mutton broiled on long wooden skewers, wrapped up in cases of skin, on the Maintenon principle, which were most juicy and tender. There were thick flat cakes which we took with our meat instead of bread. No vegetable of any kind appeared, except the grain of the kouskoussou, as the Arabs never cultivate any crops but barley or millet. We were also

given cakes as thin as the gelettes of Brittany, but not baked, of which we took several at a time in our fingers out of the bowl they were served in, and ate them with honey. These, which were exactly like the Scotch scons, we proclaimed to be excellent, as indeed we found all the dishes, for we were famishing after our long morning's work. To wash all this down we had some very good claret, and nips of vermuth and cognac, after some delicious coffee.

When we had finished, our distinguished attendant handed us water to wash our greased hands, in the same bowl of rather pretty crockery from which we had partaken of our repast. This induced unpleasant reflections, for we naturally concluded that it had been employed for ablutionary purposes previous to containing our food. But in these matters it is wiser not to pry into *minutiæ*.

The Khalifa now entered and announced that all was in readiness for starting to his regular encampment, where we were to pass the night. Bernard told him patronisingly that we were satisfied with his entertainment, and, being forewarned, I testified my approval in the same condescending manner, for any expression of thanks would be unsuitable where only a duty has been discharged. The Khalifa touched our hands and put his to his lips afterwards in token of gratitude for our approval, but secretly he must have wished us in another place.

I was not sorry when the ceremony was at an end, for I was becoming excessively tired of squatting so long on the ground, although rich Persian rugs were spread beneath us.

Outside I noticed a greyhound with gashes all over its body, which had been ripped open by boars' tusks and sewn up again. It is wonderful how daring those small dogs are, and what a savage grip they take.

Bernard was once charged by a huge boar dragging along three dogs that were fastened to its flanks, and he was only saved by a chasseur, who stuck a long Arab knife into the breast of the savage beast.

When we left the tent the encampment was immediately struck, and in a few minutes everything was placed on the backs of baggage mules and donkeys, one of the latter carrying our trophy of the chase, which was nearly as large as himself. We all followed in a long cavalcade, Hadja-Roum as wild as when he started in the morning, and after a lengthened ride through the inhospitable-looking tracts of wilderness, we arrived at the Khalifa's encampment on the banks of the Isser, which had become a considerable stream, and was difficult to ford. We found the Kaïd's war-tent prepared for our reception. It was an immense marquée, for which he had paid 45*l.*, and was made of canvas on the outside, with a lining of woollen stuff striped with red and white. Around the interior was painted the red open hand with a crescent on the second finger, as a protection to the inmates from the evil eye, and from Gins. Large woollen mats, similar to those I afterwards saw being made in the Kabyle country, were spread all over the ground, and these and some large Persian rugs, which were stuffed at one end to serve as pillows at night, composed the furniture of the room. Large heaps of the roseau, or large wild carrot, which grows in every part of the country, were piled against the outside of the tent to keep out the wind, while a surface drain all round carried off the rain-water. As we had some time to wait before dinner, we reclined on our rugs and had a long chat, interrupted by occasional nips of the Khalifa's vermuth and absinthe, which I think very poor drink, but of which the French take great quantities, notwithstanding their professed temperance in Africa.

From Bernard I heard of an English lady who once hunted with him, the same, doubtless, who was mentioned to me at Teniet-el-Hâad, and who killed a boar herself after it had been wounded, and for this he gave her a certificate from his bureau. This lady had previously had a severe fall from a mule, on which a straw pad did duty for a saddle, and although seriously hurt, had insisted on remounting and continuing the chase.

She had also paid a visit to the Kaïd's tent to see the women, and had given him a most amusing account of the way in which they had thrown her down and examined her, in order to discover why European ladies do not nurse their own children, a fact which they had always attributed to physical incompatibility. The eldest wife, she said, did the honours and managed the household, while the younger ones, whom, out of consideration for European prejudices, the Kaïd called his daughters, were dressed out in coarse muslin and tawdry finery. The Kaïd had told this lady in French that his old wife was a horrid creature and that he hated her, but the poor woman fancied he was singing her praises, and tittered with delight at the imaginary compliments she was receiving.

My friends expressed great admiration for the loyalty of the English towards their Queen, by submitting to her virtual renunciation of her regal functions, and declared that if the French Emperor were thus to withdraw himself from public, and to neglect the duties of his station, his throne would be in a most precarious state. I replied that we English were thoroughly loyal, and would endure any inconvenience sooner than seek for a change in our Constitution.

Outside the tent a whole sheep was being roasted, so we adjourned to superintend the process, the primitive simplicity of which would have astonished a Soyer or a

Francatelli. A hole had been dug in the ground and a fire made in it of the wooden logs of the ilex, and over this the animal was suspended on a wooden spit, one end of the spit being made to revolve in a hole in a block of wood, that was fastened in an earthen bank beside the fire, while the other end was slowly turned by the *chef de cuisine*. The result was a *roti*, declared by all to be unexceptionable.

Our dinner very much resembled the previous breakfast, except that the kouskoussou was made with mutton broth instead of with milk, and that stewed fowl was added to the repast. We were honoured by the Khalifa coming in to hand round the dates himself. Unluckily I refused to partake of them, which it seems was a mortal affront; but Bernard quickly informed me of my error, so I begged the Khalifa to allow me to change my mind, and praised them for their admirable juiciness and sweetness—qualities which they really possessed—to his evident satisfaction. The claret was capital, but he did not follow the example of the worthy Kaïd near Teniet-el-Hâad, who treated me to champagne.

Our host made great apologies for not serenading us in honour of our brilliant chasse, and excused himself on the ground of his musicians being absent at a religious festival. He squatted on the ground among us by special invitation, but was too polite to intrude long. He conversed very well on general subjects, and made one ashamed to feel how little difference exists between an intelligent savage and many of one's own well-educated acquaintances.

The horses were all picketed to one long grass rope, of the same kind as that I saw at Almeria, and were left to lie on the bare ground at night. As rain was beginning to fall, their prospects did not look cheerful, especially as they had to take their feeds of barley and their crumbling

straw from off the humid earth. I was sorry to see poor Hadja-Roum exposed to such hardships after his fatiguing day's work; doubtless, however, the hardy fellow felt very little inconvenience.

The Khalifa was ordered to have a guard round our tent all night, he and the Kaïd being responsible for our safety; so a huge watch-fire of wooden logs was made in a hole in the ground opposite to the tent door, around which the guard stationed themselves. Their ferocious countenances, lighted up by the crackling flames, would have made a fine study for Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa, but was by no means a pleasant one for us, knowing that they were all cut-throats at heart.

As the lawyer was very tired, we retired early to rest —a simple manœuvre, performed by exchanging the perpendicular position for the horizontal, and covering ourselves over with wraps and rugs. After a short slumber we were obliged to put pads of coats underneath our hips, owing to the hardness of the ground we had to lie upon. During the night I pulled aside the covering of the tent, in order to see how our guardians were getting on, and found that a perfect deluge of rain, like a waterspout, was falling. There the unfortunate beings lay huddled on the ground round the fire, without any additional covering, and with large bunches of roseau or fizi under their heads for pillows. They made but poor sentries, for they were all fast asleep.

In the morning the Khalifa received us with wild exclamations of delight, declaring that we had brought him the favour of God and the blessing of rain, which would spread gladness and wealth through the country, and I especially came in for a large share of his joyous demonstrations. He declared he was so grateful that he would have allowed his women to come and dance before us, though veiled, had not the musicians unfortunately happened to be absent.

I wanted to give him some money to distribute among the poorer members of his tribe, the better sort pretending to scorn the receipt of payment, but my native chasseur would not allow me, assuring me that the great man would put it all into his pocket when we had left; so I made the chasseur divide the amount amongst the most needy in my presence, when they were vociferous in their exclamations of gratitude.

After taking leave of the Khalifa, and again acknowledging our satisfaction at the manner in which he had discharged his duty of entertaining us, we set off for Hadja-Roum with our escort of spahis and followers on foot, together with the ass bearing our trophy, and on our road passed large pieces of ground carpeted with quantities of anemones just sprouting forth into bloom.

Affectionately bidding adieu to my gallant Hadja-Roum, Bernard's destined charger in the German war that he thought certain to commence the following year, we jumped into our calèche along with the wild boar, who proved himself an unpleasant fellow-traveller, and started on our return journey to Tlemcen. In consequence of the torrents of rain which had fallen the night before, the roads were nearly impassable, and, after having accomplished half the distance, the white clay of the route became so deep and sticky that we were compelled to alight and tramp through the muddy tracks as far as the summit of the pass above El-Ourit. Here a great treat awaited us, for the rain had so swollen the Ourit that it dashed down the falls in surprising grandeur, forming a gigantic amphitheatre of superb cascades.

A very bad bit of road under El-Eubbad nearly finished up our poor nags, who, as usual, showed no outward signs of fatigue on arriving at their journey's end—not even a hair turned.

One of my principal objects in going to Tlemcen was

to visit the oasis of the Oulad-Sidí-Cheikh in the Sahara, and to inspect its highly-interesting rock sculptures, but, owing to the mimic warfare in the South, I was precluded from carrying out this plan. These sculptures are evidently of very high antiquity, if we judge from the costumes and scenes they portray. The warriors are represented with plumes of feathers on their heads, and bows and arrows in their hands, amongst whom elephants appear—animals unknown in the oldest times to this part of Africa. The family or matrimonial connections of the personages, too, are indicated by lines joining them together.

It is curious that Dr. Barth describes similar ancient sculptures discovered at the other extremity of the Sahara, to the south of Tripoli, on the rocks of the Oued or Wadí Felisjareh. On one of these were portrayed two human figures, with the heads of birds, fighting a bull, and they were armed with spears, shields, and arrows. Another represented a large herd of oxen at a watering-place, which were most skilfully grouped and executed. These sculptures resembled unmistakeably those of Egypt, and seemed of much higher antiquity than many others that the doctor saw in the same place, in which camels were chiefly represented.

There is a rude track from Tlemcen to Nemours, about seventy-five miles through the country of the Trara, a tribe of Kabyles of the west. Lalla-Maghr'nia is passed on the way. This was the Syr of the Romans, who had a strong fortified camp there, and it had previously been a Phœnician settlement. It existed in the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Severus, as is proved by inscriptions. Lalla-Maghr'nia is named after a holy woman whose koubba stands near the camp. Blessed with great talents and erudition, she taught the Arabs and Kabyles,

and the most learned were not ashamed to listen to her instruction.

She soon acquired the reputation of foreknowledge and of working miracles, for she caused streams to flow where water had never before been seen, produced splendid harvests wherever her footsteps passed through cornfields, and performed many other benevolent and wonderful acts, which made the Arabs think her one sent direct from Allah. She added to her reputation for holiness by twice making a pilgrimage to Mecca, and died in the odour of sanctity at an advanced age. She omitted, however, to improve the climate of her resting-place, although competent to deal in the miraculous, for fever predominates there to a great extent.

At R'ar-Roubban there is a lead mine, which is said to yield from fifty to sixty per cent. of rich argentiferous metal.

Near the Oued-Mouïla, a tributary of the Tafna, is the Roman port of Severianum, so called after the Emperor Severus.

Passing through an undulating, woody, and picturesque country, and crossing the Col de Taza, you arrive at Nedroma, the Kalama of the Romans, lying under the Djebel-Filaoussen. Nedroma was built in 1160 by the Almohade Sultan Abd-el-Moumen, on the ruins of an immense Berber town, the origin and history of which are buried in oblivion, but which was named Medinet-el Betha. A touching legend is related of the foundation of Nedroma.

Late one night the Sultan was informed by a Dervish of a plot for his assassination, but as there was no time nor opportunity for the Monarch to escape, the faithful Dervish offered to personate the King in bed, a proposal graciously accepted by condescending Majesty. The

loyal adherent was slain, but on the morrow the Emperor appeared suddenly among the conspirators who thought him dead, and so froze them with terror that they allowed themselves to be arrested without resistance.

On the site of the encampment he raised a handsome koubba to the dervish and a prison for his traitorous nobles, which buildings formed the nucleus of the future town. The subsequent history of Nedroma resembles that of most Mar'reb towns, having been constantly devastated and sacked during the frequent wars in that part of Africa.

Nemours, the Ad Fratres of the Romans, is reached in a ride of three or four hours, which takes its name from the two rocks to the westward, designated as 'The Brothers.' On a bold rock to the east stands the Djama R'azaouat, or Mosque of the Pirates, whose ruins give a good idea of the magnificence of the Tlemcen Sultans.

It was at the koubba of Sidi-Brahim, near Nemours, that Abd-el-Kader gained his victory over the French, when he drew them into an ambuscade; and it was at the same spot that he ended his political and military career by surrendering himself to the Duke d'Aumale, after his defeat by Lamoricière. Dressed in his woollen haïk bound round his head with a cord of camel's hair, like the humblest Arab, and wearing one black and two white burnouses, the captive alighted from his favourite black mare, and touchingly presented her to the Prince, to whom he prayed she might bring better fortune than she had done to himself.

At the Cape Noé, or Onaï, was situated the fortress of Honeïn, erected by the tribe of Koumia, from which tribe sprang Sultan Abd-el-Moumen, the first Almohade sovereign of Tlemcen.

Here is supposed to have stood the Portus Gypsaria of Ptolemy, the Artisiga of Antoninus, there being good

anchorage for small craft. Four miles farther is an islet with a tower on a mamelon. This is the His-Ouerdani of El-Bekri, and the Portus Cæcilii of the Romans.

Still farther along the coast, at the mouth of the Oued Tafna, rose Portus Sigentis, the Port of Siga, which was the first capital of Syphax. It is protected by the islet of Archgoul or Harchgoun, whence its modern French name of Rachgoun. This islet was the Insula Acra of the Romans. The ancient Roman harbour has quite disappeared, and so has Siga itself; a few ruined vaults alone indicating its former position. The old Roman *via* to Aïn Temouchant is said to be still traceable through the country.

Gladly would I have explored all these objects of interest, but time did not permit.

The morning after my return from hunting, Tlemcen was full of camels and their Kabyle owners, the former roaring lustily while their burdens were being adjusted. They were, I found, destined for the South, to convey commissariat stores to the flying column. The convoy were to *rendezvous* at the barracks at the Mechouar, and there I saw some hundreds of camels, mules, and even asses, form into line, and start on their weary journey.

Not being able to obtain a seat in the diligence to Oran for two days, I was forced to engage the jaded horses of the previous day to take me there. Bernard now came to take leave of me, when I most sincerely offered him my grateful thanks for his kindness. He insisted upon my promising to return in the autumn, when he would give me a far better chasse at Lalla-Maghr'nia. Then, he could not take me, he said, as he was busy forwarding stores and reinforcements to the Expedition. He regretted the manner in which the Englishmen I met at Algiers had squandered their

money at Lalla-Maghr'nia, without having any sport. They would not condescend to communicate with him, although at the time he was in charge of the Bureau Arabe at that place.

Just as I was stepping into my carriage, I heard a prodigious uproar, and saw an immense crowd moving along at the opposite side of the square. I could not resist running to see what was taking place, when I witnessed a sight that I would not have missed on any consideration. It was the 'Fête des Moutons,' a great Mahommedan festival, and an enormous crowd was marching along, preceded by a man bearing a large banner, and by several musicians, who were playing a wild monotonous chant on tambourines and flutes. In front of them advanced a row of the most uncouth men, who halted occasionally to perform religious dances in front of the column. One man had long dishevelled hair, which he tossed about as he rolled his head from side to side, and another had his hair plaited from the top of his head like a Chinese, and kept bobbing his head forward. But the most outlandish of the whole was a Black of the true negro-type, a most animal-like creature, who swayed his body and slobbered over himself in the most disgusting manner. The procession halted after going a few yards, when these hideous savages commenced a frantic dance, two of them whirling themselves round and springing together, then one lifted the other high up in the air, the whole yelling madly in time with the music. Gradually they became violently excited, and indulged in gesticulations of increasing wildness, especially the Black, at whom the others pointed and howled to encourage him. A Marabout came forward and gave the Black an orange, which he devoured voraciously, like a wild beast, out of the Marabout's hand. Then the Black and another uncouth wretch devoured

a quantity of the leaves of the variegated thistle, presented to them by the Marabout, holding their hands behind them, and drawing in the leaves with their tongues as they chewed them, like animals. These, I was told, were called the camels, being supposed to represent the habits of those creatures. They swallowed immense mouthfuls at a time. The Marabout then flung an orange on the ground, when the Black threw himself upon it with savage cries, and gorged it as it was, covered all over with the dirt of the road. A second one was thrown down for him, but a little Moorish boy snatched it up and ran off, amidst the execrations of the devout Moslems.

The Black performer now began to wax violent, and to glare and slobber frightfully, when a fine, tall fellow, dressed in Zouave costume, came out of the crowd and advised me to put myself under his guidance, as the performers sometimes became delirious from excitement, and 'ran a muck'—an offer I gladly accepted, as I thought by his dress that he came from the Bureau Arabe.

He took me in and out among the performers, who all made way for him, and he procured me the best place for seeing. He told me they were on their way to a Marabout's house close by, where I could see the sword-performances and many other wonderful sights, to which he would get me admission. At the gate of the Marabout's house, he transferred me to the care of a friend, and slipped away mysteriously himself.

On entering the court of the Marabout's residence, I found a large and thickly packed crowd already assembled, but my conductor elbowed his way through, and stationed me upon a chair in the front. On one side of the court stood the Marabout's house, filled with the performers and other people of distinction, and round the other sides rose low, flat-roofed houses, on the tops of which

were congregated a number of veiled women, and unveiled Moorish children who wore conical purple velvet caps, and were attired in gaudy print dresses and common jewelry.

A ring of dancers now formed round a tree in the centre of the yard, and the performers went through the same gyrations as when outside, springing suddenly together and lifting each other up among the boughs of the trees. This greatly delighted the women and children above, who gave loud cries of 'lou-lou' at each blow of a head against the branches. The drowning music was kept up the whole time, and the two 'camels' continued to devour oranges, thistles, and prickly-pear leaves, which latter must have considerably interfered with their internal economy, for even on the hand the little venomous thorns of this plant produce irritation for a couple of days. They appeared, however, to relish the diet much, and the holy man kept up a liberal supply.

Now, one man personated a sheep, and another a jackal, which tried to kill the sheep. The rest beat off the jackal; but as he persevered in his attacks, two men lifted up the personator of the sheep on their shoulders, his hands resting on the shoulders of one, and his feet on those of the other. In this painful posture he was borne several times round the court, and dragged through the boughs of the tree, for the special amusement of the spectators on the house-tops, while the jackal continued to leap up, endeavouring to reach his prey. The fellow with the wild floating hair, who had been working himself up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm by swinging his body about to the time of the music, now darted into the Marabout's house and brought out a chafing-dish full of red-hot pieces of charcoal, some of which he held between his teeth for several seconds, and then threw them into a vessel of water, in order to prove by their hissing that

they were still burning hot. But he kept his lips open without letting the coal inside, and his performance was not nearly so good as that of the African fire-eater I had seen in London, when he and his colleagues went there from Paris, whither Marshal MacMahon had sent them to perform during the Great Exhibition. This man took the red-hot coal into his mouth, closed his lips and teeth over it, and afterwards blew forth strong flames of lurid fire.

To my astonishment, the next who issued forth as a performer was my Zouave acquaintance, who far eclipsed all the others. He had taken off his fez, and his long sweeping hair was hanging wildly about him. He advanced to a brazier of burning charcoal placed on the ground, into which incense was thrown, and swung his head and arms about over the rising vapour with intense violence for several minutes, when he removed his embroidered jacket, and then his shirt, so that the upper part of his body was nude, his head rocking, and his hair swaying in the wind, all the time. On a signal from him, a Marabout presented him with a naked scimitar, whereupon he kissed the feet of the Marabout, and ran the sword across his own tongue. Two men now came forward and held the scimitar between them, when he flung himself upon it on his bare stomach, and in this way he was carried three times round the yard amid rapturous lou-lous from above. When he ceased, the scimitar had sunk deeply into the flesh of his stomach, which had folded over it so that it required an effort to extract the weapon. A deep red welt remained, but no blood flowed. He next stood with his bare feet on the edge of the blade, and was borne round in like manner, standing on the weapon. After this he lay upon the ground on his back, and the scimitar was held over his stomach by two men, while a third stood upon the blade. This appeared to inflict dreadful torture on the victim, but gave intense gratification to

the female spectators in the upper gallery, who became louder than ever in their vociferations. These feats must have caused him much suffering, for at the conclusion he was in a profuse perspiration, and was laid on the ground and covered over for some time, after which he was supported into the house in a state of apparent exhaustion, doubtlessly with a bad headache after all the churning his brain had undergone.

The pace at which the performers moved now became severe, and numbers of the devotees, including the revolting Black, fell down in ecstatic swoons, in which state they were carried away to the Marabout's house. One degraded, idiotic-looking wretch I shall never forget. He continued throughout the entire ceremony to duck his body and throw forward his joined hands in time with the unceasing music, his countenance the while bearing the same stolid, vacant expression.

These fellows were certainly wonderful performers, although very inferior to the Algerines who were in London. One of these latter pulled his eye out of its socket. At first he tried to shirk the self-infliction of this torture, on which the manager of the exhibition put the question to the vote of the audience, who decided by acclamation that the eye should be dragged out. A friend at Algiers told me that he had seen this man run a large wooden skewer behind his eye, while it was protruded. Another in London ran knitting-needles through his tongue and cheeks, and a comrade was to have devoured some live serpents, but the manager stated that the market price of the reptiles was too high that day, so the performance was postponed. I also saw one of these men with a large rope round his bare waist in a single knot, at which three of the audience pulled at each end with all their might, without apparently hurting the performer. This tribe is called the Beni Yssou, or Sons of Jesus.

The climax of this disgusting class of exhibition was witnessed by an American at Cairo, who narrated to me the circumstance. He saw there a man walking at the head of one of these religious processions, who was carrying his own intestines before him on a dish. The wretch pushed them back and had the wound sewn up after the ceremony was concluded, as Cato's family at Utica endeavoured to do to that patriot. This anecdote sounds apocryphal, but after what I have seen, I can believe any abomination being perpetrated, or torture endured, by these wild fanatics.

As I was leaving the Marabout's courtyard, the Zouave again joined me, apparently none the worse for what he had undergone. He wished me much to remain until the next day, when another séance was to take place in a Marabout's house at Agadir, at which I should see the same performers worry a live sheep to death with their teeth, and then devour it raw. The 'Fête des Moutons' at which I 'assisted,' as the French say, so much retarded my departure from Tlemcen that it was late at night before I arrived at Aïn-Temouchant, where I was to sleep.

In the morning several natives were parading the miserable streets with two huge wild boars, which they were trying to sell, but, as no one would give the price they wanted for the animals, they were sent to Oran by the diligence. At the saddler's shop, opposite the little auberge, there were numerous skins of antelopes, jackals, and other animals, which had been killed in the neighbourhood. He had specimens of the two species of antelopes found in the mountains; the one having but three twists in the horns, while the other had several. They were skinning a fine gazelle, shot only the day previous, and I bought here a sufficient number of jackals' skins for a large travelling rug, which I had made up at Algiers.

Between Aïn-Bridia and Misserguin, along the shore of the Sebkha, the jaded horses fairly gave in, and I was forced to wait for a small diligence from Aïn-Temouchant, in which I luckily found a vacant place, although amongst unperfumed companions. Fortunately a Spanish bordelais carrier was able to give me change, so I discharged my calèche, and returned to Oran in time for the steamer to Algiers on the morrow.

Along the road I noticed a quantity of wild sweet-pea, vetches, poppies, marigolds, and immense white and yellow daises like chrysanthemums, while numbers of lizards were basking in the sun on the rocks, or darting through the lavender bushes.

CHAPTER VII.

Embark on the 'Zouave' for Algiers—Arzeu—Defence of Mazagran—Mostaganem—Strong Current—Rock Pigeons—Tenes—The Romans besieged by the Baquates—Donatist Heresy—Necropolis—The Sorcerers of Pharaoh—Miraculous Cat—Isle of Lovers—Cultivated Mountain-Sides of the Kabyles—Novi—Back to Algiers—Races at Mustapha Inférieur—English Yacht aground at Cape Matifou—Dinner at Pointe de Pescade—Moorish Bath.

It was a lovely morning when I embarked on the 'Zouave' for Algiers, and the reflections of the town in the water, and of the Pic of Aïdour with its picturesque forts, were beautiful; but the hideous barracks, military hospitals, and prisons, erected by the French in the most prominent positions, as in all their settlements, detract materially from the beauty of the landscape.

Rounding the point of Canastel, or Abuja, and the rocky Capes Ferrat and Carbon, the vessel glided into the Bay of Arzeu, where, behind the sheltering mountains, secure anchorage is afforded in all seasons for trading vessels of moderate tonnage.

This is the Portus Magnus of the Romans, and the city was situated at some short distance, upon the summit of the gentle slope that rises out of the sea along the east of the bay. From here there must have been a fine view over the plains of Habra, Sig, Mina, and Meleta at the back, and over the Mediterranean, with its wild rocky

coasts, in front. This ancient town is called Old Arzeu, or St. Leu, and by the Arabs Botïoua. It was doubtless the missing Quiza Municipium of Antoninus and Quiza Xenitana of Pliny, who both place this city between Portus Magnus and Cartenna, the modern Tenes. The French *savants*, and even Berbrugger, have fallen into the error of confounding the city with Portus Magnus, which was only its harbour. It is strange that Berbrugger should have made this oversight, as a tombstone was found on the spot erected to the memory of one 'Julius Extricatus, Dispensator of the Republic of Quiza.'

Colonel de Montfort and Berbrugger give lengthened accounts of the vaults, cisterns, aqueducts, baths, and other Roman remains discovered here; but the Colonel also admits that quantities have been destroyed, for which he blames the semi-nomad Hamian tribe inhabiting the spot at certain periods. I fear, however, that the fine old materials have contributed to the formation of the stores and other buildings at the port.

A Roman villa is described by Colonel de Montfort as still perfect and enclosed by the French for protection, but all at Oran said that also had vanished, which statement was corroborated by an intelligent Engineer officer on board. He was indignant with his countrymen for this wholesale destruction, which Prince Napoleon vainly tried to arrest when he was in office, and complained bitterly of the wanton havoc at Orléansville since he had been stationed there.

Abd-el-Moumen, the Almohade Sultan of Tlemcen, established a large naval arsenal at the port of Arzeu in the middle of the twelfth century, and Edressi, the Arab historian, speaks of the numbers of Italian merchants who resorted thither to purchase corn, salt, crockery, and woollen goods, which had been brought from the interior on the backs of asses, camels, and mules.

The Turks also had large magazines here, and defended the harbour by a small fort, which still remains.

Beneath Old Arzeu, on the beach, is a large square grassy mound, which was probably a Roman fort.

The Kadi of Old Arzeu having supplied the French army with horses and provisions when it was blockaded at Oran, Abd-el-Kader, after pillaging and destroying the place, dragged the venerable Doctor away to Maskara, where he caused him to be strangled.

Not far from Arzeu there is a mine of argentiferous lead, which is said to give employment to a hundred miners. There is also a large salt lake in the neighbourhood. After crossing the Gulf of Arzeu, Mazagran is reached. It stands in an elevated position at the recommencement of the Atlas chain, which is broken from here to Oran, with the exception of the rocky promontory at Arzeu. Mazagran is famous for its defence, during four days, by one hundred and twenty-three Zouaves, under Captain Lelièvre, against the attacks of two thousand Arabs, under the Khalifa of Abd-el-Kader, proving, as Colonel Walsin Esterhazy justly observes, how unable those savage hordes are to attack any position that is properly defended.

In 1548 Mazagran was captured by the Count of Alcandeta, the Spanish Governor of Oran, but ten years later Kheir-ed-din Barbarossa, Pasha of Algiers, slew him, and generously gave the body of the Count to his son for interment at Oran.

Three miles farther, on the same high hill above the sea, stands Mostaganem, the Marustaga of the Romans, and the Mostar 'anem of the natives. The Roman fort is supposed to have been swallowed up by the Mediterranean during the great earthquake in the reign of the Emperor Gallienus, which destroyed so many Roman cities in Northern Africa. There is now only a narrow

sandy beach between the sea and the low cliffs, above which stands the town, on the summit of a steep slope, strongly fortified with walls and forts.

The Bordj-el-Mehal, or ancient citadel, was built by the Almoravide Sultans of Tlemcen, and is now converted into a prison. Mostaganem followed the fortunes of Tlemcen, being taken by the successive dynasties that reigned in that city.

Ahmed-ben-Youssef, the cynic philosopher of Milianah, used to say of the Arabs of Mostaganem, that they were always ready to put up the heels of their slippers, in order that they might be able to run the faster after a dainty morsel.

The Turks under Kheir-ed-din fortified the town.

In the middle of the sixteenth century it was a place of great importance, as a number of Moors had established a flourishing agricultural colony there, into which they introduced the cultivation of cotton; but the Spanish and Arab invasions, and the cupidity of the Turkish Governors, rapidly destroyed its prosperity.

The 'Zouave' lay here for six hours for the purpose of giving an entertainment to the agent of the company and his family. At the table-d'hôte dinner many choice wines and liqueurs were handed round in their honour, and after dusk Captain Pécoul, the commander, had a brilliant display of fireworks on board.

I noticed here a powerful current which was running from east to west. From Mostaganem to Cape Ivi the high hills recede from the shore, but after passing that Point they approach the sea, and are covered with the rich lawn-like pasture, and the corn-fields of the western Kabyles, which peep out through the mass of low wood up to the very tops of the mountains, and make the country resemble some fair Alpine scene. The whole of this mountainous region is called the Dahra, and is famous for

the fertility of its soil and its large export of dried figs, on which the Kabyles largely subsist.

After the island of Columbi, so called on account of the number of rock pigeons which inhabit the cliffs, and after the ruins of the ancient city of Hierum at the mouth of the Oued-Tarzout, the beautifully-situated town of Tenes appears.

Tenes is supposed to have been a Phœnician settlement, and was a place of great importance during the Roman occupation, under the name of Cartenna. When Marshal Bugeaud fixed on this spot to establish a French colony, a fine monument, the remains of the ramparts, and other ruins, were standing, but I understand that none are now in existence, except the foundations of the ramparts beneath the present town walls, and the cisterns now utilised by the French. An interesting monumental inscription now in Algiers, records that the Roman Governor, Caius Fulcinius Optatus, successfully defended the colony against an attack by the Baquates, the Bakoutai of the Greeks, doubtless the wild Highlanders of the circumjacent Dahra. This tribe is specially mentioned by Pliny.

Cartenna was rendered famous in the theological disputes which shook the African Christian Church to its centre. Rogatus, Donatist Bishop of Cartenna, established a new Sect, modifying the Donatist Heresy, and his followers were denominated Rogatists, after their founder. During the revolts of Firmus, who was subdued by Theodosius in 371, and by Gildo in 396, Rogatus took advantage of the general confusion to persecute his opponents; but his Sect did not take firm root, and during the episcopacy of Vincentius, his successor, only two African bishops were tainted with this particular heresy.

But the original Donatist Heresy, from which it was an offshoot, nearly overpowered Orthodox Catholicism, and

at the Donatist Conference, or Council, at Carthage, in 411, the Orthodox bishops under St. Augustin only mustered seven more than Donatus and his Heretic episcopal adherents—the numbers being two hundred and eighty-six Catholics, against two hundred and seventy-nine Donatists. These Schismatics desired the severance of the Church from the State. After the Council they were violently persecuted, but continued to survive as a Sect until the sixth century, as mentioned in the letters of Gregory the Great. As this Sect was put down by the African Bishop Augustin, so the still more dangerous schism of Arius was finally overthrown by Athanasius, Patriarch of the African Church, after Unitarianism had been for some time triumphant, and but for his indomitable perseverance would have become the key-stone of the religion of the world.

Though all memorials of the Romans above ground at Tenes have been destroyed—by the Vandals, according to the French—a large portion of the old necropolis has been brought to light by the falling away of part of the cliff, probably during an earthquake. From the deck of the ship the tombs were quite perceptible, and the dark recesses ran some distance along the hill-side, sometimes assuming the form of galleries, along which no doubt vaults branched off on either side. Many of these vaults are used by the Government as magazines and cellars, and I heard that skeletons, and even pieces of clothing and jewelry, had been found in their recesses. At the other extremity of the bay I saw some remains of masonry, which probably mark the site of the Roman port.

Tradition relates that Jannes and Jambres, the two sorcerers who were employed by Pharaoh to rival the miracles of Moses, were natives of Tenes.

The small Arab village higher up the hill, called Old

Tenes, is also thought to be extremely ancient, but it seems only to contain some remains of Moorish mosques. It was probably a Roman outpost on the road to Orléansville, which here strikes inland through narrow mountain defiles. According to El-Bekhri, the Arab town was founded by colonies of Spaniards from Elvira and Todmir, the modern Murcia.

Later, the Mar'aoua, one of the chief tribes of the Mar'reb, established themselves here, but were ejected by the Beni-Merin dynasty of Tlemcen, who, in their turn, succumbed before Kheir-ed-din of Algiers.

The Tenesians had a very bad reputation, and Sidi-Ahmed-ben-Youssef of Milianah once ventured amongst them, to try and bring them from the error of their ways; but they only turned the holy man into ridicule, and set before him for supper a cat, so disguised with savoury sauce that they hoped he would not discover the deception. However, the Saint's supernatural powers came to his aid, and perceiving the trick, he called out loudly, 'Sob!' the interjection used by the Arabs to drive off troublesome cats, whereupon puss gathered together all her severed limbs and darted nimbly away, notwithstanding the processes of disintegration and cooking she had undergone. The Marabout then scornfully exclaimed:—'Tenes is a dunghill, its water is blood, its air is poison. Sidi-Ahmed will never sleep within its accursed precincts;' and, springing on his mule, fled, pursued by the wicked inhabitants.

On the summit of the clayey mountain which still preserves his name, the mule sank down exhausted, and his pursuers were on the point of seizing him, when by a miracle he caused the animal to spring up and bear him out of their sight.

Beyond Old Tenes, the remains of fortified Posts point out the line followed by the Roman *via* to Orléansville,

although most of them have been destroyed by the military Engineers to make the new road. Near Montenolle are some mines of lead, copper, and iron, said to be profitably worked.

No less than thirty-eight localities were discovered by Colonel Lapasset in the neighbourhood of Tenes in which Roman remains were found; the most remarkable of them is Yer'roum, supposed to be the ancient Arsenaria, as the old Itineraries place it between Arzeu and Tenes.

On rounding the wild, rugged Cape Tenes, the bay of Leonia or Tarar'nia appears, commanded by an old Roman Station, above which, on the hill, is a ruin, called by the natives a Roman mill.

Further on lies the Bay of Souhalia, where the débris of a small Roman port are perceptible at the mouth of the Oued Boucheral.

In the Bay of Assanin, when Berbrugger was there, a large anchor projected above the water and was supposed to have belonged to a French frigate wrecked here, whose captain was retained as a prisoner by the Algerian corsairs until set at liberty by Lord Exmouth.

Nine miles from this are the ruins of El-Bordj, supposed to be those of Cartili.

A peninsula is now reached on which lie the ruins of Bresk or Brekche, which succeeded the town of Gunugus, a colony of Augustus, and called by Ptolemy, Kanoukkis. It was occupied in the seventeenth century by Zirem, an adventurer who rebelled against the Sultans of Tlemcen, but these Potentates soon reduced him to submission, and slew him.

Near this peninsula is situated the Isle of Lovers, where two devoted hearts retired to end their days together in solitude.

Gliding past the Atlas spurs, inhabited by the Beni-Menacer, we reached the village of Novi, which is on

the site of a Roman town, as proved by numerous antiquities discovered on the spot, but no light has been thrown on its ancient name. It was perhaps called Novum. An inscription determined it to have existed in the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Pius.

Cherchel is six miles distant, which ancient city I have already described.

Soon after, Tipasa and the Tomb of the Christian appeared, and late in the evening the 'Zouave' swung to her anchor in the harbour of Algiers. A large additional influx of English had arrived during my absence, and the town was crowded.

The English had got up some horse-races at Lower Mustapha, and one of our countrymen was in bad repute, as it was discovered, after he had won the race, that he weighed two pounds short of the right weight. The French owner of the horse took all the blame upon himself, but the French officers who were beaten made unpleasant remarks, and were given a fine opportunity for enlarging on the demerits of '*perfide Albion.*'

I was told that a large yachting party started to picnic at Cape Matifou in an English yacht lying in the harbour, but the vessel ran aground on the sands, and the ladies were so fearful of sharing the fate of the passengers in the 'Carnatic' that they all went ashore in the boats. There was, however, no danger, as the sea was calm, and a messenger having been sent by land to the English Consul, he despatched a tug from the port which got the vessel off immediately.

Everyone endeavoured to dissuade me from crossing the Djurjura during the month of March. Some said I should be devoured by lions on the way, and others that I ran great risk of drowning in a river half-a-mile wide and twelve feet deep. More maintained that no track

existed, and that I should lose my way, while another clique assured me that the mules would inevitably fall down some precipitous rocks over which the route lay. Then, again, I was cautioned that I should have to sleep in Arab tents, where I should, in all likelihood, be murdered and robbed during the night. Even Colonel Playfair, the English Consul, more rationally, but equally strongly, advised me to desist from the attempt on account of the snow which still remained on the mountains, and urged me to round the Atlas by Dellys and Bougia in preference, and so get on to Constantine.

But, as time pressed, I determined to make the attempt, for I wanted to see the Sahara at Biskra before the great heats commenced. Besides, I wished to see the Kabyle country, and the finest part of the Atlas Chain, which I should miss if I went by the sea-coast; so I began to make my plans. The chief of the Bureau Arabe, whom I found surrounded by Kaïds and Aghas and the red-cloaked Spahi attendants of the office, gave me a letter to his colleague at Fort Napoleon, the first place at which I should need aid, but seemed to think I was unwise to undertake the journey so early in the year.

Some French I met at the Hotel kindly gave me a pressing invitation to shoot blackbirds and sparrows at their villa near town. The sport I declined, but I went to pass the day with them; and was rewarded by a walk along the Roman road from Rusgunia to Algiers, and through an experimental grove of eucalyptus, planted by a great enthusiast, to try how they bear high winds in masses, as they are so brittle when standing singly. He thinks that this tree is destined to materially modify the unhealthiness of the country by absorbing all the paludial exhalations, and has immense nurseries, in which many thousands of young trees are reared for transplantation through the country. These nurseries I had previously

seen, but the neighbourhood is so beautiful that I was glad to have an opportunity of visiting the spot a second time.

In the auberge at the Pointe de Pescade I had an excellent dinner with a party in a bowered alcove overhanging the sea.

A large fat yellow fish, called a merlot, had just been caught in a huge basket made on the principle of a lobster pot—a fish from which excellent soup is made.

Through curiosity, I went to take a Moorish bath in Algiers, but the people looked so filthy that I shrank from sitting on the same marble seats, and beat a retreat.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Metidja—Plunge into a Sea of Mist—Rassauta—Col of Aïcha—Agha copying European Manners—A kind Friend—Roman Fort—Storks on Reed Huts—Man beaten to Death from Jealousy—Road to Dellys—Dellys a Carthaginian and Roman Colony—Roman Ruins around—Embroiderers of Saddlery—Practical Joke—Tizi-Ouzou—Fever—On Muleback to Fort Napoleon—Towns and Villages on Hill Tops—Agriculture—Snowy Masses of the Djurjura—Road up a River-course—Women working unveiled—New Style of *Coiffure*—Cruelty to Mules—Fort Napoleon—Commanding Position—Loosening of Allegiance—Kouko—Barren Women—Cork Forest—Troublesome Children—Fort in the Mountains—Battle beneath the Fort—Grand Panorama—Difficult Warfare—Tagrouda—Skilful engineering round the Zizima—Cedar Forest—Wild Monkeys—Snowdrifts—Track of large wild Beast—Difficulties of the Way—Dorsal Ridge—Confederation of Kabyle Towns—The Oued-Sahel—Beni-Mansour—Lion-hunting—Fires on the Atlas at Night—Divorce made easy—Aumale—Mountain Torrent of Milk—Tazmalt—Plebidia—Kabyle Parliament—Murders—English Undergraduates—English Lady naturalised in Kabylia—Roving Kabyle Beauty—Agha's Wives—The Atlas covered with Snow—Rich Natives—Boar Hunt at Plebidia—Panther attacking a Horse—Dungeon at Tazmalt—Survey of the Country—The Soff—The Anaya—Vendetta stayed—Energetic Conduct—Locusts—Kabyle Music—Entertained at Tazmalt—Water *versus* Blood—Worthless Weapons.

It was a bitterly cold morning when I started from Algiers, on my journey to Constantine over the Atlas. As I passed the abattoir along the shore, the place was thronged with sheep and beasts in far better condition than any I had yet seen in Algeria, and this was owing

to the young growth of rich grass which was springing forth. The Metidja was covered with a thick carpet of mist, and looked like a vast arm of the sea, to which it seemed to be united, for both were of the same leaden hue in the early morn. The distant Atlas Mountains, rising up sharp beyond this thick mass of exhalation, assisted in carrying out this optical delusion, for the mist ended in an abrupt well-defined line at their base.

At the railway station near the Maison Carrée I descended into this vapoury sea, which was deadly cold, and I felt like Moses entering the Red Sea without knowing how he was to get out at the other side. On the high ground about the Maison Carrée the density and vault-like chill of the fog decreased, but it continued in a less degree for a long distance, until dispelled by the beams of the sun. A quantity of hemp and flax is grown on this part of the Metidja, and there are large tracts of fine cultivation, especially about Rassauta. The flax was in full flower. Great numbers of Kabyles with their laden camels passed, this being the great thoroughfare to their country. At the farther end of the Metidja new colonists were busy clearing the high woods, and making charcoal from the ilex and wild olive—poor fellows, doomed to almost certain death from fever for the benefit of their successors!

At Alma, or Bou-Douaou, large clearings are being carried on. A few miles farther the Col of Beni-Aïcha is reached, where a good breakfast was most acceptable after the morning's drive. An Agha who sat at table amused everyone much by his attempts to imitate European manners in eating, but his knife and fork were evidently great incumbrances. He wore a fine emerald as large as a nut on his finger, set in silver.

At breakfast a gentlemanly young fellow, an officer of the Bureau Arabe, when he heard my plan was to cross

the Djurjura from Fort Napoleon to Setif, invited me to stop with him at Tazmalt on my way, whither he was going before by another route across the mountains. He told me to stay as long as I liked, and said he would get up boar-hunts and do all in his power to amuse me—an invitation of which I gladly promised to avail myself. He told me there were several lions about the Col, and I afterwards heard that twelve or fourteen roamed over the adjoining hills. One was killed lately by a native, who shot him by moonlight from a hole in the ground.

At the summit of this Col the Romans had a fortress which commanded the Pass, of which some fragments are said to remain. Here the Djurjura comes fully in sight, and a good estimate can be formed of the vast extent of its snow-capped summits, which look so small from Algiers. The Oued-Isser is crossed near here by a fine new bridge with iron girders.

At Souk-ed-Djemâ there is a large caravanserai and a Bureau Arabe, and here an important market is held every Friday, which is attended by the neighbouring tribes. Beneath the narrow-streeted village I perceived the remains of a square Roman fort. Not much beyond we passed a village of cane-sided thatched huts, *percées au jour*, on the tops of which innumerable storks were perched, or sat upon their nests, in a manner to gladden the heart of a Dutchman. Some of these huts were quite round, and were the only specimens of this form I saw in Algeria. They evidently belonged to Kabyles, for the land about was highly cultivated. Quantities of the prickly pear, or cactus, were growing round the dwellings.

My new friend Rumbel, who was an Alsatian, told me that the head of the diligence office farther on had been lately nearly beaten to death by the natives, but that it was his own fault, as he had been found out in some love affair. He also informed me that an English lady, with

all her suite, had been murdered eight months before somewhere in the Desert. He had met this lady at Laghouat, not long previous to her death.

With this encouraging information, he took his departure over the Atlas for his Station, having met his spahi, who was awaiting him with his horses at the road to Dra-el-Mizan. He would be obliged to sleep, or at least to stop, at a Kaïd's house on the way, and looked forward to passing a bad night. He assured me that the dangers and difficulties of the route to Setif were greatly exaggerated, with the exception of passing the snow on the Djurjura, which might prove a serious impediment.

The next halting-place was the immense caravanserai of Azib-ben-Zamoum, where the road to Dellys on the coast branches off. Bordj Menaïel lies to the right, an ancient Roman town, supposed to be Vasari, with whose ruins the Turks erected a fort commanding the entrance to Kabylia. To the right of the road, in the Djebel Flissa, a spur of the Djurjura, there is a fine white marble quarry.

The road to Dellys crosses the Oued-Sebaôu, the chief river of Kabylia, which rises amongst the ruins of Tok'-bal, an old Roman city.

Dellys, or Tedellis, was an old Carthaginian colony, under the name of Rousoukhour. The Romans changed the name into Rusucurrus, when they built the fine city there which attained such importance under the Emperor Claudius. From its ruins arose the Arab town which Al-Mansour, King of Bugia, allotted for the royal residence of Moez-ibn-Somadeh, the exiled Sovereign of Almeria, who was driven from his kingdom when the Almoravides conquered Spain. The town was afterwards taken by the Hafsides, and by Abd-el-Ouadites.

Here Kheir-ed-din established his seat of government, when he divided Algeria with his brother Bab-Aroudj,

the elder Barbarossa, until the death of the latter near Oran, when he took possession of the whole country as Pacha of Algiers.

Dellys is picturesquely built on a steep hill-side, the houses in places being supported on beams and props. The jutting point of Cape Bengut protects the port from the north-westerly winds. There is a large export trade from here of the olive oil and dried fruits of western Kabylia.

The large terraced réservoirs on the hills above are supposed to be of Roman origin, and there are remains along the coast, about twenty miles to the eastward, of Roman cities, both at Tagzut and Taksebt, one of which was the ancient Vabar.

Continuing from the caravanseraï of Azib-ben-Zamoum towards Fort Napoleon, we came to Bordj Sebaôu, a Turkish fort for assisting in the collection of tribute from the Kabyles. A well is shown here which is filled with the blanched skulls of Turkish soldiers, slain by the mountaineers at the time of the French invasion.

Next comes the village of Taourga, surrounded by orchards, the houses resembling those of Algiers, and built from Roman ruins. The inhabitants are Turks and Koulour'lis, famous as embroiderers of saddlery. I observed a great variety of types among the population; even their dress varied much, some wearing large round straw hats, while others had on the fez.

On the road the Arab coachman of the diligence nearly caused an accident by flogging the mule of a native he overtook riding, for he frightened the animal so much that it nearly fell over the precipice with its terrified rider. The coachman was a large speculator in quails and partridges, which he bought, after hard bargaining, from the natives along the road. Many of these birds were alive in large nets. There were such quanties of

them on all the low grounds that I felt inclined to stop a day and shoot. How fortunate I was in continuing my journey instead, will soon appear.

After a tedious drive of more than twelve hours we at last rattled into the small town of Tizi-Ouzou, where I was to pass the night. Here carriage-travelling was at an end, and my journey on mule-back over the mountains was to commence on the morrow.

Tizi-Ouzou stands on the lofty mountains of Belloua, overhanging the valley of the Sebaôu, and appears healthily situated; but when I was there two-thirds of the inhabitants were ill with fever, engendered, it was thought, by the exhalations from the Oued Sebaôu, although that river runs far beneath between the mountain chains that enclose the valley.

The Turkish fort here was constructed from the materials of a Roman fortress, and has been turned into a strong military position by the French.

I have heard that there was a Sultan of Tizi-Ouzou, but can find no mention of such a potentate in any work on Algeria.

The French took this place with a small column, when they appointed the present Bach Agha of the Sebaôu to be the ruler of the country around.

From Tizi-Ouzou there is a splendid view of the mountains along the coast from Dellys, and of the outlying spurs of the Djurjura. The Sebaôu beneath separates Kabylia into two divisions.

I set off early in the morning, after a noisy fight for me between rival mule-owners. My saddle consisted of a hard pad, from which two straw panniers were suspended by a rope of sparto grass, into which my feet were thrust. This rope was passed loosely over the pad on the mule's back, so that when I threw my weight on one

foot, I ran a good chance of losing my balance and falling over.

The country I rode through was wondrously picturesque—cut up into beautiful, well-watered, narrow valleys and steep heights, richly cultivated to the top, up which ran endless winding footpaths, leading to the towns and villages perched on the summits. This scenery is peculiar to the whole of Kabylia, and calls to mind the pastoral parts of Switzerland. The industry and agricultural skill of these highland tribes contrast strongly with the backwardness in most of the French farms in the low country.

On the way I passed quantities of earthenware of elegant designs, the manufacture of the Kabyles, which were being taken down to Dellys for exportation.

The country abounds with lentisk, whose small red flower was in full bloom; also with asphodel, burrage, and a red flower like an anemone, but no palmetto appeared.

At first the way led through bean-fields and fig-orchards, then up steep short-cuts, following the old Arab road, instead of the easier, but more circuitous, military road. By traversing these precipitous tracks, I came across several secluded Kabyle villages, the houses of which were generally built of stone and tiled, but some were made of cane. The hills were covered with olive-groves, figs, and ash-trees with huge vines interlaced. Olive-presses were attached to all the villages. From the high grounds the panorama was charming of hill and dale, with a stupendous background of snowy summits towering above.

For more than a mile the route lay through wild poplars along the wide-spread stony bed of the Oued-Sabaôu, a large portion of which, in common with all other African rivers, is dry during the greater part of the year, while the ordinary stream is confined to a small channel. When I came to this part, I found the current so strong and so

deep that it carried my dog a long way down before he could get across. A vast amount of land is wasted in these river beds, for want of embankments.

On the opposite bank a little native bull, led by a native with a rope, took fright at Jack and charged off out of sight, dragging the unlucky man along with him.

Everywhere women and children were at work in the farms, unveiled, a strong contrast to the Arab females. The fields were scrupulously clean, the women appearing to take in their charge the weeding of the crops. There is a powerful smell from the soil, when newly turned up. One Kabyle I saw had an English plough with six oxen drawing it.

Several lithe girls passed carrying water in beautifully-shaped Etruscan-like vases on their backs, which were supported by their hands clasped together behind. The plan adopted by the Irish and Ethiopians of bearing the weight on the top of the head is more elegant, and must be more convenient. These Kabyle girls were mostly good-looking, although largely tattooed, a disfigurement practised by all. Some of the men have a peculiar custom of shaving the lower part of their heads, so as to leave a circular piece of hair at the top which they clip very short. The bare place is of the same height as the forehead, and is continued above the ears and round the back of the head. This gives them the appearance of having heads entirely bald surmounted by small fur caps.

As I was going up to the Fort, I met the spahi who carries the mail to Tizi-Ouzou, with his feet pointed downwards in his shovel-shaped stirrups, and his long, spiked spurs pressed flat against the horse's flanks—the ordinary seat of the natives. An absurd contrast to this is the attitude of the native on muleback. He generally sits on the straw pad with his feet hanging in front of the panniers,

perpetually kicking the animal's shoulders, while he screams out in a shrill, chiding key, 'Ariyah, ariyah.' I often passed two men seated on the same mule, one behind the other, with their feet ceaselessly at work kicking about. The pack-saddles are kept in position by breeching, which cruelly chafes the haunches of the poor half-starved beasts. The bits are barbarously severe, consisting of a solid broad ring in the animal's mouth, with a wide bar projecting down to cover the under lip, which cuts frightfully, especially when roughly jerked to make the beast go on faster.

Fort Napoléon is situated two thousand five hundred feet above the sea, in the heart of Kabylia, in the most commanding position, and strongly fortified. The Chief of the Beni Iraten, on whose territory it stands, came to the General Commanding when it was in course of construction, and enquired whether a summer pleasure residence were being built. When he heard it was to be a military post, he exclaimed, 'Alas! what I heard is true, and my country is lost.' The Kabyles are most reluctant to sell any land about the fort, the ground for which was taken absolutely by the Government, 'for the general good.' The vegetables, therefore, for the consumption of the place are brought from Algiers by diligence, although I saw artichokes growing in several Kabyle villages. I got some of the best mutton here that I tasted in the country, but the salad served with it was abominable after its long journey from the lowlands.

I put myself at once, as usual, in communication with the chief of the Bureau Arabe, whom I found perfectly polite, but he positively declined to take any part in providing me with mules and guides, excusing himself on the plea that his department had lately ceased to interfere in such matters. This was the only approximation to incivility I ever met from the well-bred French officers,

and I cannot help thinking that the rudeness an authoress mentions having suffered at their hands in Algeria must have been brought about by her want of tact. However, he gave me a letter to the Amin of Tagrouda, near the summit of the Djurjura, at whose house I was to sleep the second night, passing the first at the cottage of the cantonier, or roadman. This letter was couched in the usual terms, ordering the Amin to lodge and entertain me gratis. The Bureau officer was very busy raising the annual taxes from the 28,000 inhabitants in his district. This is chiefly done through the Kaïd, who is responsible.

The landlord thought it a very serious matter that I was to have no guarantee amongst the wild tribes where I was going. He said he could certainly provide me with mules and guides, but he did not wish to take the responsibility, having no authority over the men. He advised me strongly to return the way I had come, particularly as he heard there was a great deal of snow on the Col. He told me too that there was a great excitement and loosening of allegiance amongst the natives, owing to the meditated transfer of the government of Algeria from the military to the civil power. They all knew that the Governor-General had sent in his resignation in consequence of these proposed changes, and thought they were going to carry everything their own way when the strong hand was removed. He said that the prevalence of these feelings among the tribes was the reason the officer would not interfere on my behalf, for the Bureau Arabe felt its influence slipping away in view of its approaching abolition, and even the spahis could not be trusted. The natives here likewise knew of the expedition to the Desert under General Wimpfen, and magnified the importance of the Arab force it was sent in pursuit of.

I could have turned down towards the sea, and reached Bougia in two days, as our Consul at Algiers recom-

mended, but I hate changing my mind from a settled plan, and gave the landlord directions to do the best he could to prepare for my journey over the Atlas in the morning.

Fortunately, a smart young sergeant of Zouaves, who was present, came to my aid, and advised me to get the men I was to take with me from the gendarmerie, as the Bureau Arabe would not interfere to protect me. The brigadier, as the sergeant of gendarmerie is called, would enjoin the chief guide to bring back a letter from me certifying that I had been delivered at the other end, which would be a great guarantee of safety. Otherwise, these lawless fellows might do with me what they pleased, and if things went wrong I should never be heard of again. I gladly availed myself of his advice, and also of his offer to introduce me to his friend, the brigadier, in the morning.

When I turned out, I found the Zouave awaiting me, and he presented me to his acquaintance with the air of a Grand Chamberlain. The brigadier, whose brigade consisted of one comrade, and a second on leave, entered warmly into the matter, and at once procured me guides from a neighbouring village, the principal one being brother to a spahi, which gave him a sort of official position. The man had a good countenance, and I felt confidence in immerging into the wild highlands of Kabylia under his guidance. He did not know French well, but his pronunciation of the language, and also of the English words I told him, was perfect. He told me that the Bureau officer had misinformed me as to the distance we had to go, as we should reach Beni-Mansour, at the other side of Kabylia, in two days, which I found to be correct. He also said the brigadier was right in advising me to stop with the cantonier, instead of with the Amin close by.

Lest I should not get provisions at the roadman's, I took a sufficient supply with me, by the advice of the brigadier.

Some miles from Fort Napoléon are the ruins of Tok'bal, an old Roman city at the source of the Sebaôu, near the foot of the Col of Okfadou. At a short distance from the fort, on the banks of the Oued-Beni-Aïssi, lies a great Kabyle village called Aït Lh'assen, famous for manufacturing arms and jewelry, and infamous for thieving and receiving stolen goods.

Toward the sea is situated Djema Sah'aridj, supposed to be Bida Colonia, where considerable vestiges of the Romans are said to remain.

Kouko, fifteen miles distant, is thought to represent the Roman Turaphilum. It protected the passage of the plain of Sebaôu, along which ran the Roman *via* from Bougia to Dellys. Langier de Tassy makes Kouko the capital of a kingdom in Kabylia, and maintains that a Sultan reigned there independent of the Dey of Algiers, whose troops dared not venture amongst the dangerous fastnesses of the mountains.

The mosque at Kouko is famous as a place of resort for barren women, who come escorted by their fathers or husbands to pray for the intercession of the holy Marabouts, especially of Sidi-Ali-Taleub, whose stick they turn about in every direction in a hole made in the centre of the building. The country I passed through resembled much that of the previous day—the same characteristics prevailing of villages crowning the tops of the hills, down which luxuriant cultivation extended to the valleys below.

In any waste part lavender and touzelt, or wild caper, grew plentifully, and on the road I passed numbers of fine ash-trees, and many fig and olive groves. Higher up there was a quantity of tall white heather.

I rode through a great many loftily-situated villages, and at one part through a fine cork forest. Still higher, the track went along a narrow dorsal ridge with deep, deep valleys on either side, but their lower parts were invisible, owing to the dense mists that hung around.

It struck me as strange that I met neither camels nor horses in these mountains, although the Kabyles own such numbers of the former animals, and I noticed the same absence of them all over the highlands.

I passed an immense cemetery, in a bare secluded position, with a small koubba like an ordinary tiled cabin.

Farther up there was a cluster of tombs under a venerable grove of ilex overlooking a huge valley, whence the rolling mists rose up, like steam from the depths of a gigantic seething cauldron.

When I halted to take my luncheon, and to let the guides regale themselves on their dried figs and barley cake, I was soon surrounded by a crowd of children crying out for *sordi*. They worried me to such an extent that I pretended to run at them with my large clasp knife, which frightened them so much that they threw themselves headlong down a steep bank over the cows, sheep, and goats clambering below, to the great amusement of another party of children who were looking on from a safe spot.

My pad saddle was so hard and uncomfortable that I hailed with pleasure the first sight of the cantonier's house, with the stupendous mass of the Djurjura rising straight up close behind.

Instead of finding this a cabin, as I expected, I beheld a small Bordj, or fortress, protected by loop-holed walls and strong gates, at which I had to knock some time before I gained admission. The man and his wife had only recently arrived, and were afraid to remain with open doors among the wild Highlanders. This fort was

built as a sheltering Post for a cavalry patrol in case of surprise along the newly-commenced military-road by which I came from Fort Napoléon, and which is to run past here, down to Beni-Mansour, at the farther side of the Col, and so on to Setif by the Biban, or Iron Gates. But it will be five years before this road is completed.

The little fort, which contains a large court-yard, is substantially constructed, at the cost of upwards of 2,000*l.*, as the materials were all carried up from Dellys on the backs of mules at six francs a-day. It was fortunate I took provisions with me, for there was no meat in the place, except a small piece of wild-boar ham which had not been well cured. There was, however, some excellent bread, which the woman had just baked, and some fresh eggs, so that I got on very well with the aid of a bottle of wine I had taken from Fort Napoléon. The good people gave me up their hard bed of shavings, a great compliment doubtless, as they were compelled to sleep on something harder, but I never passed a more uncomfortable night. And for this miserable accommodation they had the impudence, in the morning, to charge me fifteen francs—higher than at any first-class hotel! The cold during the night was intense, owing to the proximity of the snows of the Djurjura.

The cantonier was much amused at the chief of the Bureau Arabe thinking that the Amin of Tagrouda lived a day's journey off, as the village is not more than half-an-hour's ride distant. It is surprising that an intelligent officer should be so ignorant of a district adjoining his own.

Two or three days before my arrival there had been a great battle between two native villages, just under the fort, about the election of the Amin of Aoumina, in which three men were killed and thirty wounded. The firing continued all day, to the great alarm of the roadman and

his wife, who have not a compatriot within twenty miles. The Kaïd of the district, who rules over 5,000 souls, was fined 16*l.* for allowing such an outrage to take place within his jurisdiction, which amount he was left to recover as best he could from the offending villages. Were it not for this arbitrary system, the government could not be carried on. The great source of quarrel, however, among these fierce tribes is the watering of their olive trees by the mountain streams, the water from which they all want to monopolise.

In the morning the cold was most bitter, but the atmosphere was clear and bright, and I had an opportunity of beholding the most wonderful panoramic view I ever gazed upon, except that from the Righi, and yet the view from the Djurjura is perhaps as original as that from the Swiss mountains. There, piles of snowy peaks are heaped upon one another, whereas on this Atlas Pass, in addition to the snow-capped Djurjura, or Zizima, as the north-eastern spurs are called, hundreds of abrupt, but cultivated, hills stretch away into the distance, many of which are crowned with eyrie-like towns and villages. Upwards of a hundred of these natural fortresses, the capture of which cost the French so dearly, are visible to the naked eye, and about eighty more can be distinguished with a good glass; besides which many hamlets lie in the valleys, out of sight. This surprising *coup d'œil* gives an excellent idea of the Kabyle country, and of the habits these primitive Highlanders have always observed for defending themselves in their mountain fastnesses, against the numerous hordes of invaders who have swept over the lowlands of their country from time immemorial.

How fortunate it was that the mists had cleared away, and that I was enabled to enjoy the wonders of this gorgeous panorama!

As soon as the mules arrived from the villages below,

for the cantonier would not trust the guides into his little castle at night, although he had abundance of stable room, I resumed my journey, not without serious remonstrances from my host, and even from the muleteers, who heard the snowdrifts on the top were too deep to pass, and that there was danger of the mules falling into holes where streams had undermined these accumulations.

After ascending a short way along the new military road, which at this spot is good, I came to another splendid view over a different tract of the Kabyle country, in the direction of the sea, but high mountains prevented the prospect being so extensive as on the opposite side, although a fair array of villages peeped through the olive yards and fruit orchards. In the hollow beneath my feet lay the village of Tagrouda, whose Amin had been destined as my host, and I could not refrain from being thankful for my escape from the honour of his hospitality. How immeasurably superior to the dirty floors of his two-storeyed cabin was the bed of chips at the roadman's house! There, if I had discomfort, I had at least cleanliness and an undisturbed chance of slumber.

The guides thought of going down the steep mountain-side to this village, which gives its name to the Pass, but fortunately they decided upon braving the difficulties of the snowdrifts by going direct; for the labour of descending and ascending again would have been thrown away, as the bad portion did not commence until after the two tracks rejoined.

Shortly I came to where the new road was engineered past majestic precipices sweeping down into the plains far below from the tops of the Zizima aloft. The road was scooped out of the rock, the upper part overhanging it like the roof of a grotto, and it was so narrow that a good head was often required when the mule persisted in adhering to the edge of the cliff. I had so often heard of

the surefootedness of these animals that I felt implicit belief in mine; but my confidence was misplaced, for later in the day, when at the summit, the brute fell right down under me. By good luck, however, the ground at the spot was favourable, so I managed to land on my feet unhurt. These miserable beasts are so starved and so covered with sores, especially where the breeching and the pack-saddles chafe them, that they are very different from their Spanish brethren, and possess neither strength nor spirit.

About an hour's ride from the cantonier's I passed a fine tunnel, which runs right through an abrupt Atlas spur, jutting out in a sharp point. The engineers tried to work round, but could not get sufficient width for more than a mule path without greater expense than would be incurred by boring from one side to the other. When I passed, the works on the entire route were suspended for the winter season, but would be recommenced as soon as open weather set in, for it is highly important to complete this military communication through the interior of the mountains. Up to this point bay trees, butchers' broom, and various kinds of long grasses, were growing thickly among the rocks, but here I found myself suddenly in a forest of fine cedars—the same kind as the cedars of Lebanon—most of them gnarled and twisted by the blighting of the sea-breezes from the north—whose dome-shaped tops, cutting the horizon, looked most original; but lower down in the valley many were growing luxuriantly, and also many thuyas—fine arrowy-shaped trees resembling the American species of cedars. They furnish excellent timber for cabinet work. A high peak to the westward appeared to be covered likewise with a splendid cedar forest.

On rounding the point, through which the tunnel is being run, a totally different scene appeared. The rich

landscapes of the fertile valleys and hills vanished, and before me was a waste of wild mountains covered with snow. Over my head rose up splendid cedars sheltered here on the southern side, interspersed with wild rocks covered with large monkeys, whose jabberings echoed loudly through the dreary waste, and who leaped about from crag to crag, enraged at my intrusion amid their cheerless haunts.

Soon the troubles of the snowdrifts began, the way being completely blocked up by a mass sloping from the mountain, and resting against the narrow turf bank that fenced the road. I therefore had to dismount, while the mules were led along this narrow ridge, an ordeal through which I was thankful to see them pass safely, as I momentarily feared my baggage mule would measure the abyss beneath. Here I passed the tracks of a huge animal quite fresh in the snow, either those of a lion or a panther, who could not have crossed my path long before.

The next passage of a snowdrift was not so propitious as the last, for the baggage mule stumbled into a large hole where the snow formed an arch over a mountain stream that had worn it away to a thin shell. We were all obliged to take hold of the animal and pull him out by sheer strength, by his head and tail.

From this point a steep ascent began, and after climbing bare hills covered with deep snow for half-an-hour, I found myself apparently at the same elevation as the Zizima, which now lay behind me.

The cold of the morning air at this great elevation was intense, for a bitter wind was blowing off the snowy Atlas, but I was well enveloped in coats, with a fur rug doubled over my knees, and with the aid of an occasional walk at dangerous parts, kept myself comfortably warm.

The panorama all the way was very fine, constantly varying, and by degrees embracing the southerly view of

all the Djurjura peaks to the right, clothed in fine cedar forests. And then appeared the fresh group of Atlas Mountains across the Sahel Valley, stretching away eastward towards Setif and Constantine, while beneath my feet lay endless valleys and minor mountains. At this side of the Djurjura there is much more wild ground than at the north, and less cultivation at a high elevation.

At the summit I was overtaken by a Kabyle, carrying a vine to plant in his native valley, who fortunately knew the way down to the opposite side, of which my guide turned out to be utterly ignorant, for the road presently ceased altogether, and we got down amongst mountains tossed about in wild confusion. Here I was often obliged to walk two or three miles at a time, while the mules clambered over huge boulder-rocks that strewed the sides of the mountain; and at one spot they had to be led out of sight over the summit of a high Pass, as the ground below was impracticable for them, where I had to scramble up and down cliffs, over slippery rocks, and through deep swamps on which my guide had to place flat stones for me, to prevent me from sinking.

The water all along was excellent, probably coming from the molten snows of the Atlas.

How fortunate I was to have such bright clear weather for enjoying the grandeur of these scenes, which I felt quite sad at having to leave! The Kabyle told my guide that five days before a traveller had been obliged to turn back at this barren rocky waste, where only one solitary old juniper tree, growing up amongst gigantic boulders, relieves the monotonous wildness around, for the mists were so thick he dared not proceed upwards. On the previous day, the tops had been so enveloped that I also should have failed in my attempt to get over the Pass.

Where the mules descended from the mountain-tops to

rejoin me, another forest of cedars clothed a lofty slope, whose hollows were still filled with snow, though so far down. I was told that all through the summer the snow continues in the deep ravines at the northern face of the Djurjura. Beneath this cedar wood lay a level green space of a couple of acres in extent, with a large upright stone in the centre, which looked like a place formerly devoted to heathen worship. Here large flocks of sheep and goats were browsing on the hill-sides, and there were the ruins of several gourbis, showing that a large settlement had once flourished on the spot.

From here I descended through a fine forest of ilex and cork, in which an immense kind of broom was growing with stems six inches in circumference.

At one spot I rode along a narrow dorsal ridge with a fine valley on either side, covered with rich picturesque forests of ilex and juniper. Soon after I arrived at the cluster of Kabyle villages called Tizeregenthoul, which form a Confederation under a Djemâa, or Parliament, and stud the southern slopes of the Atlas. The inhabitants all belong to the tribe of the Melicash, and many of the men are short in stature.

The mule-track runs through some of these villages, surrounded by figs, olives, corn, and beans. In most of them oil presses were at work, from which the precious fluid was flowing in rich streams. In one of the villages, a man, surrounded by a large crowd of admiring idlers, was painting handsome arabesque patterns on a large mat supported upright on poles, like a picture on an easel. A woman also was moulding an elegantly-shaped jar with her hands. With the exception of these, and the people dabbling about the oil presses, who were chiefly women, the whole population seemed given up to idleness, as they were everywhere squatting about out-

side their stone-built and tile-roofed cottages, gaping in amazement at the stranger.

Several of the houses were thatched with long grass held down by stones and grass ropes, as in the Hebrides, and large threshing floors were laid in tiers down the hill-side at each village. The girls, who were all unveiled, wore huge earrings, and also round looking-glasses suspended from their necks, so as to be able at all times to admire themselves. Many were very good-looking, although sadly unkempt and unwashed.

Outside the door of a hut a little invalid was seated in the sun, carefully propped up, whose end seemed near at hand. I felt much for the poor patient, knowing that in these wild regions medical skill was a luxury she could not command, and that nothing would be done to save her life, or even alleviate her suffering, beyond having an amulet given to her containing some verses of the Koran, or some cabalistic signs.

I continued for some distance to descend through corn and bean fields, but afterwards came to a wild country whose hill-sides were covered with blue, white, and grey varieties of rosemary in full flower, interspersed with lentisk and pinaster firs.

Going up and down the steep hills which succeeded each other, the breeching of the baggage mule broke, but was soon mended with a piece of grass rope, prudently carried in reserve for the purpose. It was fortunate that this mishap did not occur to my mule, or I should have gone over its head, pad and all. At length the tiring descent was accomplished, and I found myself amongst a vast quantity of splendid old olive-trees, well watered by the copious streams that rushed down from the mountains, and underneath them grew fine crops of luxuriant young barley. Over one of these streams my mule chose unexpectedly to jump, and I was near being ignominiously

shot off, as the rope over the animal's back to the ends of which my feet were fastened, slipped, one of my feet going up in the air, and the other down, before I had time to pick myself together. After riding for some distance along the foot of the hill, I came to a fine old mosque, and a large burying-ground, high up under a large grove of ilex. From here I struck across the plain of the Sahel, strewn with jujube bushes, and after passing under another group of immense olives, arrived on the banks of the Oued Sahel. This was the river the people in Algiers had tried to frighten me about, by telling me it took a quarter-of-an-hour to cross, and that the mules would be obliged to swim. I could well understand that in the rainy season this description would not be so far amiss, as the gravel-covered bed of the river was of an immense width. But such an occurrence as a flood is rare in Africa. At present, the river consisted of two small channels about twenty yards across—one four inches and the other two feet deep, which we passed with great ease and safety.

A few minutes more brought me to the little auberge of Beni-Mansour, close beneath the Fort. The landlord's child was ill with African fever—one of the worst cases I met with in my travels. Quinine had no effect, and the poor little girl was rapidly wasting away, as was shown too clearly on her wan, sorrowful face.

When I went up to the Bureau Arabe in the fort, I found that I was expected at Tazmalt, which was not more than an hour's ride distant, although the officer at Fort Napoléon had told me it was more than fifteen miles off. I found also that I could travel direct from there to El-Bordj-Araridj, without returning to Beni-Mansour. Captain Fleury therefore kindly engaged mules to take me, as those I had travelled with over the mountains were too fatigued. Fleury could scarcely believe that I

had crossed the Atlas. He had particular business at Fort Napoléon, but was afraid to go over the Pass for eight days, until the snow was more melted. He expressed great admiration at the pluck and determination of the English.

He told me there were several cedar trees on the Djurjura opposite, which three men could barely encircle with their arms. At the inn there is a large *secretaire*, made entirely of this timber. With a glass we could see the cedar forests above quite plainly, and distinguish the large trees amongst them.

Fleury was the first to open my eyes to the humbug of lion and panther-hunting in Africa, as practised by Jules Gérard and other famous chasseurs. They dig a hole in the ground and cover it with a roof of strong branches and flagstones, in which is a loop-hole commanding a view of the sheep or goat, tethered forty yards off, to attract the monster by its cries. The hunter thus has time to take aim at him by moonlight, while the victim is being devoured. The lion rarely wanders more than two miles from his haunt, so is generally likely to be found at home. He is not so dangerous, I am told, as the panther, who will sometimes volunteer to attack man, which the lion shrinks from, unless wounded. The Arabs say that a lighted lucifer match, or any appearance of fire, will frighten the lion off, should he get up a staring-match face to face.

Fleury said it is an error to suppose that wild-boars, even the old *solitaires*, will charge in Africa, as they do in Europe. If one steps aside from the path, should he be rushing towards one, he will pass harmlessly. A few days before Fleury was out with the *aubergiste*, who professes to be a mighty hunter, but who became white with terror, and was afraid even to fire, when a boar ran past him. This fellow had been obliged to fly from

France for debt, and to hide himself in this remote nook. He is a capital type of the refuse who colonise Algeria.

There are plenty of boars in the Atlas opposite, and they come down to feed in the fields, through which I had passed the previous day.

From Fleury I heard also that there were ten lions along the road I had to go to El-Bordj-Araridj, who had eaten several mules, cows, and sheep. The lion springs thirty feet through the air at his prey. The Army-surgeon belonging to the Beni-Mansour station, was once out boar-hunting, when he saw a huge mass rising suddenly over the brushwood near him, and flung himself down off his horse just in time to escape a springing lion that landed on his saddle. The Chief of the Arabs fired at the lion, and killed him. The method of killing lions described by Livingstone, by forming a circle round the beast of men armed with spears and guns, is never practised in Algeria.

At night immense fires blazed on the grand Atlas range opposite, where the natives were burning the scrub, as they have done in every age, to clear spaces for their cattle to graze on. These wild fires along the mountains reminded me vividly of the Baal fires in the remote districts of Ireland on St. John's Eve.

The Arabs, and I hear the Kabyles also, turn away their wives when tired of them, on agreeing to forfeit the price paid for them, but sometimes they beat and otherwise maltreat them, in order to make their relations restore this sum, and so re-purchase them and take them back home. I have no doubt of the truth of this, as I heard also in Europe, from an accomplished Oriental friend, that all Mahommedans enjoy this privilege.

At Beni-Mansour the mule-tracks from Fort Napoléon to El-Bordj-Araridj, and from Bougia to Aumale, intersect, and from the Aumale route branches off the path

to the Col of Aïcha, past Dra-el-Mizan, by which Rumbel arrived after leaving me in the diligence.

Aumale is seventy miles away. This was the Roman Auzia, founded in the reign of Augustus, just before the Christian era. It was taken by the rebel Tacfarinas, but recovered by the Roman generals Dolabella and Camillus, about the year 20 A.D. It is supposed to have reached its greatest splendour at the end of the second century. In the reign of Valentinian, about the year 365, the rebel Firmus made Auzia the base of operations against the Romans. He conquered Theodosius, and was finally subdued only by bribery and intrigues.

The Turks built a strong fort on the site of the old town, called Sour-R'ozlan, to awe the neighbouring Highlanders, and to protect the great market held there every Sunday for the products of the Tell and the Sahara.

The French, attracted by the splendid building materials in the venerable ruins of the old Roman city, established the present French colony, for the purpose of intercepting the communications between the Kabyles and the Desert tribes in the South.

Judging by inscriptions on tombstones, Auzia must have been a highly salubrious station in the Roman epoch, for numbers are named as dying at advanced ages, even 120 years old. Here also was discovered the interesting inscription, before alluded to, which describes Gargilius as Prefect of the British Cohort which was stationed at Algiers.

The Djebel-Dira is a great mountain range near Aumale. The inhabitants have a tradition that their Alpine pastures are so luxuriant, that in the time of the Romans the milk from the cows above was allowed to flow down to the valley for use, along a rocky channel, which they still point out.

Twenty miles westward of Aumale is Sour Djouab,

the Rapidi of Antoninus, and perhaps the Lamina of Ptolemy, upon the great military road that passed from Aumale to Rubræ in Oran.

On going out in the morning, I was even more struck than the evening before with the magnificence of the prospect—the stupendous Djurjura, with its lofty peaks covered with cedars and snow, and the valley of the Oued Sahel stretching far away on either side, with the branch of the Atlas on which I stood sloping down into its luxuriant bosom.

At Tazmalt I met with a hearty welcome from my acquaintance, who almost despaired of my keeping my promise, fearing I should be deterred by the difficulties of the way.

He told me he and his friend, a government surveyor, had made great preparations for a grand boar-hunt in the morning at the site of an old Roman city named Plebidia, at the end of the valley towards Bougia, where the mountains closed together. On the brow of one side stood a large building, which is the Agha's residence, called Fort Tok'bat, and this functionary was to arrange all the sports for the morrow. He is wealthy and much respected by the Kabyles, but has no power over them as they are thorough republicans.

On the opposite hill is another large building, perhaps the remains of a Roman castle, but Rumbel did not know.

Plebidia stood on a Roman *via* connecting Aumale with the sea at Bougia, and must have been a place of great importance, as the remains of buildings all along the river attest; but these ruins have never been explored, nor to my knowledge mentioned in any work on Algeria, though many inscriptions lie about on the ground.

My friends spoke much of the murder of Miss Tinn

and her escort; however, I did not obtain any fresh information, except that the crime had not been perpetrated in Algeria, but either in Tunis or Tripoli. She had fifty camels with her in her ill-fated expedition.

Rumbel told me that the Kabyles were strong Democrats, electing their Djemâa or Parliament, consisting of twelve of the oldest men, who managed the affairs in his district in conjunction with their Amins or elected Mayors, but quite independent of the Kaïd, whose authority they reject. Rumbel wisely humoured them in their customs and prejudices, and found them very easy to manage by a little tact, whereas the oligarchical Arabs in the other portion of his district gave him endless trouble. Every Wednesday, after the market which is held at the Fort, these Kabyle legislators assembled in his office and squatted on the ground outside a wooden railing, while he sat inside in regal state. It is indispensable to use this precautionary measure for keeping them at a respectful distance. Besides this, the odour from their persons was so offensive that Rumbel was obliged to smoke throughout the sitting. His decisions were generally accepted by them, but he was always ready to reconsider any question, and to listen to their suggestions, which were ordinarily just. But although so easily ruled, and paying their taxes without a murmur, they were always fighting among themselves. In each village two distinct parties exist, who wrangle, as fiercely as our worthy British electors, over the appointment of their Amins and Deputies. The consequence is that murders occur every week.

An European was murdered two months before, just across the Oued, by a party of tramps.

A great fight had lately taken place at the village of Beni-Abbes, on the mountian above Tazmalt, in which five men were killed and nineteen badly wounded.

In the previous summer, three Englishmen from one

of our Universities disturbed the quietude of this retired valley by encamping beneath the Fort in a tent, accompanied by three Parisian ladies, and made such uproarious merriment day and night for nearly three weeks, that Rumbel was glad when they took their departure.

An Englishwoman of independent means is said to live among the Kabyles of the Djurjura, and to pass all her time in hunting. Rumbel has tried to see her, but has never succeeded.

I heard from him that some of the Kabyle women were perfectly lovely. One of those beauties, whom he described as belonging to the most perfect Grecian type, lately gave him great trouble in his official capacity, having left her husband and gone to the other end of his district, where half-a-dozen rich men quarrelled so fiercely for her favours that he was obliged to send his Spahi to fetch her to the Fort, that he might keep her out of mischief for a few days. He then passed her on to Fort Napolcon, with the same benevolent intention of having her kept from harm by his brother officer.

The wives of the Agha at the end of the valley dress magnificently in silk and gold brocade jackets, with immensely wide trousers, and a profusion of coarse jewelry worth five or six thousand pounds, which is manufactured at Illali, a village on the mountain above Beni-Abbes. This village is almost entirely inhabited by jewellers, armourers, and locksmiths, who, armed to the teeth and in strong parties, travel with their wares to Constantine, Laghouat, Algiers, and all through the country; but they are obliged to get a pass before leaving the district, eight hundred of which are given yearly. Some of the inhabitants of this commercial town are very wealthy, possessing, I hear, their couple of thousand pounds a-year.

On awaking in the morning the whole ranges of the Djurjura in front, and the Djebel Taffant in the rear,

were clothed from the top to the valley below with a thick covering of snow. It was fortunate that I had seized the propitious moment for crossing, before this downfall. The intense cold cooled the ardour of my hosts for the boar-hunt, and they delayed starting until the day was too far advanced, which was most provoking, as the horses were ready saddled for a start at any moment, and I was most anxious, independently of the chasse, to explore the old city of Plebidia on the way. About two o'clock the matter was put an end to by the hunters returning with two fine boars, the trophies of their sport, which they had easily found by tracking them in the snow. The Agha tracks lions and panthers, and is said to gallop away on his fleet Arab after firing at the beasts, but I have never met anyone who has seen this done. Rumbel saw a panther spring on a horse's back, upon which he shot it from the horse he was riding, and has the skin of the animal now. The track of a lion's paw, as large as two men's hands, was seen at the edge of the river a few days before I arrived.

As the afternoon was fine, Rumbel proposed that we should cross the Oued to where he has a kitchen-garden of about two hectares, the produce of which he allows his gardener to keep after he has supplied the Fort with vegetables; but laziness prevailed, and we passed the day lounging about. We went to look at the prison, which is an underground vault. The only inmate began to argue with Rumbel about the hardship of being locked up, but the latter cut him very short, and locked the door, telling him he was lucky to be in such snug quarters.

This prisoner was confined for stealing a cow and a mule. Three more, who were at large on parole, had been guilty of sheep-stealing, another of breaking into a house and taking a quantity of barley, and two were imprisoned for debt. One of these latter was squatted on

the floor in the Café maure within the Fort. There was also a most atrocious-looking ruffian, who was employed to clean out the Fort, as a punishment for conduct too bad to describe.

Most of these prisoners were made to work at collecting fire-wood, and doing other jobs about the Fort. The worst were sent into El-Bordj-Araridj, the chief fort of the district, where a company of Zouaves were stationed, the only troops within available distance, as but eight men were quartered at Beni Mansour. Yet Rumbel ruled his twenty-eight thousand Kabyles and Arabs without fear, although his garrison consisted but of his clerk, a soldier servant, a Spahi, and a gardener who was away all day. At that time there was, in addition, the surveyor who was employed in apportioning the lands to the various tribes, with the view of subdividing the ground afterwards and giving each man his share. This is done to facilitate colonisation by getting fresh territory into the market, but whence are the buyers to come? Land now sells for twenty pounds a hectare. When I expressed astonishment at the isolated position of the Fort, Rumbel assured me he never felt any apprehensions, as the matchlocks of the natives were worthless, and their sabres were so bad that they bent like old hoop iron.

The principal danger for Europeans arises from meddling with the women of the natives, whose passion induces them to retaliate by murder. The former surveyor was threatened with death by a Kabyle for interfering with his wives, and the threat would certainly have been put into execution, and the body returned to the Fort on a mule, had not the transgressor made his escape. When women are divorced, plenty of lovers come forward to propose for them, for the sake of the original purchase-money which the husbands usually return on discarding them.

The Soff, or Line, is an institution of Kabylia. Each tribe can belong to any Confederation it likes, or all can form one great Confederation, as, for example, in war time, each of which Confederations is called a Soff.

The Anaya is another singular institution, peculiar to the Kabyles. It is a safe conduct or pass granted to a stranger travelling through the country, which, if given by a Marabout or other personage of distinction, secures the holder from all harm, and entitles him to universal respect. Common Kabyles can only give this pass to protect the stranger through their own village or tribe. The sanctity attached to this custom was once well exemplified in the case of a widow, who saw the murderer of her husband on the point of being killed by her brothers —for vendetta prevails in full force in Kabylia—and as she was gazing in triumph at the punishment of her enemy, the dying man caught her by the foot and claimed her Anaya, which she could not refuse, so she was reluctantly obliged to cast her veil over him, and stay the hands of the avengers.

The Berber or Kabyle language is quite different from the Arab, and is harsh, but not guttural. These people do not like to converse through an interpreter, therefore all the Bureau-Arabe officers in the district are compelled to know the language, as well as Arabic. I told Rumbel that I thought, if the government of the colony were changed from military to civil, the officers would be kept on in a civil capacity, as ours are in India, for it would be impossible to find three hundred civilians conversant with Arabic to take their places. He assured me nothing would induce them to act as civilians, nor did they think they would have sufficient force to rule the turbulent natives, without the threat of the army at their backs.

When Rumbel and his surveyor go on their profes-

sional expeditions to survey the country, they take five tents and all their cooking apparatus, so that they live most comfortably out on the hills, but the weather was then too unsettled to commence. They showed me a cat that followed them everywhere on these expeditions like a dog, but would not enter an Arab dwelling.

Towards evening the Oued Sahel had already begun to rise, from the melting of the snow, and was scarcely passable. When a great flood comes down, the whole plain is covered with water. This is a serious misfortune for the Fort, for then neither vegetables nor fresh water can be procured, all the water being fetched across on donkeys by the prisoners, who bring it in water-barrels, which are bunged with grass and slung across the animals' backs. There is, however, a large tank in the cellar, on the old Roman system in Africa, which holds water enough to last as long as the well opposite would be unavailable.

During the summer months Rumbel lives at a pretty little Fort named Boni, in the Djedel Taffant, three thousand feet above the sea. As he had an Arab caretaker in charge, he kindly proposed that I should put up there, in case I took the direct road from Tazmalt to El-Bordj-Araridj over the mountains, instead of returning to Beni-Mansour and following the regular road thence. I preferred taking the latter route, and passing through the famous Biban or Iron Gates—one of the grandest spots in Northern Africa.

The great malefactors whom I named as being sent to El-Bordj-Araridj are often despatched alone to deliver themselves up, and they invariably obey, knowing that escape would be impossible, as the Amin would be responsible for their production, unless they left the country for ever; and that would be a greater punishment than any the law could inflict. In the case of a tramp or stranger, the Spahi in charge would instantly shoot him

were he to endeavour to run away. These Spahis have paid spies among their friends in each village, who keep the officers informed of everything going on, and discover who the culprits are whenever any outrage occurs.

In this way Rumbel once discovered that the Kaïd at the Iron Gates meditated revolt, when he at once rode off and taxed the traitor with his intended crime, terrifying him into good behaviour, as I mentioned General Marguerite having done to a Kaïd near Laghouat.

The corpse of a murdered man, which had been found in the Beni-Mansour district, was passed over by Fleury into the Tazmalt district, in order to save himself the trouble of searching out the murderers; but Rumbel had it put back again over the Oued-el-Karraba, which forms the boundary. The two made quite a joke of this, and at last agreed to bury the body and not say anything about it, leaving the punishment of the assassins to the vendetta of the victim's relatives.

The Kadi or judge of the Tazmalt district lives inside the Fort, but was to be dismissed for taking bribes from the litigants whose cases he tried—a fault too common among these functionaries.

The Spahi also has his quarters inside. When I went to look at the part of the Fort where his gourbi stands, his children all fled and hid themselves inside, like rabbits darting into their holes.

The Fort is very large, having been constructed for the accommodation of a large party of soldiers. It is easily defensible against any attack from the natives, being built on an eminence with the side next the valley exceedingly steep, and all the sides are flanked by strong bastions and loopholed for musketry. The gate lock is of wood, and of most ingenious construction.

Rumbel explained to me the reason the better class of French do not emigrate. It is owing to the great subdi-

vision of land in France, for every man acquainted with agriculture has his own little estate, and will not leave it.

When Rumbel was stationed at El-Bordj-Araridj, the country around was devastated by locusts. The Kaïds were ordered to station themselves with their tribes at all the streams, and to hold up large cloths to intercept the locusts as they rose to fly over these obstacles in their onward march, so forcing them back into the water. In this manner thousands were killed, for they were advancing six inches deep along the ground, struggling over each other for food. He rode eighteen leagues from El-Bordj-Araridj and back, in twelve hours, to see the Kaïds were doing their duty; otherwise he would have fined them 250 francs each. At the time famine, drought, cholera aud typhus were raging, in addition to the locust plague, and the people were dying in thousands. Every morning five or six corpses were lying on the square in the town.

The Bureau-Arabe officers always travel attended by their Spahis, although they recommend strangers to go unarmed. These Spahis, when the hours for prayer arrive, invariably alight at some spot where there is water, to perform their ablutions and say their prayers, turned towards the east, after which they gallop on and overtake their masters. These fellows sing heartily all day long on their journeys, and the Kabyle airs are lively, without the monotonous drone of the Arab songs. If spoken to while praying, they will continue to count their beads, but when their turn to reply comes, they hold their thumbs on the bead where they stopped praying, until they have finished what they have to say, when they will again commence.

The Spahi once galloped down a steep snow-drift after a jackal, when horse and man rolled over each other to the bottom; but they landed close to the jackal, which the

Spahi shot with his pistol. The most wonderful feat was Bombornel, the panther-slayer, coolly ripping open one of those animals with his knife, while it was chewing his head in its mouth. It seems that the lion, whose track I saw in the snow, followed a man lately who was crossing the mountain alone. He haunts the place, in pursuit of the monkeys in the rocks. The courier with the post for Aumale runs considerable risk by having to travel at night through the lion-haunted mountains. Some maintain that clapping the hands will frighten off a lion, but I doubt this.

Inside the Fort there is a very pretty small flower garden laid out in the Dutch style, whose terrace overlooks the lovely valley below. There were many lilac trees in blossom in this garden on the 26th of March.

In the afternoon Fleury rode over with his Spahi from Beni-Mansour to dine and sleep. Amongst other dishes at table, we had a capital kouskoussou of raisins and milk, and some roast mutton which Rumbel tore up with his fingers in Arab fashion, wishing to give a genuine Arab feast. Guillem amused us much by coming down to dinner in shoes with large silk bows and red buckles. We had some excellent claret from Bougia, whence all the groceries are fetched on mules, the bread and meat being procured from the natives at the Wednesday markets, which are attended by 3,000 people. The kouskoussou was excellent, and Rumbel explained that his servant was a Kabyle who understood making it. Because Fleury and I did not contradict him, he pretended we both believed his assertion, to the great vexation of the Frenchman, whom he called 'the Kabyle' all the night afterwards.

The two officers were in great delight at the quantity of water the snow would produce in the Oueds, as there would be but little wrangling and jealousy for some time

about watering the olive gardens. Rumbel had been occupied recently for two days in arranging one of these disputes, which very nearly ended in bloodshed.

They told me that at the Iron Gates some Roman vases and an iron spur had been found, during some explorations.

After dinner Rumbel showed me a native sword which bent in all directions; it was encased in a scabbard made of two pieces of wood bound together with leather. Most of the native swords are of this worthless description.

A Frenchman has built an oil-mill at Beni-Mansour, just under the Fort, but the natives are jealous of his interference, as they manufacture their oil themselves, and they will not sell their olives to him.

CHAPTER IX.

Bougia—History—The Castle of Pearl—Chicken of Sidi-bou-Djemlin—Sultan Moula-en-Macer and the Sage—Island of Pisan—Burrows of Jerboas—Noses of Donkeys slit—An ex-Kaïd—Ride to the Iron Gates—Goad for Mule—Wild Scene at the Biban—Castellum Medianum—Residence of the Bach Agha of the Mokhrani—Impregnable Fortress of Kala—Armed Parties of Travellers—Lights of El-Marabâa—Poor Fare and Quarters—Eight hundred Ruffians—Hurrying through the Valley—Silence of Durrieu—Haunt of Lions—Mansoura—Arrival at Aïn Defla—Sporting Kaïd of M'Zita—Wife married too young—Panther crossing the Path—Drive in a Gig to El-Bordj-Araridj—The Abomination of Desolation—Mines—Reasoning with Mules—Convict Workmen—Setif—Important Roman Town—The Quincagentians—Roman Walls—Museum—Troops drilling—Road to Bougia—Monkeys—Djemila—Triumphal Arch of Caracalla—Attack on French—Mila—Saint Optatus—Little Kabylia—Djidjelli—Carthaginian and Roman Colony—History of Djidjelli—Khraneg—Necropolis—Monument of Lollius—Uzelis—Roman Pottery—Superb Spahi—Arsacal—Longevity—Phua—Cave with Inscriptions—Splendid panoramic View of the City of Constantine.

FROM Tazmalt to Bougia by Plebidia is a couple of days' journey. Bougia was the Saldæ of the Romans, and the Bedjaïa of the Kabyles, and, according to Pliny, was one of the first colonies founded by Augustus in Mauritania on the annexation of that province to the Roman Empire. In an inscription, now in the Louvre, Bougia is called 'Colonia Julia Augusta Saldantium.'

Saldæ was a place of great commercial importance

under the Roman rule, and formed one of the numerous bishoprics of Sitifian Mauritania, for Paschasus, its bishop, was present at the Council of Carthage.

Under the Vandals, previous to the fall of Carthage, Bougia was the capital of the Arian heretics.

In the year 1068 En-Nacer founded here the Arab town of Bedjaïa, and built in it the lovely palace known as the 'Castle of Pearl.'

The port of Bougia being the most secure along the coast, it was taken possession of in succession by all the dynasties that ruled Northern Africa, including the Spaniards, whom the two Barbarossas vainly tried to dislodge. Salah Raïs, Pacha of Algiers, however, subsequently conquered Peratta, the Spanish Governor, and wrested the place from him, for which the unlucky Spaniard had his head cut off at Valladolid by the Emperor Charles V. That Monarch had failed so signally himself at Algiers, notwithstanding his assumption of the title of Africanus, in commemoration of his victory at Carthage, that he ought to have been more lenient to others. There is now scarcely any port at Bougia, the former one having been doubtless destroyed by an earthquake.

At the time of the French invasion the population of Bougia was much larger than it is now, all the natives having apparently deserted the city since their advent. Previously, however, the inhabitants had diminished in numbers, which was accounted for by a curse uttered by Sidi-bou-Djemlin, whom they fed on a fowl, not properly killed according to the Mahometan law. After dining off the cock, at a signal from him, it appeared alive again in the dish, flapping its wings and crowing lustily. As soon as he had performed this miracle, the old man uttered a malediction against the town for its unworthy treatment of him, and it has never prospered since.

The word 'bougie,' the French name for a wax candle, is supposed to be derived from Bougia, as the wax from the Kabyle beehives is largely exported thence to Europe.

Bougia is superbly situated above the sea, rising up a steep declivity from a narrow, rocky beach, and ending in a great plateau, behind which towers the rugged mountain of Gouraïa, rising to a height of 2,150 feet above the sea.

The wild olive, the mastic, the vine, and the lentisk grow here in great luxuriance, but are kept down by the cattle constantly grazing on them, as is the case all through the three provinces.

A koubba on the mountain-top enjoyed a great reputation once as a place of pilgrimage for the cure of infirmities, but was destroyed by the French after a severe struggle, and a fort was built on the spot. Owing to the town being commanded by the Gouraïa Mountain, the French suffered much inconvenience during the early years of their occupation, the sentinels on the walls being often picked off by hostile bullets.

A short way past Cape Carbon, which forms the north-westerly boundary of the port, lies the Island of Pisan or Djeribia, which is the scene of an interesting legend. The Sultan, Moula-En-Nacer, the founder of Bougia, took a holy ascetic named Mohammed-el-Tonati to admire his city and its splendour; but the sage reproved his ambition and vainglory, telling the Monarch he was forgetful of the instability of all human greatness, and prophesying that the splendid buildings and monuments he saw would one day crumble into dust. The Saint then held up his burnous before the Monarch, so as to intercept the view of Bedjaïa, and on the garment the monarch beheld portrayed the Bougia of to-day, which so overcame him that he abdicated in favour of his son

Moula-el-Aziz, and fled to this islet, where he remained concealed for four years. His son and all the Court, on the discovery of his abode, came to solicit his return to power, but the old man was inexorable, and died here soon after.

Roman ruins are said to exist in and about Bougia, especially those of Tubusuptus at Kseur, twenty miles distant.

Fleury kindly invited me to breakfast with him on the morrow, as my two hosts were to accompany me on my way as far as Beni-Mansour, and at daybreak he was off in advance, to make the necessary preparations.

Before starting, Guillem most kindly presented me with the tusks of a boar he had killed, mounted in silver at Illali, and also with an Arab chaplet of beads.

When our horses and mules came to the door, my mules were so bad that Rumbel quietly told the owner unless two good ones were procured in a quarter of an hour he should be fined fifteen francs. His decisiveness was signally successful, for in about ten minutes two capital animals came trotting into the courtyard, accompanied by one of the tall, smooth-haired greyhounds the natives here use for boar-hunting.

Soon after starting, Guillem's horse fell. It was miserably lean and starved-looking, and Rumbel declared it had been blown down by a puff of wind. We had a fine six-mile ride parallel to the Djurjura, which was still enveloped in its vast snowy shroud. Illali was splendidly situated aloft on a sharp peak, looking as inaccessible as a second Gibraltar. Many large vultures and storks were soaring high above.

Along the road there was much bare ground with sparse clusters of firs, junipers, wild olives grafted with good kinds, blue rosemary, broom, a shrub with leaves like sage, and a large purple flower—between the rose

and the marsh mallow—but no hawthorn, as in other parts of Algeria. We passed many burrows of the jerboa, a small species of kangaroo, which looked like rat-holes.

On approaching Beni-Mansour, I perceived that the fortress was completely commanded by the Arab town just above, but as the natives possess no cannon this defect is unimportant.

Rumbel rode a fine powerful grey Arab, but he was blemished by having had his ears slit by his former master, a native, as a distinguishing mark. He had colic so badly that I gave him a quarter of a bottle of brandy, which quite cured him. The noses of the asses are frequently slit; it is said to prevent their braying. A common trick of the Arabs is to shave the tails of their horses, which destroys their beauty completely. We found Fleury's breakfast most acceptable, after our ride through the cold morning air. A most splendid repast of kouskoussou, together with all Arab and French dainties, was laid out for us, over which we sat chatting until two o'clock, when I had to hasten away, as there was a long journey of thirty kilometres to accomplish before dark.

In the courtyard the Kaïd was walking about, who had been appointed by the French, but rejected by the Kabyles, when they declared their determination of reverting to their ancient form of republican self-government. He was a fine handsome fellow, dressed in his scarlet cloak, embroidered in gold.

Fleury kindly furnished me with letters to the contractor at El-Marabâa, where I was to sleep that night, and also to the Kaïd of M'Ziba, with whom I was to stop the second night. He also gave one to the Army-surgeon, whom I should probably meet on the way, and who would send a line by me to the contractor at Aïn-Defla, in case I might want his assistance.

Thus provided, and attended by an armed Spahi, nominally as an interpreter, but in reality as a guard, I took leave of my kind friends, and, with many thanks for their hospitality, plunged once more into the wilds of the Atlas.

The track went through bleak, waste ground, sprinkled with firs, junipers, rosemary, and wild olives. After about an hour's ride I met the doctor, who advised me strongly to go through the Great Iron Gates, instead of through the Lesser as had been arranged at Beni-Mansour; but my Spahi had his orders to take me by the latter route, and was inflexible. The moment the doctor had written his message in pencil for me to Legros, the contractor, the Spahi urged me onward. The doctor was very handsome, but his face was spoiled by heavy, dark eyebrows, which met on his forehead, so as to appear artificial. My guide continued to hurry me on, and to make the muleteers run and flog on their mules. He cut a stick to a sharp point and handed it to me with a grin, intimating by pantomimic gestures that I should use it as a goad to torture the unfortunate animal I rode.

Fortunately, I reached the Biban by daylight, for I would not for anything have missed this grand scene. After passing for a long distance between huge mountain-precipices by the side of a small stream, the cliffs rise up so close together that there is barely space for the little Oued to squeeze through. The traveller is therefore obliged to enter the water and ride between the perpendicular rocks, which his steed can barely pass. Instead of lying horizontally, the huge geological strata stand straight up on end, like gigantic walls built side by side, and towering up to the skies out of sight. After climbing up a steep path out of this wondrous chasm, I wanted to stop and survey the marvellous mountains around, covered, as it were, with vast rows of Chinese

walls, but the Spahi would not allow me, and kept shouting, in his broken French, 'marche, marche.'

The mountains piled up around are the Djebel Taffant and the Djebel Ouanougha. The saline stream running through the Biban, or Great Iron Gates, is the Oued Biban, of which the other one between the Lesser Iron Gates is only a small affluent. This path is much longer than the latter, but is not nearly so wild and original. A road is now being run through the Great Pass from El-Bordj-Araridj to Beni-Mansour. Fleury laughed when I told him of the difficulties the people of Algiers had said I should encounter in going through these gorges.

Somewhere to the left, between the Iron Gates and El-Bordj-Araridj, sometimes called Bordj-bou-Araridj, was situated the Roman post of Castellum Medianum, now called Medjana, and one of the residences of the Bach Agha of the Mokrani, but I could not learn the exact spot where it stands.

About fifteen miles to the north of the Iron Gates lay Kala, Gala, or Guela, a city founded by Hammad, son of Bologguin, and founder of the Hammadite dynasty in the tenth century. The present town of Kala stands upon a high rock, and was always considered by the natives an impregnable place of safety. The Ouled-Mokrani and the inhabitants of the Medjana plain were in the habit of depositing their grain and treasures there, but now this prejudice is nearly exploded, as the Government gives such ample security for property.

Shortly after emerging from the defile, darkness began to creep on, and the Spahi redoubled his efforts for speed, as he was responsible for my safety. Without his imprecations against the mule-drivers, I am convinced I should have been benighted.

We passed several parties of men armed with long guns, with long knives stuck in their belts, and with pistols

slung over their shoulders by a leathern belt. All took up a large stone on approaching my dog Jack, who they doubtless thought was with me for protection, and they naturally argued that, as I had a dog to guard me, I most likely carried a revolver to assist in my defence. As I passed these common men, who seemed hardly worth robbing, and saw them so well armed, I felt how rash I was to travel without means of defence, when my luggage must hold out such strong temptation.

Just as black darkness was closing round, about six o'clock, a light came suddenly in view, and the Spahi called out, 'El-Marabâa,' evidently with a feeling of relief.

When I entered the house of the contractor, his staff were sitting down to supper, and in reply to my request for a night's lodging, the foreman rudely informed me that the place was quite full, and they could not receive me. But when the contractor, Monsieur Durrieu, entered and read the letter of introduction from the Bureau Arabe, he at once asked me to be seated and to partake of their humble fare, and promised to do all in his power to make me comfortable for the night. Had I not possessed my letter, I should doubtless have been turned away, to locate myself as best I could among the filthy gourbis and tents of the workmen that were clustered around in a sort of straggling village.

Great difficulties, however, were raised at first about feeding the Spahi and his horse, to the indignation of the former, who smote upon his breast, exclaiming with pride that he was in the employment of the Bureau Arabe, on duty, and claimed hospitality for the night. In his case Durrieu relented, but would not give a particle of food to the wretched mules, on the plea that barley was so scarce.

I took my place at the table with all the clerks and

employés, Durrieu presiding. To a hungry man after a long ride the fare appeared excellent. It consisted of soupe maigre, bouillon, omelette, good salad, and celery.

One of the clerks was the nephew of Jaques Chapain, the great lion-slayer of Batna. He told me that his uncle had killed fifty lions, sometimes four in one night. He was now rich, and only went out hunting with persons of distinction who paid him highly. On one occasion he found two old and two young lions devouring a horse they had killed, all of which he followed and killed. The conversation having taken this turn—a very common topic in Africa—it led to the agreeable information that seven lions then haunted Mansoura, a spot I was to pass on the morrow.

At the back of the contractor's house is a large yard, surrounded by high walls and buildings shut in with a strong gate, but on the terrace in front an armed sentinel, with a bayonet fixed on his musket, keeps guard all night, who presented arms as we passed from the supper-room to our respective quarters for the night. The noise of the jackals and hyænas was louder than I ever heard, as they seemed to venture quite close, and the mountains opposite echoed their howlings afar. The Arab dogs joined in the chorus, and watchfires were blazing around to keep off the wild beasts.

The foreman was turned out of the room I occupied, but it was wretchedly uncomfortable, for the windows had never been put in, and their places were supplied by boards nailed across, between which the wind blew pitilessly all night. However, I was thoroughly tired, and neither this discomfort nor the hardness of the bed—composed of wood chips and shavings—could prevent my indulging in a sound sleep.

In the morning, having a long journey before me, I was obliged to be up early. While breakfast was in

preparation, the foreman took me down to the works on the new road under the house, where a good stone bridge was being erected over an affluent of the Oued Biban. When I beheld the ruffianly countenances of the workmen, I felt most thankful for having passed safely through them in the dark the night before. There were eight hundred of these cut-throats at work in the valley on the twenty-five kilometres of Durrieu's contract, fellows who came from Morocco, Tunis, Italy, Spain, and France, besides the Arab, Kabyle, and Soudan natives, almost every one of whom was at heart a murderer or a robber.

The foreman told me there were hot saline and sulphurous springs close to the road at the Great Iron Gates, of such a high temperature that a man could not keep his hand in the water.

When the French military expedition under the Duke of Orleans passed along this valley, and through the Biban, the men and horses suffered greatly from thirst, owing to the Oued Biban being composed of salt water, and they could get nothing to drink for fifty-two hours. There is a good spring at El-Marabâa, which probably was not known at that time.

Durrieu's contract ends at the Iron Gates, and another man is to continue the road to Beni-Mansour. The road is to be completed in fifteen months. I was surprised that Durrieu had built such a good, substantial house in this desolate region, as his occupation would be for so limited a period; but I found his plan was to sell it to Government for the residence of a cantonier, on the completion of the road.

Durrieu has a bakery on his premises for the eight hundred workmen and their families. He supplies them, besides, with all the necessaries they require, though at exorbitant prices.

Just as I was starting, Durrieu appeared on a fine

strong grey Arab, with pistols in his holsters, and with a native behind him on horseback armed with a stout stick. He informed me that he intended to accompany me to the end of his contract, and expressed a hope that I was well-armed. When I replied that I had no arms, as I had always been assured there was no danger, he said, 'It is madness to travel in such a country, without proper means of defence.' He and his attendant bullied the muleteers heartily, and made them hurry on, otherwise I should have been very late in arriving at my destination, for the mules were tired and the men footsore, from the journey on the preceding day. For some distance our track ran along the Oued, and over bare hills covered with old juniper trees, which were rapidly disappearing for firing beneath the axes of Durrieu's workmen. We also passed a quantity of these men's gourbis, many of them constructed of oleander branches interlaced with cane, and plastered over with mud.

All along the route I found it impossible to draw my guide into conversation. He would not open his lips, except to say that shortly before a European had been murdered at a spot we passed.

The mountain-range of the Atlas on our right was lovely; and I told him how much I thought it resembled Switzerland; yet, although himself a Swiss from Ouchy, near Lausanne, he would not take any notice, but was pre-occupied in hastening the muleteers, and making them utter their shrill cries of 'Ariyah' to their jaded beasts.

On arriving within sight of Mansoura, where his section of road and his responsibility for my safety ended, he instantly became an altered man, and chatted with enthusiasm about his native land.

Having only taken a small piece of bread and some coffee before leaving El-Marabâa, I wanted much to stop here and breakfast off the provisions I had brought from

Beni-Mansour, but Durrieu advised me strongly to push on out of the valley and get to Monsieur Legros, the next contractor.

This was the spot where the lions were often seen, and although I kept Jack well into heel, he once got to the mouth of a wild beasts' den before I could stop him.

Mansoura is beautifully situated in a nook among the mountains under the Djebel Kteuf, and its few houses are enveloped in pretty gardens and fine woods—a rare circumstance in this sparsely-timbered country. Mounting up a steep bank after leaving Mansoura, I came on a fine piece of road which, with only a few intermissions, lasted until I reached Aïn Defla, the place where Legros, the next contractor, lived. On the way I came to several groups of wicked-looking workmen, whom, after Durrieu's warnings, I felt relieved at passing in safety. The road was admirably engineered round the mountain-sides, but the country was plain, compared to the scenery of the morning.

The men and mules were so jaded that they were beyond bullying, and it was one o'clock in the day before I reached Aïn-Defla, where Madame Legros, in the absence of her lord and master, regaled me with a capital breakfast, of which I stood sorely in need. Although a jovial old lady, she told me she felt deeply being shut out in this lonely spot from all religious privileges, but she did the best she could, and hoped God would pardon the irreligious life she was forced to lead. Her children were all in France, and properly brought up, which gave her much satisfaction. It must be a sad life in this dreary wilderness. However, in five months the road would be finished, and she looked forward to better times.

Madame Legros strongly advised me not to avail myself of the letter to the Kaïd of M'Zita close by, as the carpets on the ground were too filthy to sleep upon. Her husband's partner in the contract, Monsieur Legrand,

kindly proposed to give me up his bed in Legros' house, but at the same time he made a more tempting offer of lending me his horse and gig to drive in at once to El-Bordj-Araridj—a chance I would not throw away; so I took all the valuables out of my portmanteau, for which there was not room in the gig, and stuffing them into the vehicle, I left the portmanteau to come on upon the baggage mule.

I was rather sorry I did not stop at the Kaïd's, as he is reputed to be a mighty hunter of the lion, the panther, and the boar. It is said that he faces the lion on horseback, having his horse trained to gallop off and escape at a touch of the spur, the moment the lion is wounded. His eldest wife is twenty-six years of age, and rules the household by right of seniority. The youngest one is dying, from having married too young. Madame Legros told me they were both very pretty. They never stir out, but squat in their two-storeyed, farm-house-looking residence all day, dressed out in jewels and finery. The house is perched on a rock, and numbers of huts are clustered around. There were two other villages across the valley, but most of the country is bare, and only thinly-inhabited.

My muleteers rejected with scorn some capital meat I offered them and threw it to my dog, fearing doubtless that the animal it belonged to had not been properly killed, according to their notions, and preferring a dinner of dried figs and black bread. Madame Legros said when she first knew the country the partridges were quite tame, but that now they were getting wilder, as so many fire at them. There were also a great many more wild boars at that time. About two days before my arrival, a huge panther had crossed the road just outside Aïn-Defla, and within twenty yards of her husband; but he had no arms, so he pulled up and let the savage

beast pass unmolested. On these occasions it is dangerous to look straight at these animals, as they fear they are going to be attacked, and stop to watch in return. It is equally dangerous to turn back, and still more so to try to fly, for then they would almost certainly pursue. One must pretend to take no notice of them, but keep one's body turned towards them, and observe them, without appearing to do so. When passing suspicious-looking natives, one should look them in the face, as if from curiosity, but without seeming to mind them. It is unwise to turn round and look back after them when they have passed, for they can be watched quite well from the corner of one's eye, while looking sideways to the right or left—a precautionary measure I should strongly recommend.

The contract for the twenty-five kilometres from Aïn-Defla to El-Bordj-Araridj is for a million of francs. The Government do not purchase the land, but take possession of it 'for the common good,' unless near towns or in olive plantations, where ground is valuable, and then they buy it.

Right glad I was to jump into Legrand's gig, who would insist that Scotland was a much greater country for fox-hunting than England, and to give a free rein to his capital grey Arab, who was able to carry me off from anyone who might try to stop me on the road. After a bitterly cold drive through an ugly country, with sleet falling so thick that my hands became quite numbed while driving, I was delighted as I got into the town just at dusk. The wretched mules were so fagged that it was eight o'clock before they and Legros' servant, Abd-el-Kader, arrived. The unfortunate animals had done fifty-six kilometres during the day, besides forty-two they had travelled the day before, and they were to be off again in the morning to return to Tazmalt over the mountains

by Boni. Their inhuman owners would not give them a morsel of barley, so I ordered they should be well fed.

Although I was delighted to get back once more to comparative civilisation, I could not but feel regret at the conclusion of my rambles through the grand scenes I had passed, many of which have never been described, even in the guide-books.

The Bordj is a strong fort on the summit of a rock, which rises out of a flat plain, and contains a large Bureau Arabe, and fortified barracks for a company of Zouaves; but the town is of the frightful rectangular type universally adopted by the French. Fortunately, there was a fair auberge, which had only been opened a few months before, but I had to sleep on a mattress upon the floor. All night the Arab dogs continued to yelp at the jackals and hyænas.

From El-Bordj-Araridj to Setif, a good omnibus runs three times a week, and the other three days a waggonette, roofed and closed in with leather curtains. I was unfortunate in having to travel by the latter, as the cold was very great, although not so trying as on the previous day, when the snow and sleet were falling upon one's unprotected head.

Three mules were put to draw seven people and a quantity of luggage over a bad road, in many places almost impassable.

The country still continued bleak, barren, and hideous beyond belief, and was a real 'abomination of desolation.' Occasionally some patches of corn and pasture appeared, but there were very few animals to be seen. Indeed, nowhere in Africa is this deficiency more perceptible. I passed two large convoys of camels, one being allowed, with the thievish propensities of their Arab owners, to feed on the young corn. No gourbis even appeared in sight, no habitations being visible, save some camels'-hair

tents, and not enough of them to shelter the cultivators of the soil, who must have been hidden in hollows.

By the road-side, in many places, there were dry river-beds that looked exactly like well-kept roads, and in one place the carriage drove along one of these courses. Many of them resemble gravel walks, they are so level and smooth.

At the caravanseraï of Aïn-Tagrout we stopped for breakfast, a place surrounded with gates and loopholed walls, and capable of sustaining a siege by the natives. After breakfast the proprietor called me aside mysteriously, to tell me of some mines he had discovered in the neighbourhood, and which he thought I might get him assistance in England to work. One was of argentiferous and auriferous lead, which he had traced along a hill-side for a mile and a half. Another was a quicksilver mine, and the third was a coal mine. He gave me specimens of the lead and quicksilver, both of which were wonderfully rich, and he said there was good water-power; but this I should doubt, as the African rivers are poor, except after rains. The reason he was so cautious was lest his waiters should overhear us, as anyone who first applies for a concession can get authority from Government to work a mine for a limited number of years. Some of the mines in Algeria are very rich, and yield eighty per cent., as at Bona, but so far inland as Aïn-Tagrout it would be folly to sink capital. However, my host was starting for Paris, to try and form a company.

At breakfast the roti was a dish of larks, of which immense numbers everywhere abounded.

The wretched mules could scarcely drag the lumbering carriage into the caravanseraï, and the amount of flogging they underwent along the miserably bad road was revolting to witness. The coachman was ill with fever,

and his hands shook so that he could scarcely drive, while his teeth chattered fearfully with a buzzing noise. Yet he had strength enough to stand up and lay on with a will upon his starved, jaded animals. But he always reasoned with them before a blow, exclaiming, 'What will happen when we get in, *par exemple*, if you go on so?' 'Here is a good bit of ground, see what you can do, *sacré nom de Dieu, de Dieu, de Dieu, allons!*' 'Don't work too hard, or you will injure yourselves, *sacrée canaille!*' 'You'll have to get in, so hurry on, *maudits fainéants!*' 'Bad, paltry devils! contemptible rubbish! *en route!*'

Some distance from Aïn-Tagrout the road passed the Oued Assarum, which doubtless was the water-power for the mines mentioned by the landlord at the Caravanserai. The Mayor of Setif has a mill at the ford, which is worked by this river for six months in the year, and a villa adjoining surrounded by a few willow and poplar trees, about whose 'shadiness' and 'magnificence' my fellow-passengers 'raved. One of these had once been upset on the side of a sloping hill, and was fearfully alarmed whenever, owing to the inequalities of the way, the carriage leaned to one side. Had an Englishman felt nervous, he would have kept his alarm to himself. He also groaned dismally at the many joltings we got, and at the hardness of the seats in the vehicle.

Here, as in the Desert, several flocks of sheep were grazing round, with ears flapping about, like those of fancy rabbits.

Some distance on our journey, we passed the koubba of Sidi-Embarek, the famous Marabout, where a number of women stood around the carriage with circular mirrors hanging from their necks, and with dreadful eyes well black-leaded round, from which water was running freely. The sleet had cut up the road so much, and the soil hereabouts was so deep and sticky, that the unfortunate

mules nearly gave in, and all the passengers had to walk a long distance through the mud.

The upright strata that projected along all the hills of the bare dismal country produced a very curious effect. At one place the disjointed portions of the ledge resembled exactly eighty or a hundred dismounted cannons lying along the brow of the hill. Madame Legros correctly described this bleak, stony, arid land as a 'dreary desert, as wild as any I could see at Biskra.' For miles around, the same insipid country prevailed, without a tree, a shrub, or even a flower, to vary the monotonous scene, which stretched away to the horizon, in some parts covered with a blue haze, so as to resemble a vast sea. Where distant mountains appeared, they were all clad in white from the snow and sleet that had fallen.

All along we kept close by the side of the new way in course of construction, up and down the steep banks of hollows which the embankments were to span. Even where the foundation of the road was finished, it was covered with a thick coating of broken stones, without any coarse stones at the bottom, which were impassable until crushed down by a great roller which was drawn by sixteen mules.

Several of the hundreds of workmen who were employed in the construction of the new road kept on their burnouses while at work, and looked most awkward as they pushed them back every time they had to use their hands. At one part was a gang of convicts working in their prison dress of brown stuff, a change of costume which grievously wounds the susceptibility of the natives. They were under sentence for petty crimes only and for short terms, therefore it was not worth their while to try to escape, and, consequently, the guards in charge of them were unarmed. Although so filthy in their persons, I noticed that all the Arabs and Kabyles throughout

Algeria had beautifully clean white teeth, probably owing to their vegetable diet.

Aïn-Arnal, one of the halting-places, is a thriving little village, and intended to have been fortified, as gateways and loopholed bastions were erected, but the walls connecting them have not been built. A new church is being erected, the first I had seen for many days.

This settlement must be the same as Aïn-Zada, named in the guide-books, which is supposed, from an inscription discovered, to stand on the site of a Roman Castellum called Colonia Caput Saltus, Horrea, or Horreis Cœliæ. On this inscription occurs the word 'Britannicus,' as one of the epithets of the Emperor Antoninus Pius.

After ten hours' severe bumping, and perishing from cold, I was right glad to see the town of Setif standing aloft on bare hills rising out of a monotonous uninteresting plain. No habitations were near, save a few Arab tents and gourbis.

On entering the town, the eye, wearied by the frightful country outside, was refreshed by the pretty gardens and boulevards of Setif, which is still, as it was in the time of the Romans, a military station of great importance. The hotel was a dirty, scrambling establishment, filled with military, about eighty private soldiers dining down-stairs, and all the officers of the garrison in their separate messes up-stairs, according to their grades, none but the Imperial Guard having a Regimental Mess on the English system.

Over the courtyard was stretched a network of cordage, along which creepers run in the summer, that grow in boxes on the balcony and make a beautiful bower-like covering, sheltering the space beneath from the heat of the sun, as did the canvas used by the ancients over the inner courts of their houses. The tiled floors, and the draughts from the uncovered balcony on which the doors opened, made the rooms most bitterly cold.

Under the Roman dominion, Setif was styled Sitifis Colonia, and was the capital of Sitifia Mauritania, when Cæsarean Mauritania was divided into two provinces on the rebellion of the Tribes under the name of the Quincagentians, in the year 297. The great importance of this Roman city is demonstrated by the numbers of roads that branched off to all parts of the country; both inland, and towards the coast. On the arrival of the French, several massive and interesting monuments existed, which had survived the fearful shocks of earthquakes and the ravages of the Vandals and the Arabs, but as usual they have been mercilessly swept away, and nothing remains but portions of the old town-walls conspicuous by their massive proportions, and the wonted open-air museum, supposed to cover a multitude of sins in the form of demolitions. But this museum, in which are really interesting relics, is on the common promenade, and the children amuse themselves knocking off the noses and the fingers of the statues.

In the year 419, a great earthquake occurred at Setif, which so terrified the Pagans that, according to Saint Augustine, some hundreds demanded to be baptised. The tombstone of a Bishop of Setif, the friend of Augustine, is in the museum.

In the Middle Ages Setif was likewise a place of great importance, and El-Bekhri recounts the quantities of cotton plantations and corn-fields that flourished in the districts subject to its sway.

But under the Turkish Government it decayed, and its agriculture vanished. An important Arab market is still held there every Sunday, at which 8,000 natives attend.

I climbed to the top of the high hill overhanging the town, and commanding extensive views of the vast plains to the south, bounded by hills covered in snow. Here I came upon a large body of troops going through the

platoon exercise with the chassepôt, who did not keep their elbows in under the rifle nearly so well as our men are taught to do at Hythe. They also held their left hands too far back on the stock, so that the rifle looked badly balanced. They were by no means sharp and quick in their movements, but were steady enough. A swell Agha on a fine bay Arab with a shaven tail was looking on, followed by a mounted attendant. The garrison of Setif amounts to about 3,000 men.

From Setif to Algiers there is a carriage-way in summer by Aumale, which is passable when the ground is dry; it turns off the track I followed, somewhere beyond El-Bordj-Araridj.

The road to Bougia from Constantine branches off here likewise. It passes under the Djebel Magris, which is more than 5,000 feet high. Beyond, the mule-track passes through a Gorge full of large and small monkeys, which approach near enough to be shot at with a pistol. One of them, having once been struck with a stone, used to revenge himself afterwards by throwing down missiles at all passengers. At the base of the Djebel Anini stood Horrea Aninicensi, a name still preserved in that of the mountain.

Another road leads to Constantine by Mila.

Passing by the Roman station of Mons, where an Acropolis was found and other ruins, Djemila is reached, so called after a branch of the Katama, a Berber tribe, but thought by Shaw and Peysonnel, from the similarity of sound in the words, to be the Roman Gemmelæ, whereas an inscription found on the spot clearly indicates that the real name of the place was Respûblica Cuiculitanorum. Some highly interesting ruins existed there. Amongst others, the famous triumphal arch erected in honour of Caracalla, his mother Julia Domna, and his father Septimus Severus, which was removed to Paris. Barracks and fortifications were constructed in 1839, so

the fate of the Roman remains may be imagined. The year before, half a battalion of French were attacked by thousands of natives at Djemila, but they entrenched themselves among the ruins, and held out manfully for six days, when they were rescued by a superior force.

The Khalifa of Ferdjioua lives at Bordj-bou-Akkas, so called after him. He is famed for his justice, a quality so rare among the natives, and a story is told of his meeting a woman on the road and pretending to rob her, whereupon she threatened him with 'the justice of Akkas.'

The next place of interest is Mila, the Roman Mileum, then a town of great importance, and one of the three Colonies which Cæsar united with Constantine in one Confederation, and gave in charge to Sittius and his partisans. Saint Optatus, one of the Fathers of the Church, was Bishop of Mila. Ibn-Khaldoun relates how the Ketama tribe, who established themselves at Mila, extended their power from Constantine to Bougia and to the southward as far as the Great Atlas mountains, until El-Mansour, the son of Bologguin, came from Kairouan and conquered the country. He was on the point of giving up Mila to be pillaged by his victorious troops, with orders to kill all the inhabitants, when the women and children came out and implored for mercy. He burst into tears and allowed them to depart unharmed, but they were slain by another tribe on the way to Bar'ai. The spring of Aïn-el-Hamma, inside the town, is supposed, according to El-Bekhri, to cure fever.

The way to Djidjelli strikes off at Mila, passing through the highly-cultivated mountainous country of Little Kabylia, which extends eastward from Bougia to Collo, as Great Kabylia does westward from Bougia to the Metidja. There is a direct track, I believe, across the mountains from Setif to Djidjelli.

Djidjelli, the Roman Igilgili, occupies a rocky peninsula

on the eastern side of the Gulf of Bougia. This ancient maritime city was founded by the Carthaginians, and was afterwards established as a Roman colony in the reign of Augustus, and became an important mart when the produce of the interior was interchanged for the manufactures of Europe.

Under the Arab domination, Djidjelli continued to enjoy great prosperity, exporting corn, hemp, flax, honey, wax, and tanned leather. The Normans from Sicily attacked this Port, on which the inhabitants fled to the mountains, and the invaders destroyed the beautiful palace of the Emir Zahia-Ibn-el-Aziz, the last Emir of the Hammadite dynasty. The Normans returned the following year, when the natives, after a few days, descended from their fastnesses, and traded freely with their conquerors.

The Pisans succeeded the Normans as possessors of Djidjelli, and they in their turn made way for the Genoese. These latter were expelled by the Turks under Barbarossa at the request of the natives, who suffered from the oppression of the Genoese. But the piratical acts of the Turks in this town were so heinous that the French expedition under the Duke de Beaufort was sent by Louis XIV. to chastise them. Owing, however, to disunion and jealousy between the military and naval commanders, this enterprise proved a lamentable failure. Too late, the Kabyles found their error in not taking part with the Christians, for thenceforth the merchants of Europe, from whom they gained all their wealth, deserted the city, which fell rapidly into so great decay that Peysonnel relates he only found sixty houses there at the beginning of the last century.

In 1803, the Moors under Ben-Arach established their power at Djidjelli, and seized six French coral-fishing boats from La Calle, but were chastised by the Pacha of Algiers.

The Kabyles in 1839 plundered a French brig which

was shipwrecked there, and the French availed themselves of that opportunity to take possession of Djidjelli and found there a new colony, which promises to be a thriving place, owing to its export trade.

Returning to Mila, and continuing the route to Constantine, some interesting Roman remains are passed, which are said to be worth turning off the road to visit. One is Khraneg, on the Oued-el-Kebir or Oued-Roumel, which winds round Constantine, and which here forms falls, as well as at that city. Here, on a bold rock surrounded by precipices, stood the Roman town of Tiddis, and its large necropolis on the hill opposite. This place was famous for its manufacture of vases, funeral lamps, and water pipes, which are found in Constantine, bearing the stamp of 'Tiditni.' Near this was the circular Monument of Lollius.

Nearer Constantine, but some distance off the road, stood Uzel or Uzelis, the Republic of the Uzelitanians, according to inscriptions difficult to read. One of these is dedicated to Caracalla in the year 212. Oudjel is the present name of the locality, and is obviously derived from the Latin word. Here was a large necropolis, and many inscriptions graven upon a rock. This city, as well as Tiddis, was famous for fabricating pottery, and many pieces have come to light at Constantine which are marked 'Uzelitan' and 'Uzelit.' I could not discover whether any ruins existed at these places, but, being situated in remote districts, they may have escaped the influence of civilisation. The diligence from Setif to Constantine takes the route of the caravanserais, but unfortunately it travels at night, and I lost seeing the intermediate country. This was the more to be regretted, as I was anxious to ascertain whether any trace remained of Arsacal, a most important Roman colony on the way.

Soon after leaving Setif, we arrived at Ksar-Temou

chant, where very extensive Roman ruins and a marine subject in mosaic have been discovered. Next, the caravanseraï of 'El-Eulma is reached, where a Roman fountain has been repaired, that yields a copious supply of water. Here all the passengers alighted for hot coffee, or 'grogue,' to warm them after their bitterly cold drive. The landlord of the auberge had a frightfully nervous twinge in his face from the effects of the fever, which doubled in intensity when he found that nobody partook of a smart supper he had laid out. Outside the door stood a native gendarme dressed in a gorgeous, embroidered uniform, between that of the Spahis and the Zouaves, who rattled his sword about, and evidently considered himself an important personage..

Arsacal was the next place we passed to which any interest is attached. There were Bishops of Arsacal, but the only one whose name is preserved is Servus, who was dethroned and exiled by the Arian Vandals under Huneric after the Council of Carthage, in consequence of his adherence to Catholicism.

Arsacal was likewise the capital of the south-eastern portion of the fertile district of the Chettabâ, as Phua was of the north-eastern part; for the Romans separated into two distinct territorial divisions this mountainous region, inhabited by an industrious, agricultural, and commercial race, whose prosperity is said to be still attested by the ruins of numerous buildings and public works. Castellum Arsalitanum was the Latin name of Arsacal, which would seem to have been a strongly-fortified town, and to have contained several thousand inhabitants.

Cæsariensis, which is evidently mis-spelt on a Roman inscription as Kasariensis, stood somewhere near Arsacal and Setif, for mention is made on another inscription of the Bishop of Setif assisting the inhabitants to defend themselves against their own bishop, who was a Donatist.

A little beyond Arsacal is Aïn-Kerma, or the Fountain of the Fig-tree, which must have been a wonderfully salubrious spot in ancient times, for tombstones of three very aged persons have been discovered there—one of 131 years of age, another of 120, and a woman of 125. M. Cherbonneau observed here some fragments of houses, and a good mosaic on the edge of the ravine which surrounds this elevated position.

Nearer Constantine lies that part of the Djebel-Chettabâ which was subject to Phua, or Respublica Phuensorum. The name of Phua is perpetuated in Aïn Fououa, the name given by the Oulad-Rahmoun to a beautiful fountain in the territory, where temples, columns, and other antiquities have been found. M. Cherbonneau says it is hard to believe that on the site of the wretched gourbis of these people there once stood splendid temples to Ceres and Mercury, with their priests, their altars, and their religious rites. Near this is a grotto, on whose walls M. Cherbonneau, who carefully explored this region, found a large number of inscriptions, but they were mostly calcined from the fires lighted in the cave by the Numidian shepherds.

It was with infinite satisfaction that, on awaking at six o'clock in the morning—which was bitterly cold—I beheld Constantine before me, surrounded by its amphitheatre of mountains, a scene fully as grand as I anticipated. But the streets in the interior of the town are poor in the extreme, and the inns are scarcely habitable, having the appearance outside of the lowest pot-houses. A new hotel is, however, being built, which promises to be a fine establishment. An Italian waiter retrieved in some degree the uncouth aspect of my hotel by singing all day, 'Il balen,' 'Ah che la morte,' and other favourite operatic airs, which reminded me that I had once more returned to the realms of civilisation.

CHAPTER X.

History of Constantine—Royal Residence of the Numidian Kings—Quéen of the Aouress—Splendid Situation of the City —Precipices—Cascade of the Roumel—Ancient Suburbs—Interesting Ruins on the Arrival of the French—Portion of Aqueduct remaining—Bridge of El-Kantara—Jewish Picnic—Tanners' Quarter—Rich colouring—Storks—Roman Masonry at Sidi-Rached—Women flung down the Precipice —Arab Chief thrashing his Wife—Christian Martyrs, Marius and Jacobus—Footbridge below the Cliffs—Tomb of Precilius —Falls of the Roumel at Tortue—Defeat of the French under Clauzel—Steep Pass—Hot Springs—Lost my Way—Unpleasant Predicament—Fording the River—Merry-go-round—Native Artisans—Handsome Jewesses—Mosques—Roman Columns.

THE origin of the City of Constantine is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it is supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians and called by them Cirtha. It appears first in history at the time of the first Punic War, when, as Livy states, it was the capital of Syphax, under the name of Cirta. So strong were the natural defences of the city, consisting of the deep ravines and precipices by which it is surrounded, except at one spot, that his rival, Massinissa dared not besiege him, *propter naturam loci,* to use the expression of Sallust. Strabo mentions, however, that, later, Cirta became the royal residence of Massinissa and his successor. His son Micipsa greatly strengthened and adorned it, having invited a colony of artists and artisans from Greece for the purpose. Under these two monarchs it was the capital of Numidia, the Roman Senate having placed the whole of that vast territory under their rule through Scipio, their Lieutenant. During

the long reign of Massinissa, he largely developed the resources of the country, and caused his kingdom to enjoy great prosperity. But even then the Romans commenced to found settlements along the African coasts under pretence of trading, which were destined to become important towns, and to consolidate the Roman power over the country.

On the death of Micipsa, the kingdom was divided between his sons Adherbal and Hiempsal, and his nephew Jugurtha, Cirta falling to the share of Adherbal. But Jugurtha wrested Cirta from his cousin, whom he put to death, and then proceeded to attack Hiempsal, with the aim of absorbing the whole of Numidia in his kingdom. Hiempsal thereupon invoked the aid of the Roman Senate, and the Jugurthan War commenced. At first, Jugurtha succeeded in defeating the Romans by bribery, and by decoying the army of Aulius into the defiles of Hammam-Meskhroutin on their march to attack the fortress of Suthul, where his treasures were stored; and, after a long siege, he took Cirta. But Marius eventually conquered the Numidian, who was delivered up to Sylla by his father-in-law Bocchus, and died a prisoner in the dungeons of Rome.

Cirta was likewise the capital of Juba, whose alliance against Cæsar was gained by Scipio, the father-in-law of Pompey, on the promise of the whole of Africa as his reward. By this policy Pompey won over to his cause all Numidia and the powerful cavalry of that nation, which would have overwhelmed Cæsar, had he not taken the Pompeian army in detail and stormed their three camps separately, before they had time to unite, inflicting upon them a loss of 50,000 men, and taking the cities of Leptis and Cirta.

He erected Cirta into a Roman colony, and gave it in charge to Publius Sittius Nucerinus, whence it became Cirta Sittianorum, and later, Cirta Julia.

In 311, during the war between Maxentius and Alexander, a Pannonian peasant, who was proclaimed Emperor of Rome in Africa, Cirta was rased to the ground; but two years later the Emperor Constantine rebuilt and richly embellished the city, calling it after himself.

During the Vandal invasion Constantine was spared, although the other towns of Numidia and Mauritania were ruthlessly destroyed by these savage invaders, and the armies of Belisarius found it intact on their arrival.

The Arabs also would seem to have respected the superb monuments and buildings which adorned the city.

Constantine was besieged and taken by Sidi-Okba-ben-Nafi, the victorious Arab conqueror, and also bore an important part in the war waged by Kahina or Damia-bent-Jukak, the Queen of the Berbers in the Aouress, or Great Atlas, mountains to the southward.

Ibn-Khaldoun gives an interesting account of the vicissitudes of Constantine under the Arab dynasties; how it was alternately conquered by the Hafsides and the Meridines; sometimes dependent upon Tunis, sometimes upon Bougia, and sometimes the capital city itself of these Saracenic kingdoms. After having existed for a century as an independent Republic, Kheir-ed-din Barbarossa conquered it, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. From this time, although the Capital of the Province of Constantine under the Turkish Government, it rapidly fell into decay, and contained many more gourbis than houses. The neighbouring population was scanty, and the tribes made perpetual war on each other.

It would be uninteresting and unprofitable to give an account of the Beys who ruled Constantine under the Pacha of Algiers. Hadj-Ahmed was the last, and fittingly concluded the list of those rapacious, bloodthirsty miscreants. His Turkish Janissaries having rebelled, and closed the city gates against him, he carried the

place by storm with an army of Kabyles, and butchered all the Turkish soldiers, as well as the principal inhabitants. He then directed his fury against the tribes who refused to pay tribute, whom he plundered and massacred without mercy. After an expedition against the Abd-en-Nour, he brought back four hundred heads which he had cut off amongst that tribe, and exposed them to view for several days on the ramparts of the town. He entertained the profoundest contempt for the rights of private property, except in his own case, and decorated his palaces with marble columns abstracted chiefly from his wealthy subjects, and which had been brought by them on the backs of mules from Bona and Tunis. Their wives, horses, and treasures were also constantly seized by him, to gratify his insatiable covetousness, and any remonstrance or opposition entailed certain death. His Kabyle and Saharian guard trampled upon the inhabitants, as upon a conquered race; and rivalled their master in lawless behaviour.

Yet, strange to say, on the approach of the French, even the victims of his tyranny joined in assisting him to defend the city. But he was defeated and the city carried by storm, when he effected his escape to the Great Atlas mountains, where, for eleven years, he maintained an ineffectual struggle against his conquerors. At length he made his submission, and after having been entertained for three days in his own palace, where he had perpetrated so many atrocities, he was sent to Algiers and given a Moorish house for a residence with an income of nearly five thousand a-year. He did not long survive his defeat, having died in two years from pulmonary disease.

Constantine is perhaps the most original, as it is certainly one of the strongest, cities in the world, unless against artillery. It stands on a rocky promontory or neck of land, surrounded by stupendous precipices, except

at the dorsal ridge where the Mila gate stands, and it was here the French effected the breach by which they entered. A deep fosse should have been cut at this spot with a drawbridge over, to protect the entrance. The forty-eight sieges Constantine is said to have undergone were probably carried on at this point, except the attack by the French under Clauzel at the bridge of El-Kantara, as it is the only assailable spot in the defences. Round the foot of these precipices, on the south-east and north-east sides, the Oued-Roumel runs through the vast fissure which separates the town from the heights of Mansoura and Sidi-Mecid, part of the Little Atlas chain. This huge natural fosse is ninety feet deep in the lowest part and a hundred-and-eighty feet wide; but it is much deeper and wider at the north-eastern flank, where the Roumel plunges down in a mighty cascade, called the Tortue, after passing underground beneath four natural bridges from a hundred-and-fifty to three-hundred feet wide, whose green coverings of turf are distinguished far below in the depths of the yawning abyss.

At the falls of the Tortue, below the Kasba towering aloft, the end of the stupendous chasm is reached, and the north-western face of the irregular quadrilateral figure on which the town is placed stretches back towards the Valée, or Mila, gate in precipitous cliffs and steep slopes. In the opposite direction, beyond the Roumel, these lofty cliffs recommence, culminating in the mountainous height of El-Mecid which fronts the north-eastern side of the town. In these days of powerful artillery, Constantine would be quite indefensible, the heights of El-Mecid commanding it from the north-east, those of Mansoura from the south-east, and the Hill of Koudiat-Ali from the west.

Cirta is supposed to have been considerably larger than the modern city, which was merely the citadel of Cirta, one suburb extending along the base of Mansoura,

which portion is supposed to be Mugæ, mentioned by Saint Optatus, Bishop of Mila, and which was connected with the fortress by bridges over the ravine, the remains of which are still visible—indeed the principal one at El-Kantara, the eastern corner of Constantine, only fell down about eight years since.

On the plain of Mansoûra stood formerly a grand triumphal arch described by Peysonnel, but part of it was destroyed by Salah Bey to reconstruct the bridge of El-Kantara, and the remainder was demolished by the French engineers.

From inscriptions found in the portion of the bridge which fell, and which Cherbonneau rightly conjectured belonged to the ancient triumphal arch, that splendid work must have been erected in the reign of Antoninus Pius, in the last half of the second century. It was called by the natives 'Kas'r-el-Ghoula,' or Castle of the Evil Spirit.

Another suburb stretched to the south-west, up the valley of the Roumel as far as Bardo, where formerly the Bey kept his eight-hundred horses, but which is now a cavalry barrack; while a third covered the heights opposite the Mila gate, whence the French bombarded the city walls.

According to Ibn-Bathouta, it would appear that a fourth Faubourg lay to the north, in the valley bordering the Roumel after its leap down the falls of Tortue, near the present village of Koudiat.

The town itself, intersected by narrow, poor streets, is divided into two distinct portions, one occupied by the French, and the other by the natives—the former to the north, and the latter to the south. Captain Kennedy, in his 'Algeria and Tunis,' speaks of Constantine as an assemblage of densely-crowded houses with tiled roofs, and the description is not far amiss. Some Arab writers compare it to a burnous spread out. El-Bekhri calls it

'the city in the air,' and El-Abderi says it is 'like a beautiful woman reclining, clothed in rags.' Edressi states that the walls were exceedingly low, except on the north-western front towards Mila, but at several parts round the enceinte, especially at Sidi-Rached, the southern corner, some of the old Roman cut-stone-work is standing yet, which bears witness to having formed part of a massive wall. Edressi also relates that most of the houses possessed cellars cut in the rock, with equable temperature, where the owners stored up grain.

Immense cisterns, in great numbers, were situated throughout the city, supplied, it is thought, by a syphon aqueduct, the only instance I know of this mechanical application being employed by the Romans, although known to the ancient Egyptians. One pillar of the aqueduct is still visible on the rocks down the abyss of the Roumel.

Shaw describes some fine ruins at Constantine, amongst others a vast edifice at the edge of the precipice on the north side. He also describes, and gives a drawing of, the Roman Gateway at El-Kantara. He says it was built of beautiful red stone, like marble, highly polished, and the side posts were panelled. It stood at the head of the bridge over the abyss which encircles the town. Between the two arches of which it consisted the figure of a female was portrayed standing above two elephants which faced each other, and having a scallop shell over her head. Her hair was in curls, and she lifted her scanty, transparent attire, looking scornfully at the city. He gives, too, an account of the Bridge, standing on its two tiers of arches, one above the other, and calls it a perfect masterpiece of its kind. The columns of the arches were ornamented with cornices, festoons, heads of oxen and garlands, while on the spaces between each pair of arches were carved wands of Mercury and other

emblematical devices. Down to this bridge ran a Roman road, paved with huge stones and bounded at the sides by a low parapet wall.

During some excavations, a Greek temple was brought to light. Numerous other highly-curious antiquities were found by the French inside the town, but all are gone, save some noseless, fingerless, footless statues, and some weather-worn inscriptions collected outside the Valée gate—in the open air.

At the Préfecture there is a good collection of small objects in glass-cases. A score of Phœnician inscriptions were also found, but I did not hear where they were kept.

Part of a fine aqueduct still remains, about a mile from Constantine, where it crosses the Oued-Roumel a little above the junction of that river with the Oued-Merzoug. I drove there along the Batna road, lined with rows of pepper-trees, which runs opposite the heights of Mansoura. This aqueduct was built in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, and six arches are perfect, though showing evident symptoms of dissolution. Wonderful to relate, the French have supported the feeble parts with iron bands and supports. The arches are about sixty feet high. The aqueducts connected the Djebel-Guerioun with the Hill of Koudiat-Ati, overhanging the rest of Constantine, and carried to the town the waters of the Oued-Merzoug. Quantities of pretty weeping willows have been planted all round, and up the valley of the Bou-Merzoug, which give a most pleasing and picturesque appearance to the scene. The slopes of the lofty Mansoura, up to the fort on the top, have likewise been planted with forest-trees, and so has the summit of the Mecid. These extensive woods will hereafter make a lovely feature in the rich landscape of which Constantine is the centre. At the foot of the Mansoura,

on the right bank of the Roumel, two pretty villas in the English style have been erected, whose small, but elegant, pleasure-grounds contain rare tropical plants and shady nooks.

On walking down to the bridge of El-Kantara, I found a splendid iron arch had been thrown across the chasm right above the vestiges of the old Roman bridge, but the abutments were discovered to be of insufficient strength to bear the great weight of iron, and the bridge was closed for all but foot-passengers during the necessary alterations. I stood long on the bridge watching the hundreds of jackdaws, chased by hawks, that disported themselves through the airy expanse below, and the swallows that flew about in clouds.

A Jewish pic-nic amused me much, which I witnessed from the top of the bridge on the Mansoura side, where a large party of Jews were seated on the sloping ground at the edge of the precipice. Only the men of the party took food, the women sitting in a group apart, and singing for the amusement of their lords and masters. The latter, when drinking, hob-nobbed their glasses frequently together in the old English fashion, touching each other's glasses at the top, in the centre, and at the bottom—a custom the French have very generally adopted. At certain times, the women presented ewers of water to the men to wash their hands. During the repast, a youth, and a black attendant collected a quantity of herbs which the Jews ate, first peeling the stems with their knives. When they had finished, the women commenced to partake of their leavings.

Turning to the right, after passing over the bridge, I went along the cliff facing the south-eastern front of the town, where I was amazed to behold the hundreds of jackdaws that issued out of the clefts of the rocks opposite. This part of Constantine is chiefly inhabited by Moorish and Kabyle tanners, who carry on their trade at the edge of the preci-

pice, and the overflow of brown fluid from their tan-pits stains the rocks to a great depth beneath with a rich sienna tint. This strong brown, mingled with the green, blue, and crimson tints of the leather suspended on cross-poles, the white dresses of the tanners, the grey of the rocks, the brown tiles of the houses, and the green of an old palm tree that rose above all, made a wonderful combination of colour. Numbers of storks were perched on the tops of the houses, where they made their great nests, and others were soaring aloft over the city, or devouring, together with the jackdaws, the pieces of leather and skin that had fallen down the rocks from the tan-yards. High above, a pair of huge kites, or buzzards, were poising on their wings, and watching the evolutions of the feathery tribes that swooped around the city. Amongst the tanneries many bees are kept, which do not seem to be affected by the unclean smell of the dressed leather around them. It is planned to sweep away all this ancient part, and to make a southern boulevard in its stead.

Farther on I reached Sidi-Rached, the southern corner of the rock, surmounted by some cyclopean Roman masonry, whence the Turks and Arabs were wont to hurl down faithless wives, and often those of whom they wanted to be rid, though without just cause of complaint. The following anecdote will give an idea of the way in which women were treated by these brutalised monsters. A chief of the Haracta tribe, near Tebessa, happening to be in Constantine on business, beheld a woman drag her husband before the Kadi, who decided in her favour. This abnormal procedure so much enraged the Arab chief that he hastened home, tied his wife's hands and feet to four pickets driven into the ground, and commenced to thrash her with a stout stick. When remonstrated with for thus maltreating his admirable and devoted spouse, he

exclaimed angrily that he was consoling himself for the insult he had seen put upon his sex at Constantine.

At the foot of the high cliff on which I was standing is the famous inscription of the Martyrs engraven on the perpendicular face of the rock, in scrambling down to see which I nearly fell into the abyss, and it was with difficulty my dog got down after me. This celebrated sculpture records the death of the Christian martyrs, Marianus and Jacobus, and their companions, all humble horticulturists, who suffered martyrdom at Lambessa in 259, after having been tortured for several days at Cirta. Close to this, the footway to the town is carried through a small tunnel where a café has been established, which must be deliciously cool in the summer heats. A thermal spring is near, where the natives bathe, and where the women from the city and the soldiers wash their linen. Immediately afterwards a small footbridge crosses the Roumel, which here enters the enormous abyss surrounding the town. The pass up from the bridge at the farther side has been scooped out of the face of the precipice of Sidi-Rached. Passing along portions of the old Roman defences, and up through huge masses of overturned masonry, which formed part of some important building, I reached the postern gate of the Bab-el-Djabia, between Sidi-Rached and the Porte Valée or Mila gate, formerly called the Bab-el-Oued or Water Gate, from its proximity to the reservoir on the hill of Koudiat-Ati.

Outside the Bab-el-Djabia crowds of natives with their camels are always collected—wild mountaineers, and children of the Desert.

Not being aware of a short foot-way own the hills, I drove to visit the Tortue falls, the carriage-way to which is, for some distance, down the meandering Philippeville road, after which it branches off in a rough cart-track.

Descending past the shoulder of the Koudiat-Ati hill, several graves and tombstones were exposed to view in the ground where the brow had been cut away for the high road. This was the lower part of the vast cemetery on this hill, where the inhabitants of Constantine in all ages have been interred. Lower down is the village of Koudiat, round which clusters of foul gourbis and tents were collected, full of filthy women and children. Here, beneath the Bordj-el-Assou, was discovered the tomb of the jeweller Præcilius, decorated in the highest style of art, having the interior adorned with fresco paintings and mosaics. A sarcophagus contained a perfect skeleton, and bore an inscription, stating that the deceased Præcilius had passed a hundred years in social happiness with his friends, and in pure affection with his wife. This tomb, the mouth of which was reached by a spiral staircase, was discovered when searching for a hot spring that had been shut up in 1797.

Farther down the road is a mill which is worked by the waters of the Roumel, also the pretty Swiss cottage of the miller, embowered in choice fruit-trees. Near this is a warm spring, at which some soldiers were washing their linen.

After a short walk onwards, the falls of the Roumel burst on the sight, where the Oued dashes down in a vast body of wild foaming water between precipices, more than nine hundred feet in height—one of the wildest and grandest scenes I ever beheld.

The following day I was in time to see the first train arrive from Philippeville by the newly-opened railway, a sight which attracted in crowds the entire population of Constantine. It was only a goods train, as one part of the line was dangerous, and the Government would not allow the passenger-traffic to commence.

It was from the spot where the railway terminus now

stands, just across the bridge of El-Kantara, that the disastrous attack was made on Constantine by the French under Marshal Clauzel, which ended in the unfortunate retreat, so brilliantly covered by Changarnier. The following year, the other side of Constantine was bombarded on proper professional principles, and the French wiped out their disgraceful defeat.

Wishing to see an establishment of hot baths in the valley on the opposite side of the El-Mecid, I ascended the steep path leading over that mountain past an Arab cemetery, and past the new large Arab-French College which is being constructed, when I came to an extensive young plantation of firs and acacias. On the brow opposite were numbers of prickly pears. On reaching the top, there was a fine view of the plains of Roumel, which becomes, near the sea, the Oued-el-Kebir. These changes of name are common among the Algerian rivers, according to the Kaïdates they run through. This river debouches into the sea close to the ruins of the ancient Tucca. Beneath my feet the railroad re-appeared, having passed under the El-Mecid by a long tunnel; and along a mountain-side opposite could be distinguished the incline where it descended to the plains towards Philippeville.

The way down to the wells was so steep that the steps cut in the solid rock were roughed with a chisel to prevent the horses from slipping and rolling over the precipice, yet an officer on a fine Arab rode down so fast that he was soon out of sight.

One cold and two hot springs issued from the precipitous rocks, where there were many stalactites and stalagmites, and the grounds surrounding the bathhouses were prettily planted with weeping willows and wild laburnums, which grew in great abundance about the rocks, beneath one of which a large snake vanished on my approach.

Having observed the day before that the Roumel was

passable above the falls, where a number of small channels ran along the wide river-bed, I went on past the wells, intending to return to Constantine that way instead of back by the precipitous Pass I had descended, which reminded me of the Pass between Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. But the path I was following suddenly ceased at the top of a rock about ten feet high, which I found I should descend, or else turn back. I therefore let myself down, holding on by my hands and feeling below with my feet for a projection or ledge, when suddenly I found my heel seized from behind, and my leg dragged violently down. My foot was then placed in a groove, and on lowering myself I was seized round the waist and landed on the ground. On looking round, I found myself face to face with one of the most horrid-looking ruffians I had ever beheld, but I grinned a benignant smile at the fellow, and made him understand by signs how much I felt obliged by his assistance. I gave him a franc, for which he scarcely thanked me, and walked on towards the falls, whose roaring I heard close at hand, past the groves of figs, almonds, and prickly pears which covered the lovely spot, the Arab continuing to dog my steps the whole way.

When I reached the Oued, after walking along the dry channel of a mill-race made square with cement, I found that I had miscalculated the height by about a hundred feet, and was at the foot of the first great cascade, instead of above it. The view, looking up with the mighty cliffs above, covered with remains of massive Roman walls, was superb, and infinitely grander than the view from the opposite bank from above the falls, which is the one generally shown to travellers. Where I stood the waters were rushing down in eddying rapids and cataracts, so that it was impossible for me to pass over, especially as I only wore thin boots, which would have

been sure to slip on the wet rocks. I therefore turned to descend lower, in the hope of being able to work across with less chance of a ducking. My ghost-like Arab still haunted my footsteps pertinaciously through the shady fruit orchards until I reached the river bank beneath, when he suddenly jumped into the water in front of me, and, bending forward, placed his hands upon his knees. I now comprehended why the poor fellow had kept so close, and, taking the hint, I jumped upon his back, and was carried safely across. The effect of the succession of falls from below was truly grand, and no one should omit descending to this point through the grounds of the mill, to enjoy the prospect.

It was from the precipices above that the natives let themselves down by ropes when the victorious French burst into the Kasba, but their weight was so great that the ropes broke, and men, women, and children were precipitated headlong down the yawning abyss, at the bottom of which they lay a shapeless, gory mass. The silly natives incurred these disasters, rather than submit to the French, whom they considered cannibals.

I had a stiff climb to the mill, and up the hills, where I saw several natives busy amongst clusters of nettles pulling up roots which they use for food. Clambering over a steep heap of rubbish shot down from the town, to the infinite detriment of the picturesque, I found myself opposite to a merry-go-round, full of French, but no natives, as they doubtless thought such levity was a degradation to their dignity. This was outside the Valée gate on the Place des Caravanes, or Place Negrier, which was covered with the stalls of the sellers of old iron and rags, while crowds of peripatetic vendors of cakes moved amongst the assembled groups, yelling out the praises of their wares.

The most curious street in Constantine, and one well

worth a visit, is the rue Combes, filled with native saddlers, merchants, manufacturers of haïks, burnouses, gandouras, and other fine woollen fabrics; also with blacksmiths, and more especially shoemakers, as the tribes around buy all their papouche slippers in the town. This quarter is crowded with natives, and with handsome Jewesses, who use more colour in their costumes than those of Algiers, and who do not wear the hideous black bands to tie up their chins.

There are several djemmâas, or mosques, in Constantine, the principal of which is the Djemmâa Kebir, supposed to have been built on the site of a Pagan temple; but it is far inferior to the mosques at Algiers and Tlemcen.

In the Catholic Church of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, formerly the mosque of Souk-er-Rezel, are some fine granite columns, twelve feet high, brought from the Roman town at Tattubt, forty miles south of Constantine.

CHAPTER XI.

To Batna and Biskra—Convicts—Bones from the Desert—Khroubs—Road to Guelma, the Calama and Suthul of the Ancients—Heliopolis—Announa—Hammam-Meskhroutin—Incestuous Nuptials—Tragic Punishment—Jules Gérard, the Lion-slayer—Blue Thrush—Heap of Bull-frogs—Sterile Plain—Bad Roads—Salt Mound—Medr'asen—Tomb of the Numidian Kings—Roman Remains—Batna—Lambessa—Prætorium—Street with Footways—Baths—Museum—Escape of my Dog—Verecunda—Timgad—Lamasba—Zana—Cella—N'gaous—Huge Dish—Bou-Sâda—Origin of Name—Tobna—Cedar Forest—Swiss Valley—Lion-hunting—Chassin—Murder of twenty-seven Jewish Merchants at Tebessa—Murder of Miss Tinn and her Escort in Tripoli—Temple at Tebessa with eight-hundred and fifty pink and yellow Marble Columns—Army of Locusts at Batna.

In the diligence to Batna and Briska I passed several of the gigantic hayricks erected by the French military, which are surrounded by a loopholed wall, and protected by a sentry. Beside the road was a notice-board, forbidding anyone to smoke in their vicinity. A party of Spahis were conducting a batch of convicts into the barracks adjoining, many of whom rejoiced in most diabolical countenances.

Near the turn off the Batna road to the Roman aqueduct, we passed a long convoy of camels and mules from the Desert, carrying loads of bones for making gas at Constantine. One mule took fright at the diligence, and, beginning to kick, sent the bones rattling about the ground, for they were only tied together with grass ropes

and sedge. From here the road runs up a very pretty valley, planted with weeping willows, along the banks of the Oued-Merzoug; then some very extensive vineyards are passed in which the vines are trained to espaliers of cane, and also market gardens with a soil of rich loam. Here a mule from the Desert was so terrified at the sight of the diligence that he turned sharply round, and dashed into a pond of water.

Soon we got among the hills, and the country became bleak. At one part a large cavalry force was skirmishing among the heights, which looked very picturesque.

Khroubs, the first village we reached, is prettily situated on the top of a hill near the Oued-Merzoug. Near this are extensive Roman ruins, supposed to have been Sila, the chief town of the Silensian Republic. Morcelli, in his 'Africa Christiana,' mentions Donatus as being Bishop of Sila. He was one of the Numidian Bishops summoned by Huneric to the Council of Carthage.

Here, the road turns off for Guelma, the Calama of the Romans, first mentioned by St. Augustine, whose See of Hippo lay at the mouth of the Seybouse, which flows past Guelma. Calama is thought to have risen from the ruins of Suthul, the stronghold of Jugurtha, where he kept his treasures, for many Punic and Libyan inscriptions have been brought to light, which prove the high antiquity of the place. It must have been a fortress of great strength, for it is situated on the steep slope of the Djebel Mahouna, or Mare's Saddle, while in front the access to it is frequently rendered difficult by the overflowing of the Seybouse, which covers the road to some depth.

This city was once occupied by forty thousand inhabitants, and the blocks of cut stone and fragments of marble columns lying about attest the magnificence with which it was adorned.

Near Guelma stood Heliopolis, replaced by the French colony of Oued-Touta, annexed to the military district of Guelma. Close by, in the mountains, is Hammam-Berda, evidently the site of a Roman bathing-station, for considerable ruins are interspersed with *broussaille* and with the oleanders along the Oued-bou-S'ba, and a copious hot spring boils forth into a large natural basin, surrounded by remains of Roman baths. The ancient name of this highly-picturesque spot remains unknown, but it was probably a suburb of Villa Serviliana, only a mile distant. This is on the road from Guelma to Bona, opposite which latter town, across the Seybouse, stood Hippo.

Ten miles by mule-path brings you to the ruins of Announa, the Roman Tibilus, or Tibilis, according to an inscription to Faustina Augusta, wife of the Emperor Antoninus Augustus. The church was divided into three naves, the middle one being terminated by an apsis of large proportions. Parts of the town walls would appear to have been covered with the most indelicate sculptures.

At five miles from Guelma is situated Hammam-Meskhroutin, or the Baths of the Wicked, known to the Romans as Aquæ Tibilitinæ. The number of springs is unlimited, and most of them are of a very high temperature; the vapour from them rises up in dense steam, and the Oued-bou-Hamden in which their waters unite, continues hot for some distance. Their boiling waters are used by the natives to extract soluble properties from certain plants which they employ for making mats and cords, but which otherwise could not be used; and likewise to relieve their linen from disagreeable animated incumbrances, by the process of boiling. In the wells they also cook eggs, vegetables, and even fowls. There are large fresh-water prawns in the river lower down, and when these are thrown into the springs they turn red almost instantly.

The masses of carbonate of lime deposited by the waters

in their downward course, have formed columns by the side of the cascades, which have the appearance of being sculptured in the rock. There are more than a hundred of these, from nine to twelve feet high, which sparkle beautifully in the sun, and look, as Dr. Jacquot says, like tombstones in a cemetery of giants. The ignorant Arabs account for this natural phenomenon by the following legend.—A powerful and wealthy Arab once married his own sister, in spite of the prohibitions of the law and the remonstrances of the elders of his tribe, whose heads he struck off before his tent-door, in revenge for their interference. The wedding-feast then began, accompanied with music and dancing. But when the accursed couple were preparing to withdraw from the festive scene, the flames of hell darted forth from the ground, the rivers burst from their accustomed channels, and the thunder reverberated with deafening echoes through the mountains. A death-like calm then supervened, when the Arab and his sister, the dancers, the musicians, the slaves, and the whole bridal party were left petrified into the white cones which still mark the scene of the hateful nuptials. Little particles of salt and carbonate of lime are sometimes thrown out by the bubbling streams, and these are pronounced to be grains of the kouskoussou served at the ill-omened banquet.

The waters are efficacious in a variety of cases, more especially in cutaneous diseases, and they can be taken internally, as well as used externally.

The situation of Hammam-Meskhroutin is charming. It lies in a basin surrounded by the Djebel-Debbar, the Djebel-Mahouna, the Djebel-Taya, and the Djebel-Ras-el-Akba, whose crests vary in height from three thousand to four thousand feet.

It was in these mountains that Jules Gérard, the famous lion-killer, first distinguished himself. His life

was once saved on the march with his battalion from here to Tebessa, on the frontiers of Tunis, by his passion for lion-hunting, for, during his pursuit of one of these beasts whom he had wounded, the entire battalion was surprised and slain by the Arabs. On re-appearing at his usual haunt in Guelma, the inmates, thinking he had been killed with his comrades, believed they beheld a ghost, and fled in confusion; but, on seeing him devour his food in a hungry and unspiritual manner, they gradually recovered confidence.

Returning from Guelma to Khroubs, and continuing the route to the Desert, the Fountain of the Rock is passed, a large watering tank by the road-side, which is filled by a limpid stream from the rocky heights above. A number of gourbis and squalid tents were clustered around, at one of which I saw some natives eating bread and raw wild artichoke roots. At this point the new diligence route to Batna branches off from the old road by Aïn-el-Bey, a French colony constructed from the extensive ruins of an old Roman town under the Djebel-Nif-en-N'seur, or the Eagle's Beak, so called from the strong resemblance one of its peaks bears to the head of an eagle.

The high road is indifferent, being in many places merely a beaten track on the bare ground, but it is quite passable even at night for the diligences, of which there are two services every day. For some distance, a beautiful blue thrush with blue head, breast, and wings, and with orange and brown back, flitted close before us from bush to bush; and in a large meadow attached to a colonist's farm several storks stalked about.

Many parties of nomads passed during the day, and the women all wore immense bangles, the size of horse-shoes, over their ears, set with coral and coloured stones. Others had smaller earrings, worn as in Europe, but the large kind predominated.

The sheep belonging to these people had two pairs of horns, one pair curling downwards, and the other pair standing upright. These animals were chiefly brown or piebald, but some were white. Along the road numbers of lizards, many of them of a bright green colour, were basking in the sun.

At one spot, on a sunny bank close to a pond, an immense heap of bull-frogs, some hundreds in number, were clustered together, which, on the approach of the diligence, sprang into the water with a great splash.

At the caravanserai of Aïn-M'lilia, close to the ruins of the ancient Visalta, a large convoy of infantry and cavalry soldiers and gens d'armes, were escorting a batch of prisoners to the convict station of Lambessa, beyond Batna.

All the way, vast sterile plains prevailed, alternating with high bleak hills, and not a tree or bush enlivened the dreary landscape.

After passing another Roman station at Aïn-Feurchi, the road runs between the two large Chotts or Salt Lakes of Tinsilt and M'Zouri. The former is of great size, and stretches far away into the distance. These lakes are said to be frequented by numbers of wild swans and ducks, but I saw none.

We passed a huge mound of salt, gathered from the beds of the chotts after the water evaporates. The lakes were already beginning to dry up.

An Arab track leads from here through the mountains to the Roman ruins called Tattubt or Tattubet by the Arabs, which lie about twelve miles distant from Lake M'Zouri.

Some distance farther along the Batna road, the sterile character of the country changes, giving place to a dwarf growth of junipers and wild olive-trees. Vast herds of camels were grazing around on the scanty herbage, near nomad tents.

The road runs straight across a large plain towards the Djebel-Touda, which is crowned by an old telegraph station surrounded by scrub, and from whose base springs a large volume of water, which dashes across the road. This is the spot whence the famous Medr'asen can be seen, a Monument similar to that of the Tomb of the Christian near Algiers. This huge structure is apparent about six miles to the left of the Djebel-Touda, crowning the summit of a high hill. It presents all the appearance of a ruined pyramid, whose steps are barely perceptible from the road, and, being crowned with weeds, it might be easily mistaken for a green mound.

Either a peristylium or a temple stood beside it formerly, as at the Koubba-er-Roumia, probably to guard or conceal the entrance to the Monument, but it has been demolished. Salah-Bey endeavoured to batter down the Medr'asen, also, with cannon, expecting to find great treasures within, but failed, owing to the solidity of the structure.

Great discussion has arisen among the learned as to the origin of this funeral pile, but it seems generally admitted to have been the burying-place of the Numidian kings; whether built, however, by Syphax, or by his rival Massanissa, cannot be determined. It is commonly known as the Tomb of Syphax. General Carduccio states that he found many inscriptions in unknown characters on the walls between the columns which surround this circular monument, and also representations of animals, amongst others of an ox harnessed and muzzled, and of hares in full course before two greyhounds.

Four miles from the Medr'asen another salt lake is reached, which is of great size, and is called the Lake of Chemora, or the Sebkha-Djendeli, on the banks of which lie a mass of ruins, known to the natives as Enchir-Djendeli, that Becker supposes to have been Ad Lacum Regium.

The caravanseraï next reached derives its name of Oum-el-Isnam — Mother of Idols or Ruins — from the Roman ruins of Tadutti which formerly stood on the spot. Some cream-coloured camels were passed on the road; also some black and brown ones, of all shades.

The road now descends from the mountainous regions, where it attained an elevation of two thousand seven hundred feet, and runs along the valley of the Oued-el-Harrar to Fesdis, near which Roman ruins are discernible at Ksour-R'ennaïa.

Soon after we entered Batna during a heavy hail-storm, the cold from which felt severe after the previous heat of the day.

Batna is a thorough French settlement, with houses generally of but one storey high, and with straight streets planted with plane-trees. Its strictly European character was sustained by an officer's wife, who exhibited the Grecian bend — a proof of civilisation one could little expect to find on the confines of the Desert.

But although uninteresting in itself, the environs of Batna contain much worth visiting.

Lambessa, or Respublica Lambæsitanorum, an old Roman city, is only eight miles distant, and I anticipated a rich treat amongst its ruins, which are spoken of by the guide-books in such glowing terms. However, when the small omnibus stopped, and I saw, on looking out, a huge range of barracks, I knew at once what to expect. Plenty of foundations of baths and other buildings may be clearly traced, but of the fine structures enumerated none remain standing, except the Prætorium, now turned into a museum, and three fragments of the old town gates. I enquired diligently for the Tomb of Quintius Flavius Maximus, which General Carduccio re-erected, and before which he caused the garrison to defile, saluting the remains of the old Pagan commander,

but could get no information either from the soldiers or the drivers.

The Prætorium, a large and lofty square building, built of massive stone, is filled with remains of fine sculpture, and with a number of inscriptions, many of them proving that the famous Third Legion of Augustus was quartered here, and that it assisted in rearing many of the surrounding constructions.

The old Roman road or street through Lambessa, with footways on either side, running in the direction of Batna, is quite distinct, and the posts of the gate where it passed through the city walls are still standing. Here, too, are quite perceptible the sockets in which the gates turned, and also the tracks of the chariot wheels on the worn pavements.

To the east of the Prætorium were situated the baths. They can still be readily traced, occupying a large extent of ground, and were well furnished with heating apparatus. The floors were covered with blue and white mosaic pavement, which has been brought to light, but is ruthlessly exposed to the elements, and is rapidly crumbling away.

I saw a stone pierced with several small holes, supposed to be for the hot air to rise through, but which I think was used merely for a sink.

In the officers' garden there has been uncovered a fine mosaic of the four seasons, or of the *five* seasons, as a sergeant informed me, who doubtless thought that the figure of 'Time,' in the centre, represented a fifth season.

A temple to Esculapius, built by Marcus Aurelius, is spoken of, but I could not trace it, and feel no doubt it is gone to assist in the construction of the convict-station and barracks.

The convicts cultivate an extensive government farm in the mountains, and also a large extent of the old town.

For the cultivation of the latter, large liquid manure tanks are established, and into one of them my dog unluckily plunged, thinking that the thick skin on the top was solid ground. With great difficulty he worked his way across to me through the thick mass, and at one time was just on the point of giving in and sinking, when I encouraged him to flounder on. He was in such a dreadful plight on landing that the sergeant made four of the convicts wash him clean—a task they cheerfully performed, on the promise of a couple of francs.

Lambessa, lies at the foot of the Aouress, or Great Atlas Mountains, which stretch away south from here to the Desert.

To the east of Lambessa, among the Great Atlas Mountains likewise, lie the ruins of Verecunda, or Respublica Verecundensium, mentioned under the reigns of Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus. Twenty-five miles from Batna is Timgad, the ancient colony of Tamugas or Thamugadis, where fine ruins are said to exist.

On the ancient road to the westward from Lambessa to Sitifis, surrounded by fine forests, and on a fertile plain watered by the Oued-Merouana, stood Lamasba, which Morcelli states was the seat of a Numidian Bishop. These ruins are thirty-five miles from Batna.

Five Roman *viæ* branched off here, the traces of which are said to be still visible.

Nine miles farther, as indicated by a Roman milestone, Enchir Kasria represents Lombinia.

The ancient Municipium Dianæ Veteranorum, or Respublica Dianensium, stood on the site of the present Zana, twenty-five miles to the north-east of Batna; and twelve miles farther lay Enchir-Encedda, formerly Nota Petra.

To the westward, sixty miles from Batna, flourished

Colonia Julia Zaraï, still bearing the name of Zaraï or Zraïa, on one of the ancient thoroughfares from Cæsarian Mauritania to the Desert. An Italian mason found a most interesting inscription, which is given in full in Renier's 'Roman Inscriptions of Algeria,' by which it appears that a slave and a horse paid the same amount of toll—about a shilling—on entering the city. In the Arab city of Zraïa El-Mostanser, the Hafside Sultan of Tunis beheaded the principal rebel chiefs of the Daouïda, for favouring the cause of his brother Abou-Ishac.

A few miles to the south-west, Colonel Payen discovered an inscription near the ruins of a temple, determining the spot to have been Cella or Castellum Cellensianorum, the seat of a Christian See.

Farther to the westward, and sixty-five miles from Batna, are the ruins of N'gaous or M'gaous, whose Latin name has not yet been discovered. The Kaïd's house is constructed upon Roman vaults, which serve as his stables, and the principal mosque is built of carved stones and columns. But the mosque which is second in outward appearance is the chief one of interest, tradition pointing out this as the spot where the Seven Sleepers were interred, and their coffins are still exhibited in the mosque, side by side. A huge dish of stone is also shown, nearly five feet wide, from which the 500 tolbas or pupils educated in the Zaouïa belonging to the mosque were fed upon kouskoussou, and which is supposed to have been anciently a vessel for receiving the oil from a Roman oil mill.

Another expedition is to Bou-Sâda in the Hodna district on the confines of the Sahara, to the south-west of Batna. The road runs past Tobna, where once flourished Tubuna, or Tubonis, of the Romans.

Mohammed-ibn-Yussuf gives a glowing description of the city of Tobna in his day. He says it was enclosed

by lofty walls entered through iron gates, and contained a fine ancient castle and many imposing ruins, while the surrounding country abounded in orange groves and cotton plantations. The rich gardens have all disappeared, and probably the ruins, for it is a French settlement.

Bou-Sâda is 180 miles from Batna, and is a large French colony, surrounded by gardens of palms and fruit trees, watered by the Bou-Sâda, which, together with several other streams, runs into the great adjoining Chott of Es-Saïda, whose waters are all carried off by evaporation.

A Marabout, named Si-Tamer, commenced in the sixth century the town of Bou-Sâda by building a hermitage at the foot of the Djebel M'Sâd, attracted by the beauty of the spot. Several young men resorted thither to profit by his instruction, and built habitations around. The Saint then determined upon erecting a mosque, and giving the new village a name. While he and Si-Sliman, another holy man, were discussing this point, a negress called out to her dog, 'Sada! Sada!' which means 'Happy.' Deeming this a favourable omen, they named the place Bou-Sâda, or Father of Joy.

To the west of Batna a fine cedar forest covers an extent of four thousand hectares of one of the Aoüress Mountains. The approach to this spot is up a lovely little glen, like a Swiss valley, occupied by the houses belonging to the rangers of the forest, by a large mill, and by some good farms owned by the natives stretching up the hill-side. All along this vale are extensive foundations of old buildings, undoubtedly forming the site of a Roman Station on the high road which ran up the mountain past a saline spring, and along a brook, with the cedar forest rising aloft on the left, and with a wood of splendid old olives across the Oued on the right. There is great difficulty in getting a carriage to the top of the Pass, and

it is far preferable to walk or ride a mule. The sight of the splendid cedars above well repays the labour of the ascent.

The adjoining mountains were the scene of Chassin's lion-hunting exploits, where he killed upwards of twenty lions, and three of them in one night. I made enquiries at the Bureau Arabe about getting up a hunt, but found that considerable time should be devoted to the purpose, if one was determined to succeed, for these animals are not plentiful now. Batna and Bona are the best head-quarters for the sport, and anyone, content to wait for perhaps a month, would almost certainly succeed in getting a shot; and, with an explosive bullet, would probably kill. The heart is of course the spot to aim for, but a poor old French gentleman of the *ancien régime* I met at Algiers, and who could not walk without the aid of a stick, assured me the proper way was to strike the lion's hind quarters, for then he would be powerless to spring. It will be a sad day for him should he ever carry his theory into practice.

All the expeditions I have named are either by mule-tracks, or over badly-constructed roads, only fit for use in dry weather. There is, I believe, a mule-track from Batna to Tebessa, on the borders of Tunis, but the proper route turns off the Batna road from Constantine at Khroubs.

Having heard in many quarters that the antiquities at Tebessa were unquestionably of high interest, I fully purposed to make my way there, but was deterred by hearing of the following dreadful crime which had just been committed, the principal perpetrators of which were under arrest at Constantine, awaiting their trial.

A caravan of twenty-eight Jewish merchants were on their journey from Tunis to Constantine by way of Tebessa, thoroughly armed, and having many camels laden with valuable merchandise, worth two or three hundred

thousand francs. All this wealth induced Captain Merizan, the chief of the Bureau Arabe at Tebessa, to conspire with the Kaïd of the district to rob the caravan, and share the booty with him. The Kaïd accordingly waited in ambush with his tribe, and as the convoy passed, unsuspicious of danger, the Arabs fired, killing twenty-four out of the number. The remaining four managed to escape by feigning death, and after a long and dangerous journey succeeded in reaching Constantine, where they denounced the Kaïd, whom they had recognised. The latter, on being arrested, acknowledged his guilt, but said he acted in obedience to the orders of Captain Merizan, his superior officer.

The colonists, who favour civil government, were making great capital out of this crime, committed by one of their military rulers. The Kaïd had sent to Paris to secure the services of Jules Favre as his advocate, but his guilt was clearly established.

The murder of Miss Tinn and her large party, which some one had told me occurred on the frontiers of Tunis, also helped to dissuade me from the journey, although I afterwards learned that unfortunate lady lost her life in Tripoli, on her way to make a pilgrimage to Mecca right through the Desert.

I feel less regret at having missed a visit to Tebessa, as an intelligent government *employé* I met on board the steamer returning to France informed me that all the beautiful ruins had been levelled to the ground. The Commandant of the place had married the daughter of a contractor who was erecting some buildings for the Government, and the lady's wedding portion was given, on condition that the fine old stonework might be employed in the new erections.

One magnificent temple, of which eight hundred lofty columns of pink and yellow marble were standing not long

since, had been thus wantonly used as a quarry. Representations of the initiation of Vestal Virgins, and Libyan inscriptions, had also been used for building purposes. Prince Napoleon, while Colonial Minister, tried to check these wholesale domolitions throughout Algeria, but was unable to carry out his praiseworthy intentions.

While at Batna, a vast army of locusts arrived in such numbers that the air was thick with them, and the ground, even in the streets of the town, was covered. It was as if a yellow snow-storm were falling. The people were picking them up as they lay exhausted by their journey, either to eat them themselves, or to feed their poultry with them. I fed some chickens at the hotel with them, who devoured them eagerly. These destructive insects are highly tenacious of life, for two which I pinned to the walls of my room on going to Biskra were in the enjoyment of good health when I returned, after an absence of two days.

This great flight was insignificant, I was told, compared with what would take place in the summer, when the eggs were hatched which were then being deposited in the ground. In 1860 the sun at Algiers was hidden by locusts, and they floated in a thick mass on the sea, into which they fell by thousands. At Koleah a vast number were buried in a large pit, over which the people danced to testify their satisfaction, when seventy were taken ill with cholera, from the stench that arose through the earth. I heard this horrible smell from the locusts alluded to before, but found none when at Batna.

A French gentleman who accompanied me to Lambessa was armed with a pistol and a life-preserver, which he said he always carried, so I tried to buy a revolver for my journey to Biskra, but I was asked such a fabulous price for a bad one, that I gladly accepted an offer from the waiter at the hotel to use his on the way.

Some of the officers who were dining in the public room got up an angry discussion about some forage, accompanied by violent gesticulations which I concluded must lead to a quarrel, but, as is usual on these occasions, they all walked out of the hotel the best friends.

CHAPTER XII.

Diligence to Biskra—Travellers armed—Good Swordsmanship—Camel Foals—Women with Piebald Locks—Sheik's young Wife—Rock Dew of Sahara—Roman Stations—Third Augustan Legion—Alpine Scene—El-Kantara—Roman Bridge—Calceus Herculis—Mouth of the Sahara—Oasis of Palms and Fruit Trees—Great Atlas Chain—Rock like a Castle—Salt Mountain at El-Outaïa—Cotton Plantation—Prospect from the Col de S'fa—Biskra—Barley Harvest in April—Bustard—Sidi-Okbah—Desert—Camels' Bones—Mirage—Politeness of the Khalifa of Sidi-Okbah—Chastising Children for gross Deception—Mosque and Tomb of the Saint—His Cruelty to his Foe, Koceila—Hammam-Sahain—Peeping Tom—Run away with by a Camel—Gazelle-shooting in the Great Atlas—Pepinière—Unsuspecting Victim—Arab Heartlessness—Ad Badias—Storming of Zâatcha.

On entering the coupé of the Biskra diligence early in the morning, I found that the glass of one window was missing, which was trying in the cold wind then blowing; indeed, I felt as uncomfortable as the Irishman in the Sedan chair without top, seat, or bottom, who said that, 'only for the honour of the thing, he would as soon walk.'

I found that all my companions in the diligence were well armed, and I inwardly rejoiced at being likewise prepared for any emergency.

A Frenchman who was travelling with me told me how one of the Turkish Beys of Constantine had cut off the upper lip of a young man there, because he took a fancy to his moustache. He then caused the lip to be skinned, and had the skin with its moustache stuck on to his own hairless face.

He also told me of a Turk who found a robber in his garden, and, as the fellow was escaping over the wall, cut off his legs with one stroke of his scimitar, flinging the *disjecta membra* at the owner's head, as he tumbled down the precipice. This story was worthy of an American, or a Knight Errant.

The native quarter at Constantine is highly dangerous at night, as any person murdered might be flung into the chasm below, where the body would never be seen again.

I was told that the diligence from Setif to Constantine had been attacked the year before; but the guard and the passengers showed fight, and the Arabs decamped.

After passing the ruins of Ad Basilicam Diadumenis, the water-shed between this part of the Tell and the Sahara is reached, at an elevation of nearly four thousand feet, and beneath is the Caravanserai of Ksour, near the remains of Tagouzidus.

The road was infamous all the way, but the ground was fortunately dry, which enabled us to make out a passable track over the plain.

The little camel foals of the Nomads were carried on the march by the dams, or by yearlings, in camels'-hair sacks swung like panniers, and their little heads looked extremely pretty, as they peeped out.

The women of the Nomads were unveiled, and wore enormous bands of horse-hair plaited; often one band was brown, while that on the opposite side of the face was black or even grey, owing doubtless to the difficulty they had in obtaining sufficient hair of one colour. What a pity they were ignorant of chignons! All these women wore the large silver earrings, like horse-shoes, I mentioned before.

Here and there some scrub and olive trees appeared on the hills, and I was surprised to see some patches of barley carefully irrigated by water conduits from the hills.

From the side of a river near the road a cloud of

vultures rose, no doubt from their banquet off some dead animal.

Sometimes the mên of the nomad parties rode the camels, while the women tramped on foot. The young wife of one Sheikh was a fine girl, and as her camel clambered up a bank, scared by the diligence, she sat it with great ease and grace, showing off her lithe figure. She wore a red kerchief round her head, and seemed to be far superior to the other women of the tribe.

Quantities of catlock, or prussiach, the yellow weed that haunts our corn-fields, were growing luxuriantly around, on which the camels and mules gladly browsed.

While traversing the vast wilds and precipices of this bleak land, I could not help thinking of the pretended 'Rock-Dew of Sahara,' for which our ladies have been silly enough to give such fabulous prices. Here it could be had for nothing, and no one valued the treasure.

A few miles beyond the ruins of Symmachi at Aïn-Touta, which are visible from the road and seem very extensive, though possessing no building of importance, the highway descends between the Djebel-Tilatou and the Djebel-Gaous, along the bank, and at one spot through the waters, of the Oued-Kantara. At the bottom of the gorge, where the Oued-Fedala unites with the Oued-Kantara among luxuriant oleanders, the Roman fort of Ad duo Flumena is still perceptible. Near this is a pretty mill, embowered in weeping willows.

From here the old Roman road crossed the Oued to the right bank, where a passage was scooped out for it beneath the precipitous rocks, made by the Third Augustan Legion, the same that assisted in the construction of Lambessa, but the modern road remains on the left bank. At a sharp turn the lovely little village of El-Kantara came in sight, nestling in the midst of lofty, rugged mountains—a bright, favoured nook, such as I have some-

times met with in the Swiss valleys—but nowhere else. The effect of this bright verdant spot, after the *triste* country I had passed through, was magical, but I little anticipated the still greater surprise that awaited me at a few hundred yards' distance.

At El-Kantara we had a capital breakfast, but the landlady was greatly surprised I did not partake of hare out of season, and was quite unable to comprehend my scruples about one being killed so late in the year as the fifth of April.

Gazelles, which are plentiful in the hills, are, I understand, stalked here behind mules.

While the horses were being put to, I walked on to see the Roman bridge, of which I had heard so much, but I found it completely modernised, and there was an inscription stating that this deed had been perpetrated by the military engineers some years ago. It was a great misfortune that the fine old arch across the Oued was thus disfigured, for the sacrilege was quite unnecessary. This bridge, stretching from cliff to cliff above the wild torrent, is now shut up, and the road, instead of passing over it, runs past its eastern end, where a passage has been blasted through the superincumbent cliffs.

Fifty yards farther a new hemisphere suddenly bursts on the view—the dreary wilderness is left behind, and the Land of Dates is entered.

Emerging from this narrow Gorge between the Djebel-Gaous and the Djebel-Essor—the Calceus Herculis of the Romans, and now called by the Arabs the Foumes-Sahara, or Mouth of the Sahara—a lovely Oasis appears, spread out in tropical luxuriance, and copiously irrigated by the waters of the Oued-Kantara, which give life to ten thousand fine date-palms. Beneath these lofty trees flourish figs, peaches, apricots, prickly pears, pomegranates, and almonds; and again, underneath these, bright

green crops of barley thrive in the grateful shade, which were coming into ear when I passed. Three crops thus grow together over a space of several hundred acres, all of which, especially the palms, are sources of boundless wealth to the inhabitants, who carefully fence off with partition-walls of baked clay their portions of this terrestrial paradise.

Walls of baked clay surround the Oasis, with small ruinous watch-towers at short intervals, of the same material, only large enough to hold a couple of men. Here are first seen the flat-roofed houses which prevail throughout the Desert, but no means exist of ascertaining whether this custom has been borrowed from the Moors or Oriental Arabs, or whether it descends from the ancient Gætulians. Probably the former theory is correct, for the country was often overrun by the dynasties that ruled in the Tell. These houses had water-spouts from the roofs made of the wood of the palm-tree.

The Romans naturally established a Colony in this lovely nook, and several mementoes of their occupation have been discovered. In a boundary wall by the road-side I noticed a large stone with an inscription on it, and I understand that the most superficial researches bring to light numbers of antiquities. Never did I see a more original view than the fine Atlas Chain of the Aouress, with the palm forest in the middle distance, and in the foreground the flat-roofed houses of the natives, and vast burying-grounds, interspersed with little mosques, and with koubbas of Marabouts.

The Oued-Bioda, or White River, an affluent of the Oued-Kantara, is crossed by a ford, in which three palm trees form a graceful islet, and flourish in feathery fertility to the water's edge. Ascending a hill, the road passes through the Roman town that flourished here, the foundations of which, and a number of upright squared stones, remain, the latter the jambs of doorways; but

there is no building standing of any note. At a short distance, however, a most remarkable freak of nature occurs in the form of a high rock surmounted by what appears to be the ruined towers of an ancient fortress. Being in such proximity to Calceus Herculis, one naturally imagines this to be a Roman work, a conviction strengthened by the distinct representation of windows; but all writers, especially Tristram, who made a personal investigation, agree in stating that this apparent castle is but an optical delusion, being only a part of the rock.

The ground in this district is strewed with petrified oysters, and other fossils. A hillock covered with ruins, called M'guesba, indicates the site of Burgum Speculatorum, and about a mile farther El-Hammam, at the foot of the Djebel-Khroubset, is reached, where flourished Aquæ Herculis, a considerable bathing station in ancient times. These warm springs are sulphurous and saline.

El-Outaïa is a very fertile Oasis, and formerly abounded in fine date-palms, but these were all destroyed during the wars that so often desolated the Sahara, especially the war of conquest by the French. Now, however, fresh plantations have been made, which are thriving by the aid of the numerous conduits of water from the Great Atlas which irrigate this region, and restore the fertility it enjoyed during the Roman occupation. El-Outaïa is famous for one of the Mountains of Salt mentioned by Herodotus, the Djebel-R'arribou, or Djebel-el-Melah, which rises close to the village on the left-hand side. The grey mass is roughly worked by the natives, who sell the salt in the neighbouring markets. Here formerly stood the remains of a fine amphitheatre, which must have been of great antiquity, for it is named as having been repaired in the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus by Emilius Pompeius, having then fallen into decay through age (*vetustate corruptam*).

Not far from El-Outaïa, we stopped at a farm where cotton is grown on a large scale. The whole way from here to Biskra the vast plains are covered with salt, from which saltpetre is freely made, and is sold chiefly to the mountain Kabyles. This salt sparkles beautifully in the sun, and is white—unlike the grey mass at El-Outaïa.

Traversing a long plain, over which a scarcely perceptible track leads to the Djebel-bou-R'ezal at its southern extremity, a good bit of road, admirably engineered, suddenly commences, and leads up a previously-hidden ravine to the Col de S'fa at the summit. Hence a splendid prospect is gained of the vast Sahara stretching away to the distant horizon southwards, while on the left rises up the massive chain of the Great Atlas, and in the middle distance far below lies Biskra, enveloped in innumerable mulberry-trees in full leaf, cypresses, palms, and every description of rich fruit-tree. Dotted over the Desert, large dark patches are descried. These are the palm-studded Oases of the Land of Dates, and the appearance they present fully justifies Ptolemy in comparing the Sahara to a leopard's skin. Descending the steep winding road, and crossing a bleak plain, past some Arab gourbis and tents, the diligence entered Biskra, the political capital of the great cluster of Oases known as the Ziban, as Sidi-Okbah is the religious capital. Ibn-Khaldoun calls this country 'the Zab,' but the fact is both words have the same signification, for Ziban is the plural of Zab. Biskra is situated on the Oued-Kantara, which here changes its name to the Oued-Biskra, after the country it runs through, according to invariable African custom. A little below Biskra this stream joins the Oued-el-Djedi, which, according to Dufour's excellent map, rises in the south of the Amour Mountains, beyond Laghouat, on the opposite slope to the Seventy Fountains, which give birth to the river Chelif, that flows to the north. The former Oueds, after receiving others from

the Aouress range, run in an easterly direction towards the great Sebkha of Hamza or Melghigh, where their waters, collected into a large lake in winter, are carried off by evaporation during the heats of summer. It is wonderful to reflect that all these Desert streams, sometimes assuming the dimensions of large rivers, run, not towards the Sea, but away from it, into the huge basin of the Sahara, which, Tristram asserts, is seventy feet below the level of the Mediterranean. He holds that, formerly, that Sea once spread all over the Desert, but that subsequently the intermediate land became elevated by volcanic agency, and this then-isolated Lake became dried up by the solar heat. This I have already named.

Tristram mentions that Artesian wells have been sunk in the Desert, and that water rises in them freely, but in the country I could obtain no information on the subject. Owing to the lowness of the bed of the Desert, and the large subterranean streams I have previously alluded to as occurring, especially at Laghouat, I can easily comprehend that Artesian wells could be readily constructed in the Sahara.

Ad Piscinam, a Roman city, flourished here, but no remains whatever are to be met with.

The inhabitants of the Zab are all supposed to be fragments of the great tribe of the Athbedj, who supplanted the aboriginal Zenatians, and who were the first Arab nomads who wrested the country from the power of the Byzantine Emperors.

Though situated so far south, Biskra did not escape the dynastic convulsions that devastated North-western Africa. The Hammadites, the Almohades, and the Hafsides, swooped down on these fertile Oases, and the latter retained possession until the Turks of Constantine, under the Pacha Sahah-Raïs, wrested it from them, who, though a cruel tyrant, established an admirable system of government, regulating scrupulously the water-supply for

every single date or other fruit tree, in which the wealth of the people chiefly consisted. He prudently built a fort at the point where the canals conducted the water to the various gardens out of the Oued, so that in case of refusal to pay imposts, or other refractory behaviour, he could instantly put on the screw by stopping the supplies.

The town is prettily planted with every kind of tree, and colonnades line all the streets for shade in summer. Opposite the Hotel du Sahara, where I stopped, a boulevard of Acacia Freysonata runs along, displaying beautiful pendent purple blossoms. The pomegranates were likewise in full flower. But the most remarkable phenomenon was the forward state of the barley harvest. Although but the 6th of April, the grain was turning yellow, and would be fit to reap in about ten days. The owners were congratulating themselves that the crop would be down before the young locusts were hatched, for each old insect deposits a hundred eggs. They were quite safe, but the corn at Batna was sure to be lost. The locusts at Biskra make a clean sweep of the palm-leaves, as well as all other vegetation, and leave the country bare and desolate. The sun's heat would be too great to admit of a second crop replacing the barley in open ground, but on the shaded Oases it is usual to have a succession.

After a capital dinner, partly off bustard, I received a letter from the officer of the Bureau Arabe, whom I met in the hotel, to the Khalifa of Sidi-Okbah, whither I purposed going the following morning. My room was in a small detached house built on the flat roof of the *table-d'hôte* room, and I had to ascend to it by a ladder. A deafening chorus of bull-frogs in the tanks and streams adjoining, and of dogs barking at wild beasts, was going on, without intermission, throughout the night. Next morning I started for Sidi-Okbah in a carriage, accompanied by an Arab guide from the Oasis of Souf, six days south,

who spoke French with the most perfect accent. Crossing the Oued-Biskra by a ford, a rich Oasis was passed on the right, overhanging the river, and covered with luxuriant palms. These palm-bearing Oases abound round Biskra throughout the Ziban, and are the source of great riches to the owners. About Biskra alone are 140,000 of these invaluable trees which, as M. Hardy of the Jardin d'Essai at Algiers truly observes, 'may be considered the providential tree of these regions by its perfect adaptability to the Saharian climate, and by the innumerable services it renders to the populations of the south—in fact, by its aid alone are these spots rendered habitable.' The various uses to which its stem, leaves, and fruit are applicable are so well-known, that they need not be here enumerated.

We soon got on a mere track across the Desert, but not such a desert as I expected. Instead of a vast tract of mere sand, I found the sand was intermixed with mounds and tufts of dwarf palm, terebinth, and taffe. The ground was largely sprinkled with salt, which sparkled beautifully on my return in the afternoon, when dried by the sun. Bones of camels and mules, which had died on the way, and been devoured by vultures, were lying about. I passed a native with two wives, one a black and the other a white. The black wife appeared to be a Nubian, for she had a beautiful figure and most perfectly-shaped legs.

Here I had an opportunity of seeing a mirage, which quite imposed upon me. A large lake appeared to stretch away in front, out of which islands rose covered with dwarf scrub. The guide was greatly amused when I enquired the name of the lake. Several women passed, some of them dressed in clean white burnouses, but they were all much alarmed at the cracking of the coachman's whip, and jumped at the sound.

At Sidi-Okbah all the wood-work is of palm-tree, and you become aware of this fact the moment you enter the Oasis. The narrow road winds between fences of this most perishable timber, and the bridges over the little irrigating oueds are of the same worthless material.

A drive through splendid palm-groves brought me to the Kaïd's house, whither his Khalifa was speedily summoned, who ushered me with much ceremony into the guest-chamber, which was furnished with a table and a couple of chairs, and, wonderful to relate, with a brass bedstead spread over with small Turkey and Persian carpets, on which were laid pillows covered in red and gold damask.

The Kaïd's servant and my guide arranged the breakfast-things in strict conformity with European ideas, the Khalifa, attired in a dark-brown cloth burnous, not daring to make his appearance until I had finished my meal, when he meekly joined me at the street-door to escort me round the town. The residence of the Kaïd was a substantially-built and very clean house, much resembling an English village-inn. An enormous crowd had assembled to gape at the Christian, and I threw some coppers out of the window, when the wild savages upset a poor cripple in the scramble for these, and made her cry frightfully. Altogether the violence and excitement were so excessive that I had to desist. When I came down, some children approached with what appeared to be a branch of a tree on which beautiful rose-blossoms were growing. Thinking this was some new flower, I was going to take one, when the Khalifa gave the children a good beating with his stick, and drove them away. Seeing my surprise, he showed me that I had been deceived, the children having stuck rosebuds on acacia thorns—a condition of mental development and civilisation one was unprepared to find in the wilds of the Desert.

A large open piece of waste ground, covered with heaps of rubbish and dirt, lay opposite the great man's house, doubtless supposed to be the Place or Square of the town. On the opposite side of this space was a flat-roofed house with a beautiful shady arbour on the roof, beneath which a man was busily engaged in needlework while his wife indolently looked on—an inversion of the proper order of things in Oriental life.

Preceded by the portly, consequential Khalifa, flourishing his stick to clear a way through the wondering attendant mob, I advanced up the main street of Sidi-Okbah, which was a dirty narrow passage, lined with little stalls, in which I saw some fine potatoes, and a great heap of locusts, cooked for food, of a brownish-red colour. The houses I passed, and indeed all on the Oasis, were made of clay baked in the sun, and were of the same colour as the ground.

Many of the women wore blue striped dresses, and others maroon, or black with white stripes. They mostly had red handkerchiefs round their heads, with enormous silver earrings in, or over, their ears. The inhabitants of this Oasis boast that no European dwells among them.

At the door of the famous Mosque of the Saint Sidi-Okbah, the most ancient monument of the Moslem Faith in Algeria, my swarthy guide had a hard task to drive off the wondering multitude, especially one persevering old woman, who called out loudly for justice, which, in all probability, she failed to receive. The mosque is of the highest interest, on account of its great antiquity, and is, besides, ornamented with a large number of columns, sculptured, and having painted capitals. There is also a fine gate of some very hard wood, said to have been brought from the Roman city of Tubonis in the Hodna district. But the great wonder of the mosque is the square Minaret, for the Faithful assert that, on touching

one of its pillars and invoking Sidi-Okbah, the whole structure is felt to shake manifestly. I tried hard, but could not produce the desired result, doubtless owing to want of faith in the holy Marabout. The minaret is covered with the names of the native pilgrims to the shrine of the Saint, scratched on the walls in true European style.

Close to the mosque is the Tomb of Sidi-Okbah, in a large koubba. The simple shrine is covered with large draperies of coloured silks embroidered in Arabic characters, and it is also ornamented with ostriches' eggs, and with a handsome silver lantern which hangs from the roof.

On a pillar of the koubba is the inscription:—'Here lies Sidi-Okbah, the son of Nafé, whom may God in pity receive.' This is the most ancient Arabic inscription in Algeria, and dates from the first century of the Hegira.

I have before mentioned how this great conquering Saint carried his victorious arms, and propagated his Religion, as far as the Atlantic, overthrowing the great Berber Confederation under Koceila, and founding the town of Kairouan near Usalitanum, which he made his capital.

He trampled on his fallen foe, Koceila, whom he took about as a prisoner, making him slaughter a sheep with his own hands; but Koceila watched his opportunity when the Saint was off his guard and slew him, together with his guard, having found means to make the Berbers fall suddenly upon them in the neighbourhood of Tehouda, the Roman Thabudeos, which is a short distance to the north of Sidi-Okbah. Koceila showed greater moderation in prosperity than the Marabout, for he governed North Africa with great justice and moderation; but Zoheir-Ibn-Kaïs was sent by the Caliph to revenge the death of Okbah, and overthrew the throne of Koceila, who was

succeeded by Kahina, the Aouress Queen, in the sovereignty of the Berber race.

The Marabout, 'The Friend of Mahomet,' was interred near to where he fell, and in all succeeding ages his Shrine has been the object of pious pilgrimages amongst the Faithful.

On my way back, I passed a youth wearing silver bracelets, and another who had his burnous fastened by silver fibulæ. I never heard before of these latter ornaments in Africa.

Taking leave of the Khalifa, I drove away, with great regret, from this unique and interesting Oasis.

The Oasis, I am told, is full of quails, which fight fiercely together.

I returned to Biskra in time to drive to the Baths of Hammam-Sahain on the opposite side of the town, under the range of high hills which I passed at the Col de S'fa. The water bursts forth from the ground at so high a temperature that a child who fell in was scalded to death before it could be rescued, and in the baths the heat of the water is barely endurable. While taking my dip, a party of critics clambered up and thrust their heads in between the top of the door and the lintel above, whom I speedily dislodged by a feint of throwing my boots at them. Another 'Peeping Tom,' I discovered, was reconnoitring me through a small chink in the partition-wall, into whose eye I sent a strong dash of the boiling water. A large number of empty outhouses were attached to the baths for the use of the visitors, who were supposed to bring with them everything they required, namely, a dirty rug to sleep on, and a cooking-pot. I saw several families huddled together in these filthy buildings. The bath attendant brought a chair for me to put my clothes upon, as it was more prudent not to lay them on the ground where the Arabs had previously placed theirs.

Feeling anxious to explore the Great Atlas, and at the same time to shoot a gazelle—animals which I had been told abounded there—I started on a camel at three o'clock in the morning for the mountains. Unluckily I took my dog with me, intending to leave him in the charge of the camel-driver while I went stalking with the chasseur; but the poor fellow's untimely affection induced him to jump up against the camel in his efforts to reach me, which so frightened the beast that it set off in a swing trot and struck right for the Desert. It scuffled down the steep bank of the Oued-Biskra amidst a clattering landslip of huge boulder stones, splashed and floundered over the torrent-bed, scrambled up the opposite perpendicular side, and after a long run turned his head round close to my face, as much as to say, 'What do you think of that?' I thought that I did not at all like it, for I had neither bridle nor stirrups, and my legs hung helplessly over the large wooden framework, like a straddle, on which the panniers or sacks are slung when the animal is laden. To this I grimly clung like a monkey, but I had all my work set out, for the motion was like sitting over an earthquake, or braving the billow and the breeze in a cockboat. The guide now overtook me, and throwing himself on the camel's neck, made it lie down that I might descend from my airy height, for I had got horrible cramps, and was quite blown in my efforts to hang on. Once more I threw my leg over the beast, and with loud groaning and bellowing the huge mass rose up beneath me. This time I extemporised a substitute for stirrups by tying up one knee to the straddle by my handkerchief, and the other by a napkin sent with me for my *al fresco* breakfast. Over the camel's shoulder hung a sword, with a very richly chased silver hilt, belonging to the owner of the camel, without which he never travelled, but on drawing it from its

wooden scabbard I found the blade was only of iron or common steel; yet no doubt good enough to deal an ugly blow.

After a long ride through wild hills, and then over a vast bleak plain, on which grew a few jujube bushes in leaf and berry, the latter excessively bitter and astringent to the taste, I approached the hunting ground. Scattered over the vast expanse I had to pass, mules, sheep, and camels were grazing near the tents of their nomad owners.

By the time I reached the Djebel-Hamar-Khreddou, at the south of the Aouress, it was between seven and eight o'clock, and my guide coolly informed me it was now too late to get a shot, as the gazelles had to be lain in wait for behind rocks or jujubiers at the Oueds, where they descend to drink at early morning. I was prepared for a good stalk in Highland, Swiss, or Pyrenean fashion, but the Arab assured me the country was too open for this, and, as far as my experience went, he appeared to be right. We took a long walk through the bare mountains under a broiling sun, but only saw one small herd of gazelles, which the nature of the ground would not allow us to approach. The fellow did not speak French well enough to explain how the right spot along the water courses can be found for lying in ambush, but, no doubt, the gazelles have passes known to the chasseurs.

Any further attempt that day being rendered futile, I returned to where I had left the camel and the breakfast, behind a mound in the plain, and found the driver had made a shady nook for himself by throwing his burnous over a jujubier, under which he was enjoying a sound sleep, while his camel was hobbled close by. On talking over the failure of the expedition, I came to the conclusion that anyone wishing for sport should follow poor

Miss Tinn's plan of taking a tent abroad with them and camping out on the hills, accompanied by at least three or four trustworthy attendants, and a large dog, to keep watch at night. Thus furnished, and with a good horse, and a couple of baggage mules that will take care of themselves, one could arrange a delightful sporting tour through Algeria, especially in the province of Constantine.

While I was at breakfast, a number of the Kabyle mountaineers passed from the Atlas valleys, resembling much in appearance the inhabitants of Great Kabylia, and evidently descended from the same Berber or Gætulian stock.

Near the old Turkish fort my camel again took fright, and tried to run away, but was stopped in time.

The following day I took another camel-ride due south, to enter the actual sea of sand without any vegetation, and to see the last Oasis of the Ziban group, no other being met for six days' journey south.

Here I witnessed another capital mirage, similar to the one I have already described. The Arabs cry, 'Ush, ush,' to their camels, to make them go on, as they cry, 'Ariyah' to their mules.

On my return I walked to see the Pépinière, or Government nursery, established to give the natives and colonists practical knowledge of agriculture and arboriculture. It is situated in a wondrously fertile and well-watered Oasis close to the town, and contains every description of tree or plant suitable for cultivation in the Sahara. There was a splendid crop of luxuriant wheat in full ear, and barley which was turning, and would be fit for cutting in a week. Fine specimens abounded of coffee and cotton bushes, sugar-canes, vanilla, rice, saffron, and palmæ Christi, besides avenues of date-palms, oranges, lemons, olives, pomegranates, mulberries, and every variety of rare fruit-tree.

The French superintendent of the gardens married a beautiful Arab girl, whom I saw busy gathering a bouquet among the flower-beds. My guide informed me that the poor unsuspecting thing was speedily to be divorced, as the husband liked another Arab woman better. The fellow coolly informed me that he meant to turn away, in the same manner, a wife he was going to marry, after she had lived with him for a few months. By that time he expected his mother to die, when he would take a tour in Europe; and, as he could not trust his wife alone, and could not take her with him, he would dismiss her, and get another on his return. The process was quite simple. He would take her before the Kadi and solemnly declare she was no longer his wife, pay a fee of six francs to the holy man, and the thing was done. I tried to convince him of the enormity of such cold-blooded, premeditated villainy, but could not make him see there was anything wrong in behaving thus to a wife who had not misconducted herself. 'There could be nothing wrong,' he said, 'in doing what all the Arabs did.' He argued that if she did wrong he could recover from her family the price he had paid them for her; but as it was, he intended to make this sum a present to them, which they would consider very handsome conduct. I should hesitate to mention this, could I not vouch for the truth of the man's statement, having heard from an accomplished Mahometan gentleman whom I know that all the Arabs claim this absolute power of turning off their wives without any valid reason, in like manner as the Roman dismissed his wife because her nose displeased him.

At Biskra a boy brought me for sale a tree-lizard, which climbs the date-palms, and feeds on the fruit. It was a short, fat, bloated-looking beast, with a short tail.

To the east of Biskra are many villages and Oases worth seeing, particularly Khrenguet-Sidi-Nadji under

the Djebel-Tamazouz, which boasts of monuments built of marble and stone, quite different in character from any other in this part of the Sahara. A few miles distant to the south is Bades, the Ad-Badias of the Romans, famous, according to Ibn-Khaldoun, as being the spot where Ibn-R'ania, of the Almoravide dynasty, was buried after a reign of fifty years over Ifrikia, Mar'reb, and Saracenic Spain.

To the west of Biskra lie Lichana, famous for its manufacture of beautiful bright-coloured carpets; Zâatcha, carried by storm after a severe attack by the French; and Tolga, formerly an important Roman city. The mosque at the latter place, also called Beffanta, is built of stone, and contains capitals of columns dating from the time of the Roman occupation.

CHAPTER XIII.

Back to Constantine—Roadman armed—Groups of Girls at El-Kantara—Kaïd of the Beni-Ferah—General Perrégaux—English Penny—Spot where Arabs attacked Diligence—Miss Tinn pistolling a favourite Arab Horse—Sharp Frost—Friends at Constantine—Roman Remains on Philippeville Road—Plain of Saf-Saf—Philippeville bought for 6*l.*—Ancient Theatre—Its great Age—Museum—Roman Amphitheatre—Wild Boars—Stora—Roman Fountain and Cisterns—Collo—Purple Dye—Cap de Fer—Bona—Djebel-Edough—Cork Forests—Hippona—Saint Augustine—Splendour of Hippona—Donatism and Arianism—Lake of Fetzara—Grebes—Zibara—Chief Mosque—Drive to Hippona—River Seybouse—Huge Cisterns—Hermitage of Augustine—Tomb of the Saint—Coral-fishing at Cape Rosa—Temple of Diana—La Calle—Mode of Fishing for Coral—Silver and Lead Mines—Fort of Tabarque—Isle of Galita—Bizert—Fertile Country along the Coast.

ALTHOUGH it had been so hot the day before, on starting from Biskra in the dark, on my return journey, the cold of the morning air was intense, notwithstanding it was the 9th of April. Fortunately the glass in the diligence window had been put in.

Near El-Outaïa I was amused to see an Arab shepherd-boy running across the plain, which was covered with a carpet of beautiful mauve flowers, to have a look at the diligence, followed by all his sheep and goats charging after him. It struck me as singular that no black cattle were to be seen in the Sahara.

On the road I saw a cantonier at work, with his gun

lying beside him on the banks, which the diligence conductor told me was a common precautionary measure.

Great numbers of camels were on the road, many of them yearlings carrying the little foals on their backs, being too young for heavier work. A good camel is worth 8*l.*

When crossing the Oued at the village of El-Kantara, a number of very fine young girls were busy washing linen in the stream, who were most liberal in displaying their well-formed limbs. They wore purple and blue wool twisted in their hair, and hanging gracefully down their cheeks, and formed a most picturesque group.

When traversing the wild Pass of El-Kantara, and taking a last look at the noble palm-forest below, I felt sincere regret at leaving the Sahara, probably never to see its most original and most delightful scenes again.

At the hotel I found the Kaïd of the Beni-Ferah, arrayed in a scarlet cloak, richly ornamented with gold embroidery, on which glittered the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and surrounded by a large body of attendants, who squatted outside the arbour at the inn door, where the great man was seated. He was awaiting the arrival of General Perrégaux, the General in command at Constantine, who was expected on his way to Biskra, on a tour of inspection. It was a great disappointment to me to find that the General would not be at Constantine on my return, as I had letters of introduction to him. About an hour from El-Kantara I passed him and his wife in a caléche, drawn by a pair of mules, which an artillery soldier drove, and his staff followed in another carriage.

At the caravanserai of Ksour I came in for an animated discussion about an English penny, which had found its way there, and as to whose nationality endless conjectures were propounded.

The clerk of the diligence office at Batna behaved so badly to me about a coupé place to Constantine, that I

complained to the gendarmerie, who bullied him well, and gave me a certificate to show at Constantine, in case the delay caused by his conduct should make me miss the steamer at Philippeville for Tunis.

Having lost the coupé place, I had to travel at night in the banquette with the conductor, which I found just as warm and comfortable. The conductor was a very superior and intelligent man. He said the ex-Emperor had done great harm by telling the Arab chiefs they were compatriots and brothers, and filling their minds with vanity and self-importance. He told me he had been attacked six years before, at a spot he pointed out to me, and fired at by twenty of these assassins, one of whose shots cut a leather strap which was close to the postilion's arm. Had the driver been killed, and had the reins fallen from his hands, the diligence would have been at the mercy of the Arabs. Fortunately the foolish fellows had selected the top of a Col for their attack, so the coachman just flogged on his horses, and was out of range in a few minutes. The Kaïd of the district was obliged to discover and deliver up the miscreants, eight of whom were guillotined, and nine condemned to hard labour for life. At the first place we changed horses, we heard that a cantonier close by had been murdered the night before.

The conductor also showed me where he had passed Miss Tinn's encampment on the road-side, a few months previously. Not long before he came up, she had pistolled a valuable black Arabian horse, because the animal did something to vex her. She always dressed in the Arab costume, with one eye peeping out over her veil. In her suite she had an artist, who was making an album to illustrate her travels, of which latter she was always talking.

The conductor had a little Pomeranian dog, which passed the night on the rounded roof of the diligence, whence

it barked furiously at every living object it saw. There was such a sharp frost that the little fellow slipped about, and could scarcely keep his footing. When daylight appeared, as we approached Constantine, the dog, at a signal, while we were at a full trot, bounded on to the coachman's shoulders, then to the footboard, and down on to the wheelers' backs, whence he scuffled on to the road, where he landed safely on his feet.

On arriving at Constantine I went at once to the diligence bureau for Philippeville, to secure a place to meet the steamer; but, as I had come by the opposition company from Batna, the agent was very rude, and said he could not take me by the night diligence. However, on producing the certificate to prove how badly his clerk had treated me at Batna, he was awfully civil, and promised to turn out a passenger to oblige me.

While walking about the town in the afternoon, I met some friends from Algiers, who had felt anxious about my safety during my journey over the Djurjura, as they had seen the mountains covered with snow, and feared I might have been overtaken in the storm. After I left, there had been a slight shock of earthquake at Algiers.

On the way to Philippeville I had a bitterly cold night again, with a cold northerly wind blowing—a great contrast to the warmth of the Desert.

Ten miles on the road, at the foot of the steep hills that slope away from Constantine, the little village of Hamma is reached, the Roman Azimacia, where there are hot springs. An inscription states that Azimacia was built from its foundations by Lucius Sittius. Another later inscription records how this neighbourhood was infested by lions and other wild beasts, and by gangs of assassins, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

El-Kantours is supposed by M'Carthy to have been Kenturia, and by Bérard to have been Ad Centuriam,

and is situated at the highest spot on the way. Another Roman station on the road, which latter nearly corresponds in some parts with the old Roman *via*, was situated at Gastonville, called Villa Sele, where mosaics and the remains of cisterns were found.

At Tilfila are fine quarries of white marble.

Philippeville lies in a valley between sloping hills, which run from the sea on the north to the fertile plain of Saf-Saf on the south. A very important Roman city dedicated to Venus stood here, named Rusicadis, after the old Phœnician term of Rus-cicar. When the French under General Valée shamelessly bought the whole of the ground now covered by the large town of Philippeville from the ignorant Kabyles for 150 francs, or six pounds, the place was full of numerous magnificent ruins, which crowned the hills around.

All buildings of any interest have vanished, except the old theatre, which has been carefully preserved by the praiseworthy exertions of Monsieur Wallet, the intelligent Mayor of Philippeville, who has devoted his attention to the subject since 1859. This most interesting relic is in wonderfully good preservation, but has to be propped up in many places to prevent the strongly-cemented rubble-work from falling, where cracked by the force of earthquakes. It measures sixty-five yards in diameter, and thirty-two and a half in depth.

During the reign of the Emperor Adrian, in the year 130 A.D., this theatre underwent repair, so must have been considerably more ancient. A fine bust of Adrian, and numerous inscriptions bearing his name, are placed in the admirably-arranged museum, which fills a small house attached to the ruins. The theatre occupies the side of a hill along which the rows of seats were placed, the flights of steps to two of the tiers being still perfect, and likewise a corridor at the back, from which a door opened into the

palace of the Roman Governor. A large olive-tree grows on the top of one of the arches, without any appearance of nutriment for its roots. The custodian told me that the stage was discovered, when the foundations for the Lyceum were being laid close beneath, but it was built over. He deplored the destruction of the beautiful temples and other ruins that once graced the opposite hill, demolished on the arrival of his countrymen, to make way for the present unsightly barracks.

In the space occupied by the ruins several sarcophagi are ranged, one of which has its side sculptured with a representation of a vault, the door of which is half open, as if the deceased had just passed in—a highly poetical composition.

The museum contains many interesting relics. A large slab with a Libyan inscription has sorely taxed the ingenuity of the learned, and a cast of it has been sent to Paris to be submitted to the leading *savants* of Europe. Among other antiquities are a fine mosaic of a Bacchante, a bust of a lovely Greek woman, a sun-dial, water-sinks, two skeletons in stone coffins, amphoræ, and a large collection of coins. The most curious object, however, is a piece of sculpture, illustrating the principle of reproduction, which is kept in a cellar below the museum, and only exhibited to a select few.

Lying about under some trees in the Place Corneille are some huge columns of white marble, grey marble, and Egyptian granite, some of them with Corinthian capitals, which originally formed part once of some imposing structure—the Temple of Bellona, in the opinion of the curator.

In the fort of Orleans, high up the Bou-Yala Hill, behind the college and old theatre, are some fine Roman cisterns, worth seeing. Rusicadis was a fortified town, surrounded by a circle of towers, the foundations of which are often brought to light. Near the present cemetery,

the vestiges of the ancient amphitheatre could be traced until a few years ago. An inscription found on the spot, and placed in the museum at Algiers, describes the crowds that came to witness the gladiatorial combats, and the fights of wild beasts, which took place in this gigantic circus in ancient times.

Rusicadis was a Christian Bishopric, and three of its bishops are named in history. Verulus was present at the Council of Carthage in A.D. 260, and suffered martyrdom at the hands of the schismatics. In A.D. 305 Victor was accused, and convicted, of having delivered up the Holy Scriptures to the Pagans to destroy, but he afterwards proved that the crime had been committed by Valentianus, the Roman Governor of the province. Faustinius, another Bishop of Rusicadis, took part in the condemnation of the Donatist Heresy at the Council of Carthage.

The country about Philippeville abounds in wild boars, the flesh of which is sold regularly in the market. I saw some fine ones hanging up, with enormous tusks.

Here I saw four Biskhri men carrying casks of wine on long poles, a custom formerly common with this race, but which I had not before seen, even at Biskra itself.

The French are constructing a small harbour at Philippeville, but Stora, on the western side of the large Gulf of Stora, the Sinus Numidicus of the Romans, is, and always has been, the port of the town; for there only can vessels of any size ride safely at anchor under the lee of the high hills. Even there (in 1841) a tremendous tempest committed frightful havoc amongst the shipping in the Bay of Stora, the force of which the Island of S'rigina was powerless to break.

This port is only four miles by road from Phillipeville, and passengers for the steamer generally drive by road to Stora, whence they can be rowed out in shelter to the

ship, which lies a mile away. But the sea was so calm that I preferred taking a boat across the whole way, first touching at Stora to see the Roman cisterns and fountain. The latter is very perfect, being situated at the back of a large arched vault, built expressly for a lavatory, and sheltered from the sun's heat. The water flows freely out of a sculptured white marble structure into tanks, where Frenchwomen perform their laundry work, in the same manner as their Italian predecessors did hundreds of years ago. The cisterns, high up the hill above, have been repaired and covered with vaulted roofs, being fed by the ancient underground aqueduct from the Oued-Cheddi, or River of Monkeys, which was liscovered, and put into working order, by the military engineers.

About thirty miles from Philippeville, towards Algiers, lies Collo, at the foot of the Djebel-Goufi, or Seba-Rous. This sea-port town was the Kollops Magnus of Ptolemy, and the Chulli Municipium of the Itinerary of Antoninus. It is called Mers-el-Kollo by the Arabian, and Ancollo by the old European geographers. Here Peter of Arragon, who had arrived with his fleet to make war against the Hafside dynasty, heard of the Sicilian Vespers, and sailing straight for Palermo, was crowned King of Sicily.

During the Roman occupation, Kollops Magnus was an important manufacturing city, famous for its purple dye. Later, there were large exports of wax, tanned leather, corn, oil, tallow, and coral to Pisa and Genoa. From the thirteenth to the seventeenth century Collo was a place of great importance, its harbour being well sheltered from the prevailing westerly winds by the point of El-Djerda.

To the eastward rises the Island of Collo, inhabited by kites, sparrow-hawks, swallows, petrels, and wild pigeons.

Between this and Stora, the Island of S'rigina projects

into the sea, crowned by a lighthouse, and assisting to shelter the Bay of Stora.

Philippeville and Stora are situated very like Oran and Mirs-el-Kebir, and the road winding along the precipitous shore between them greatly heightened the resemblance.

On board the 'Zouave' I found my friend Captain Pécoul, and, soon after embarking, we were off for Tunis.

Striking for the Cap-de-Fer, or Ras-el-Hadid, the eastern boundary of the Gulf of Stora, Cape Filfila, or Cape Vert, is passed, on which stands the Djebel-Filfila, famous for the white-marble quarries worked by the Romans, and by succeeding conquerors. Up a deep recess of the gulf, the site of Portus Antena—the Pariatanis of the ancients, and the Porto Antena of the Middle Ages—lies in a little bay, near the débouchement of the Oued-Châref. The Cap-de-Fer is a bold, bluff, bare headland, remarkable for its iron mines, and for the sharp peaks that rise up on its southern side.

After passing this sharp, tooth-like point, the Cape of Toukouch is passed, the ancient Tacuata. The Genoese and Pisans called the harbour situated behind the shelter of this peninsula Porto Entrocoxi, and traded there for wax, woollen stuffs, and hides with the Highlanders of the Edough Mountains, which run from here to Bona, and which are in many parts highly cultivated by the Kabyle inhabitants.

After rounding Cape Arxin, a small bay opens out where Kollops Parvus, or Sublucu, is supposed to have stood.

On the Cap-de-Garde, or Ras-al-Hamra, a lighthouse has been constructed out of the ruins of an ancient building. A fine quarry of white marble, streaked with blue, was worked by the Romans on this point, from which the monuments were made that formerly graced the

neighbouring city of Hippona. This marble, which is of a coarse grain, contains a number of large garnets, which were called carcadoniæ.

After the old Fort built by the Genoese in the fifteenth century, and the anchorage called The Caroubiers, the Ras-al-Hamam, or Cape of Pigeons, is reached—the Promontory of Stoborron, mentioned by Ptolemy. To the east of this an islet, fifty feet high, assumes exactly the shape of a lion when seen from the further side, and is named The Lion in consequence of this resemblance. After this, going past some hills covered with scrub and prickly pear, the vessel glides into the harbour of Bona.

The French are making a fine port here, the piers being constructed of large concrete blocks. The town stands on a rising ground, overlooking the harbour, and surmounted by the ancient Kasba. It is closed round at the back by the lofty and picturesque heights of the Djebel-Edough, the Mons Papoua of the Romans, which is clothed in rich cork-wood forests to its summit. In its recesses are found cascades and ravines, as well as the remains of the aqueduct that supplied the Roman town of Hippona with water.

Bona was the ancient Aphrodisium, called by the Arabs Beled-el-Annaba, or the Town of Jujubiers, on account of the number of those bushes that grew in its vicinity. The Oued-Seybouse separates Bona from the rising ground covered with splendid old olives, where stood Hippona or Hippo, of which St. Augustine was bishop. At the mouth of the river some large fragments of masonry point out the site of an old quay, the ancient port of Hippona, where Pompey's Lieutenant, Metellus Scipio, was defeated by Publius Sittius, the Lieutenant of Cæsar.

Hippona, which had been a mercantile colony of Carthage, under the name of Ubbo, was likewise termed

Hippo Regius, in consequence of the Kings of Numidia being accustomed to reside there, attracted by the beauty of the surrounding country and the great facilities for the chase afforded in the adjacent wooded mountains. From the time of the first Punic War until the self-destruction of Juba, the last Numidian sovereign, these monarchs continued Hippona as their capital. After this event, Cæsar appointed Sallust Governor of Africa, and during his residence in this part of Numidia, the Historian collected much of the materials for his great work.

Hippona vied with Carthage, during the third and fourth centuries, as the most opulent city in Africa. It was richly decorated with costly works of art and noble buildings, which were all destroyed when the beautiful town was burnt to the ground during the Vandal invasion in 431. Belisarius recovered Hippona from these Barbarians; but when the Arabs took possession, they ruthlessly demolished what the Vandals had spared, including the fine Cathedral and library of St. Augustine, which the Vandals had refrained from injuring in memory of the Saint, who for thirty-five years had occupied with honour the episcopal throne of this polished and great city. It was here, in the year 390, that he was first ordained, four years after his conversion from Paganism by Bishop Valerius, who afterwards appointed him his coadjutor at the age of thirty-six; and on the bishop's death in the following year, Augustine succeeded to the vacant mitre.

While speaking of St. Augustine, it is impossible to avoid referring to the history of the early Christian Church in Africa, of which he was so brilliant an ornament. Donatism, but more especially Arianism, threatened to alter the entire constitution of the Christian Religion, yet these vital questions were decided by the

African Church, in which they originated. Thus, one of the dogmatical bases of our Religion was established in this remote province of the Roman empire, where Athanasius, at length, succeeded in returning and triumphing over Arius, after he had been exiled for the Truth, and after the Christian world had almost been forced into rejecting the Doctrine of the Trinity.

Bona, a name evidently derived from the ancient Hippona, is mentioned by El-Bekhri as existing at the end of the seventh century. He says it was also styled Medina-Zaoui, or the Town of Zaoui. At the end of the tenth century, according to Ibn-Haukal, a large trade existed here in horses, wax, honey, woollen manufactures, corn, fruits, and minerals. At this time, Bona was a walled city.

In the thirteenth century Bona belonged to Tunis, and the Hafside Sultan, Abou-Zakaria, was buried in the great mosque; but, a hundred years later, the city fell under the sway of the Merenide dynasty. The Pisans, the Florentines, the Genoese, the Catalonians, the Venetians, and the Marseillaises, in succession, traded with Bona, as well as with the other commercial cities along the coast of Barbary, having advantageous treaties with the Sultans of Tunis and Bougia. One staple article of trade was coral, the fishers for which have always been considered of great importance on these shores.

The Sultans of Tunis recovered possession of Bona in the sixteenth century, but it was not an agreeable appanage of their crown, for the inhabitants had an unpleasant habit of murdering the Tunisian Governors who displeased them.

When Kheir-ed-din became Pacha of Algiers, he took Bona, but retired when Charles V. conquered Tunis. For some time, subsequently, the Genoese owned the

place, but on their retirement the Sultans of Tunis retook possession, until, in their turn, they were once more expelled by the Turks from Algiers.

'Thanks to the French innovations, the original physiognomy has disappeared,' as a French writer boasts, no object of any interest remaining, except the great mosque. This large building occupies one side of the principal square, where fine palms, India-rubber trees, and oranges, in fruit and flower, form a rich group.

Under the colonnades round this square, there is an excellent naturalist, from whom all skins and stuffed birds peculiar to the country can be purchased. A fine lion's skin, well mounted upon cloth, can be had for 32*l.*, and a panther's for 20*l.* Excellent grebe-skins cost five francs each; but these birds are becoming so scarce that the Government has prohibited their being killed for some time. They, and also quantities of flamingoes, are found at the great Lake of Fetzara, upon the road to Jèmappes. This lake is about six feet deep, and its waters are brackish, though a spring of fresh water rises in the centre. It is a remarkable fact that no mention of this vast sheet of water was ever made by the Ancients, not even by Saint Augustine, in whose Diocese it was situated. Extensive ruins having been perceived in the very centre of the lake, it is supposed that a depression of the soil has taken place, caused by one of the numerous earthquakes so common in the country, and that the Oued-Seybouse has filled up the hollow with its waters. The ruins discovered beneath the surface are supposed to be those of Ad Plumbaria, a missing city, which stood at this distance from Hippona.

But to return to the Bona naturalist. He had a very pretty ornament called a Zibara, made from the skin of a grebe, which is a great favourite with the ladies of the harem. The skin is opened out and mounted on red or

blue silk, three pockets at the back being used by the captive beauties to contain their love-letters and their lollipops.

In the Djama-el-Bey, or chief mosque, I saw a poor native praying, with a countenance on which piety and earnestness were strongly depicted.

Joining some English fellow-passengers by the steamer, we took a carriage to visit the ruins of Hippona, about two miles away. We crossed the Seybouse, and passed the site of the old harbour, after which we drove along a pretty lane bordered by koubbas, and by cemeteries full of white tombstones, shaded by fine old olives and pomegranates, through which we had lovely views of Bona and the Djebel-Edough.

After walking up a steep bank to the right of the road, we came to the old gigantic cisterns that supplied Hippona with water, carried in aqueducts from the adjacent mountains. They are fifty paces long, and the principal one is twenty paces wide and fifty feet high. The roof of the latter has fallen in, but the others are partially covered, and the round openings at the top still appear, through which the water was raised for use. These huge structures were long supposed by the ignorant native writers to have formed the crypt of St. Augustine's cathedral, and a long narrow chamber, thirty feet by twelve, is still called his Hermitage, whereas it was merely the residence of the custodian in charge of the water-works. An apartment exactly similar is situated underneath, and is approached from the outside. Over this part of the building a cross and bell have been erected in honour of the Saint, doubtless under the erroneous impression that the spot was his hermitage, and therefore sacred to his memory. On the high hill above these cisterns stands the monument built by the French in remembrance of Augustine, which is constructed in the

shape of an altar, standing on a large raised platform of stone, and enclosed by an iron railing. The white marble altar has a heart sculptured upon it, and also two old, and three young, storks.

It was from Hippona that Aulius, under Metellus, led his expedition against Jugurtha, when he became entangled and defeated in the difficult country on the road to Suthul, through the defiles of Hammam-Meskhroutin.

Two roads lead from Bona to Constantine. One, by Guelma, Hammam-Berda, and Heliopolis, has been already alluded to; the other runs by the Lake of Fetzara and Jemappes, passing through some fine cork-wood forests at As-S'afia.

Continuing the voyage from Bona to Tunis, the Oued-Mafrag is seen descending from the Beni-Salah forests, and entering the sea at the eastern extremity of a large, fertile plain. Here stood the Roman city, which Peutinger calls Armoniacum, and Pliny Armua.

Cape Rosa, called by the Arabs Ras-bou-Fhal, is rounded soon after, famous as being the most successful spot for coral fishing along the coast. This promontory is thought to have been the Ad Dianam of the Romans, for a temple to the goddess Diana is known to have stood on the Point, the ruins of which were visible when the French had a small military fort there in the seventeenth century, at the time they built the now-ruined Bastion of France in the immediate vicinity, to protect their coral-fishing establishments.

La Calle, the great centre of the coral-fishery on the African shores, is considered by Peutinger to be the ancient Tunilia. It was called by the Arabs, Mers-el-Kharez, the City of Trinkets. In the days of the Corsairs, La Calle was a favourite station for those pests of the Mediterranean. El-Bekhri gives a most dismal account of this town. He describes it as infested with serpents, and

says the inhabitants were so unhealthy that they could be distinguished by their yellow colour. He also says that the water was so unwholesome that, according to a native proverb, 'A man had better receive a wound from a javelin, than drink from the well of Bir-Azrag.' But this must have been a gross exaggeration, for even in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, La Calle was noticed as a town of importance. In the latter century the Sicilians took La Calle by storm, pillaged and burnt it, and led all its inhabitants away into captivity.

Four hundred vessels fish here for coral, many of them from Naples and Genoa. Their method of taking the coral is the same as that employed in the Middle Ages. A large wooden cross, from which open bags of netting hang, is lowered from the boat with a heavy stone attached. The boat is then rowed about in different directions, when the stone strikes and breaks off the pieces of coral from the rocks beneath, which thereupon fall into the nets and are raised to the surface. The discovery of coral reefs in Sardinia, Corsica and Spain, has not interfered with the pre-eminence of La Calle as a coral-fishing station.

Near La Calle there are extremely rich argentiferous lead mines, some of them employing five hundred miners, and yielding eighty per cent. of silver and lead. As much as fifteen per cent. of silver has been extracted from the ore of these mines.

Fine forests of ilex are found in the neighbourhood, and there are likewise three large salt lakes, one of which communicates with the sea by a narrow stream, called the Oued-el-Hout. Here the light pirate galleys used to take refuge, when pursued.

After sailing past Cape M'zera, and Cape Gros with its remarkable projecting mass of rocks called the Eagle's Beak, the high conical Monte Rotondo is seen, the Kef-Mestab of the Arabs, at the foot of which runs the little

Oued-Mestab flowing out of the Lake of M'ta-el-Hout, that long formed the boundary between the Regency of Tunis and Algeria. Within the Tunisian frontier, after doubling Cape Roux or Kef-Rous, is the small fort of Tabarque, standing on the site of the ancient Tabarca, or Thabraka, according to the Itinerary of Antoninus.

Ten or fifteen miles from the shore, the rocky Island of Galita is passed, colonised by rabbits and wild goats. Between that and Tunis no point of interest occurs, except Bizert, a town situated in a deep indented bay, and which was the ancient Hippo Zarrhytus. Good fish are caught here, with which Tunis is supplied.

In many parts the country was well cultivated, apparently by an industrous race, and it looked highly fertile as we skirted along the coast; but, in other parts, wild and rocky hills descended to the water's edge.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bay of Tunis—Goletta—Narrow Escape from Drowning—Ragged Soldiers—Convicts—To Carthage—Vast Cisterns—Desolation—Ruins—The Bull's Hide—Tomb of Saint Louis—Fortified Position—Temple of Esculapius—Marius weeping over Carthage—Crossing the Lake of Tunis—Dangerous Passenger—Landing—Difficulties—Mosaics from Carthage—Museum of the Vizier's Son—Fine Aqueducts—Palace of Bardo—Throne-room—Generals strangled—The Bey holding a Court of Justice—The Bey's Wife—Women in the Harems—Gardens of General Kheir-ed-din—A 'duff' Lady—Ladies of the Harem peeping out of their Broughams—The Bazaars—Rich Costumes of the Jews—Jewelry—Woollen Fabrics—Mosque of the Olive Tree—Ancient Arms—Mosque of Sidi-Abd-el-Kader—Securing marital Love—Fanatic running a Muck—Fearful Excitement—Camel-Butchers—The Kasba—Visit to Jewesses—Beautiful Costumes—One fattening for Marriage—Perfect Roman Amphitheatre at Wudna—Harbour of Marsa—Magnificent Mosaic—Swarms of Flamingoes on the Lake of Tunis—Sheep's Tails—Tunisian Government a Disgrace to Civilization.

THE 'Zouave' came to anchor in the Bay of Tunis some distance from Goletta, the seaport of Tunis, which latter town lies considerably inland. A heavy sea was running as we got into the boats to go on shore, which were manned by noisy, clamouring Maltese sailors, and in stepping from the ship's ladder the maid-servant of a lady on board slipped and fell into the water. Instead of pushing up the boats to rescue her, three of the boatmen jumped into the sea after the sinking woman, and they were barely able to keep themselves from being dashed against

the companion-ladder and the vessel's side by the violence of the water, thus multiplying the difficulties of the situation. The poor girl sank twice with a little dog belonging to her mistress clutched in her arms, and she was saved with the greatest difficulty by a passenger who was in one of the boats.

The Bay of Tunis is a large sheet of water bounded on the east by the fine wild range of the Mameleff Mountains, and to the west by the round, hilly Point on which Carthage once stood.

Luckily, as I knew a Tunisian gentleman, whose name I mentioned at the Customs House at Goletta, I escaped the delay of having my luggage searched, and was able to get on at once to see Carthage in a calèche which I hired in conjunction with some English I had met on board the steamer, my luggage being carefully locked up for safety in a small room, by the head of the Customs department, until my return.

The soldiers on duty at Goletta were the most ragged rascals I ever beheld in uniform, and many had most horrid countenances. Their uniforms were two or three years old, and their great coats were literally in tatters. As to pay, that is a luxury they seldom experience.

Several convicts were lounging about, handcuffed together, and some with large shot chained to their legs, many of them being men who had once occupied good positions in society, but had been thus degraded for political reasons by the despotism of the Bey. Several of them begged from our party.

After a drive along the sea by an infamous road which ran past the summer bathing-villas of the Bey and his ministers, surrounded by palm trees and gardens, we arrived at the ruins of Carthage, which are more remarkable than I had been led to expect.

Of course the Carthage of Dido, which Emilius Scipio

Africanus destroyed, after it had maintained its proud supremacy for seven hundred and fifteen years, and over whose ruins Marius wept, contributed nothing to the remains extant, which date solely from the time of the Romans, when the city was rebuilt with great splendour on the former site. The principal object of interest is the extensive system of cisterns which supplied the ancient city with water. These were sixteen in number, and of immense proportions, like those at Bona. They had passages running along at the ends, the arched roofing of which had been carefully propped up and repaired, but by whom I cannot imagine—certainly not by the un-enlightened Tunisian Government. There were three deep wells in connection with the cisterns, one of which, forty feet deep, and still full of water, could be reached by a flight of stone steps that had one end let into the wall. In one of these huge vaulted tanks a bull-frog was seated on a stone, croaking loudly, at which we flung stones, which raised gloomy echoes as they fell—a dismal proof of the desolation that now reigns where the busy hum of life once resounded, and where the glories of ambition and unbounded luxury once clothed in splendour the mighty rival of Rome.

Along the hill below, towards the sea, were numbers of arches, apparently the basements of buildings, and in one spot I saw a vaulted chamber that looked like a guard-house, with stone benches ranged round, and a fireplace on the ground. Here wholesale demolitions were being carried on, and carts were drawing away the stones for building purposes.

On a mound near the seashore, the scene of extensive explorations, huge masses of walls built of rubble masonry were tossed about as if overturned by an earthquake. Here part of a large square house was still standing, beneath which an opening had been scooped, ten feet

below the present surface, which was surrounded by large squared stones, and had apparently been a subterranean chamber belonging to the house. On the way down, the sides were composed of masses of broken pottery and rubbish, on which the marks of the fire that had consumed the city were plainly visible. Lower down, on the shore of the Mediterranean, the foundation of the sea-wall is quite distinct running along the beach for a great distance. Along here several arched buildings were standing, apparently used of old for warehouses, and also square buildings like offices. Passages ran up between these from the shore towards the city, the walls of which were still ten feet high. At this part I noticed a fragment of a white marble column, and also a large block of the same material lying on the shore, the latter evidently never having been used.

The famous harbour of Carthage, however, described by Gibbon, was not at this part, but at Marsa, on the opposite side of the high promontory jutting out between the two spots. I have always regarded the story of the bull's hide of Dido as a myth, but I could now quite understand narrow strips being cut to stretch from Goletta to Marsa, across the neck of land, and so enclose the site of the city. The distance is, however, considerable, and the strips must have been marvellously narrow.

The most commanding part of Carthage is the high hill now belonging to the French, where Louis Philippe erected a fine Tomb and Chapel to the memory of Saint Louis, King of France, who died here of the plague, together with a great proportion of his army, in 1270. A large space of ground has been taken in around these buildings, and surrounded by a high wall capable of being loopholed for musketry, when the enclosure would be at once transformed into a strong fort. Here stood the temple of Esculapius, some remains of which are still to

be seen. This high hill must have been Byrsa, the Citadel of Carthage, and was doubtless the spot where Marius sat and wept over the prostrate city. Under an arcade within this Fort, many pieces of sculpture were fastened against the wall, where they could be well seen, and where they were free from injury. The best sculptures, however, are gone to Paris and London. At the end of the arcades, placed against the wall in a similar manner, was a beautiful coloured mosaic. In the grounds lay a number of fine marble columns, formerly belonging to the temple of Esculapius. A large fountain likewise ornamented the grounds, the bottom of which was a highly-finished mosaic, representing lobsters, crabs, and many varieties of fish, that looked as if they were swimming in the water. There were also some interesting Punic inscriptions in the Museum, the custodian of which had many curiosities for sale. This man cultivates a small kitchen-garden within the walls, but all his vegetables had been devoured by locusts.

By the time our three wretched starved jades dragged us back to Goletta from Carthage, the day was pretty well over, and we hastened into our boat to cross the lake to Tunis before dark. Previous to going to Carthage we had engaged this boat, solely for our party, but on working up the shallow river that runs out of the lake to the sea, through Goletta, four men jumped in. Naturally I was much annoyed, and spoke so decisively that three of them, who were respectable, at once jumped back on shore. The fourth, however, a ferocious Maltese, smashed his umbrella on the gunwale of the felucca, and swore vengeance against everybody. Seeing this threat had no effect, he drew out a revolver, which he pointed round at us all, his eyes glaring with passion, and to vent his rage he fired four capital shots at a water-hen which was swimming about fifty yards off. This brought matters to a crisis, for the lady of the party shrieked, her husband,

who was a poor invalid, got a fit of nervousness, and the others, one of whom was a Danish gentleman, deprecated resistance, so I gladly accepted a compromise, by which the interlopers agreed to pay a quarter of the boat-hire. The moment this arrangement was effected, they became quite friendly, helped to work the felucca while tacking against a heavy head-wind, and assisted us as far as lay in their power. But this additional weight was fatal to our rapid progress, for the whole way the boat grazed along the bottom, the salt lake being only three-and-a-half feet deep, and dredged up the thick mud and the weeds, whose odour was far from agreeable. Whenever she struck, our friends coolly observed, 'Oh, this would not happen if the boat were not so heavily laden.' Enormous fishes kept jumping right out of the water around us, and raised a great splash of spray as they fell back into the lake. This species are bad for eating, as the mud in which they lie gives them an earthy flavour.

Flocks of large birds, in single file like wild geese, passed over our heads, which I was told were auks. We saw, likewise, many of the flamingoes with which the Lake of Tunis abounds, but it was too dark to distinguish the pink colour of their plumage.

At the eastern end of the lake lies the village of Radess, and about half-way to Tunis an island is passed with a ruin on it, said to have been built by an Austrian Prince for his residence, but it was merely an old aërian telegraph station. Close to Tunis, on a hill, is the koubba of Sidi-Ben-Arsan. By the time we reached Tunis, after tacking for two hours and a half, it was quite dark, and Mrs. D—— found that her *sac de nuit* had been cut open by the boatmen, and that several things had been abstracted. The way up from the quay side to the Custom House was so impassible by reason of ruts and mud, that we had to climb up on, and walk along, a low wall, and so get past the worst

part. When we came to the Douane we thought the examination would be merely formal, as our things had been passed at Goletta; but the common, ruffian-like man in the guard-house said the head officials had all left, and our effects could not possibly be passed before morning. Here the men who had annoyed us so much by their intrusion came to our rescue, and arranged most ingeniously, by the aid of a well-invested bribe, that we might take what we wanted, provided we left in the Custom House the same number of parcels the men had received and were responsible for. This was easily managed by depositing rugs and umbrellas, but the Dane refused to give up his silver-mounted walking-stick in exchange for his portmanteau, and allowed Mrs. D—— to leave an umbrella for him. Our troubles, however, were not yet over, for we found the city gates locked, and were again assisted by our casual friends, who got them opened. They also showed us the way between the deep ruts of enormous circumference which continued up to the very centre of the town, and which the moonlight just enabled us to avoid.

The house of Mr. Wood, our Consul at Tunis, is worth a visit, as it contains splendid rooms with marble floors, and the walls of the staircase are covered with old faïence tiles in the Moorish fashion. He has a splendid head of Jupiter in mosaic taken from the ruins of Carthage, and also a smaller mosaic found at the same place. The son of the Bey's Prime Minister has the concession of all the antiquities of the old city, and has formed what he calls a museum, which consists of a heap of valuable materials thrown indiscriminately together, without any attempt at arrangement. He employs one man to make discoveries for him, but when the unhappy wretch asks for wages, he gets well bastinadoed on the soles of his feet. The consequence is that the man disposes of these rare

antiquities to any traveller who will take them, in order to keep himself and his family from starvation. An offer was made to me of selecting any piece I liked out of a large mosaic lying in its original site near Marsa, which is kept lightly covered over with earth, so that the Vizier's son may not get hold of it. But being obliged to catch the steamer for Marseilles, I was compelled to forego the temptation, as it would have taken so much time to raise and prepare a portion of the mosaic for removal. I, however, secured an excellent mosaic of half a large fish, for which I gave a mere trifle, because there are so few buyers, on account of the difficulty of getting works of art out of the country. As I was rowing down the river at Goletta, when leaving the Regency some days later, I was hailed by the Douanes to have my things overhauled; but the men fortunately remembered their chief having passed me before, so my trophy escaped being confiscated for the benefit of the Prime Minister's museum.

The Consul kindly arranged that his dragoman should take our party to Bardo, the palace of the Bey, which is situated in the country at a little distance from Tunis. The Kasba, or ancient palace, he only occupies during the Rhamadan. Accordingly, at nine o'clock in the morning, we all started for Bardo, to see the Bey sitting in judgment, to try appeal cases, chiefly from the interior, the days for which are Saturdays and Mondays.

The road lay past a large aqueduct for supplying Tunis, which is a Roman one repaired, and perhaps it formerly conveyed the water supply on to Carthage. Others are to be found at two and three hours' distance from Tunis. Many koubbas of Marabouts stood along the way-side, some with green-domed roofs, while one, on a hill outside the town, was painted blue and white. We also passed a large salt-water lake on the left.

I found Bardo to be a large fortress. On entering the gates, the carriage passes through a narrow street, or passage, which resembles a bazaar. On each side are ranged the little stalls of the tradesmen who supply the palace, and workmen are busily employed plying their several trades and vocations. We then passed into a large inner court paved with marble, in which was assembled a motley crowd of the Bey's suite—Jews, Moors, natives from the interior, pretty Mameluke slave boys, dressed in embroidered jackets, destined to become ministers of state, officers of the army, and civil functionaries.

The most original character in the assemblage was the lank, starved-looking functionary appointed to walk in front of the Bey on state occasions, who had exactly the appearance of a dancing monkey at a show, being attired in a red embroidered jacket and a cap with a long red feather.

Ascending a high flight of steps, we went up a narrow staircase to where the Government employés were assembled. One of these proved to be an intimate acquaintance of my Tunisian friend, and he kindly volunteered to show our party himself over the private apartments of the palace. Several excellent mosaics adorned the courts and vestibules, but they were modern, displaying the crescent predominantly. Aubusson carpets were spread over the magnificent throne-room, and the other truly Regal apartments. Portraits of most of the crowned heads in Europe hung on the walls, one of which, of Louis Philippe, a piece of Gobelin tapestry, was particularly beautiful. In one of the rooms stood a splendid Sèvres vase on a table of the same material, both presented to a former Bey by the First Napoleon. One of the medallions on the vase represented the meeting of Francis I. and Charles V. at Fontainebleau, and on the table were painted lovely views of French scenery. A fine Sèvres

cabinet, given at the same time, also ornamented this apartment. In the large throne-room, which was fitted up quite in the French style, were twelve console tables on which stood twelve Louis-Quatorze clocks, and twenty-four candelabra of ormolu and crystal. The ceiling was admirably painted, but the whole effect was spoiled by the faded window-curtains of Damascus silk, from which the colour, that appeared to have been originally purple, had completely fled.

One wonderful picture represented a number of men who had been beheaded, whose heads were lying in heaps in the foreground, while their bodies were hanging upon gibbets on a distant hill. It was certainly an appropriate composition to adorn the Bey's palace, for he has shed much blood during his reign, especially in the three months' revolution of 1864, which was begun by the Arabs in the interior, for the purpose of dethroning him, and appointing another Bey. On this occasion the Bey was savage with fury, and would show no mercy.

It was then he caused two of his favourite Generals to be strangled in the courtyard by which I had entered the palace. The rank of General is the highest in Tunis, and is equivalent to our Duke. It was thought one would be forgiven, and the Vizier flung himself on the ground to demand pardon for him, but the Bey was inexorable, and seeing the executioner dilatory in the application of the silken bowstring, he rushed down-stairs and threatened that functionary with a similar punishment unless he made haste. He then called the son of the other General to stand by while his father suffered death, and watched the young man's countenance to see that he betrayed no sympathy, otherwise he would have shared his father's fate. The Bey then made the wretched man mount the horse of his dead father, and ride beside him through the town, to show that he acknowledged the justice of his father's sentence. He is now in the Bey's service.

On another occasion the Bey was superintending the execution of a General, which made him late in keeping an appointment with an Austrian Prince, but he excused the delay by saying that he had been 'engaged about a little family matter.'

In an outer room we were shown a splendid silver punch bowl, which had been used for sherbet by one of the Turkish Sultans.

Descending the principal stairs, we entered a dense crowd of wild natives from the interior of the country, come to the metropolis for justice. Our guide pushed a way for us through this excited, jabbering mob, and took us along a narrow corridor, where he told us to look through a small window. Inside, sat the Bey in a large velvet arm-chair, holding his court of justice, as the Turkish and Moorish Sovereigns were wont to do of old, and likewise some of the earlier Monarchs of the north of Europe. On the right stood his brother, leaning on the arm of the Bey's chair, a privilege accorded to him alone, and next to him was placed General Kheir-eddin, the Prime Minister. The other Generals and functionaries were ranged on the right and left, according to their rank. These men are chiefly Greeks or Italians, the Bey being afraid to employ natives; they all rob heartily, especially the Prime Minister, who soon becomes rich.

The Bey is a man of forty-nine years of age, and is said to be fond of deep potations, although a Mahometan. He has only one wife, not being an admirer of the fair sex, but possesses thirty or forty beautiful Circassians in his harem, some of whom, it is reported, he has never seen. His brother makes up for the Bey's deficiencies in this respect, having a large allowance of wives and slaves. The Bey's wife wears a huge diamond ring on her thumb, and she has her hair hanging straight down, and cut off across her cheeks. Her head ornaments are of silver.

She is an immensely stout woman, but excessively good-humoured, and always willing to have foreign ladies introduced to her in private by appointment through the wife of the Consul of the country to which they belong. She has an adopted daughter, who is pretty, but small, and very stout for her age. Should any native have the ill-fortune to see the Bey's wife, his head would be taken off at once.

As a rule, the women in the harems are enormously stout. Indeed, a thin woman is looked at with aversion, lest she should have the evil eye, and impart leanness and ill-health to the beholder. As soon as a young girl is engaged to be married, even at ten years of age, the fattening process begins, when she is stuffed, even through the night, with kouskoussou and water. Should she not attain the proper state of development, she is ignominiously divorced, as contemptible and unfit for marriage.

To remove the downy hair from their faces, a gum, said to be made from grapes, is spread over the skin, which dries in cakes and drags off the down with it on removal. This is a most painful process. Another means of adornment is the application of a fluid that draws the blood to the surface of the face, and produces a lovely roseate tint. There is an excellent black hair-dye, which lasts for two or three months.

My Tunisian friend, whom I met in Paris, told me that when he lived in Tunis with his mother, he established a spy-hole in the wall of his room, which was next to her harem, and in this way he contrived to see all the beautiful wives of the ministers, when they were visiting in his house. He also narrated how a sword had been run up to the hilt into a bed in which a friend of his was stowed away, Don Juan like.

The children of the harems hardly ever stir out of doors for exercise, and are reared in unventilated rooms

kept religiously hot, without the admission of any fresh air. Our Consul's charming wife, from whom I have chiefly gleaned these facts, tried repeatedly to get the little children in the harems of the various ministers permission to run out and play, but the idea was scouted as too monstrous and unreasonable to be entertained.

On going out of Bardo, we drove through a crowd of carriages waiting for the ministers who were inside. Among them was the Bey's glass-coach, ornamented with a rich hammer-cloth, but drawn by mules, instead of by horses. At a short distance from Bardo, we went to see a new palace which the Bey was having built, but the harem was there, so we could not be admitted. The grounds in the front are formally laid out with large fountains, but in heavy, bad taste.

We then visited the gardens of General Kheir-eddin, which are considered beautiful, but we were all much disappointed, as they are so dirtily kept that the fine orange and lemon trees laden with fruit, as well as the bananas and other tropical productions, lost much of their pictorial effect. There were some fine bay-trees, and clusters of lovely tea-roses were trained along the battered and broken verandah of the house. A fine grove of pines stood in the grounds, beneath which was a large pavilion filled with thousands of silkworms reared with the greatest care.

I presented one of the highly-scented tea-roses to the lady of our party to smell, but she excused herself, saying she was 'duff.' On enquiry, I found from her that she had no power of smelling, and had invented this word between deaf and dumb to express her deficiency.

Had we been a little later, we could not have visited the Prime Minister's gardens, as his harem would have been there. We met the General himself and all his wives on the road on their way to this house, as we re-

turned to Tunis. An outrider came first, then the ladies in good broughams drawn by mules, and then the General on a fine horse, followed by three eunuchs on horseback. The ladies all drew back the blinds of their broughams to peep out at the strangers, but gave us only fleeting glances at their charms. The General's two sons were sent to Paris to be educated, and an agreement was signed pledging the General to keep them at the school for four years; but their mother insisted on the four years' money being paid the first year, and took them home, through fear of their becoming Christians.

Near the minister's we passed large ruined barracks, where a body of troops used to be quartered. In those days Tunis had a standing army of forty thousand men, but now it is on the reduced scale of three thousand, and is wretchedly organised. The ruffianly-looking soldiers are stationed in pairs about the town, like police, to keep order, armed with long antediluvian firelocks; and they patrol the streets all night, which is highly requisite, as there are no lamps of any kind. Everyone makes use of a lantern, and many carry revolvers; but here, as in Algeria, it is unwise to show a pistol, unless there should be occasion to use it, for one may be killed to obtain possession of the weapon.

The country around Tunis looks very civilised and well cultivated. The custom is for every householder of sufficient means to own a patch of land, large enough to grow corn for the use of his family. The produce of this ground, and all other articles necessary for their consumption throughout the year, are placed in store at the top of the house, and the key kept by the mother or wife of the owner. Bakers and retail grocers, therefore, must drive a poor trade.

The immense, labyrinthine, vaulted, dark bazaars being the great sight of Tunis, we all devoted a day to exploring

their recesses, and admiring the rich varied dresses of the busy throng with which they were crowded. The most brilliant costumes were those of the Jews, which contained every imaginable colour. The most remarkable that I saw was a salmon-coloured burnous and a pale green vest with red jacket and sash. Another man was dressed in an azure blue vest, with a crimson and white burnous. The colours were invariably well blended. Some of the Jewish women had thick black veils tied tightly over their faces, which gave them the appearance at a distance of enormous black plum-puddings. Many of them wore leggings of cloth of gold below their coloured silk trousers, which made their legs appear of immense size.

In the bazaar there was kouskoussoù for sale, ready to be warmed, and we were much amused by a polite Moor, who offered the end of his burnous to Mrs. D—— to dry her mouth and hands with, after eating an orange she had just bought.

There were numbers of jewellers' stalls—the same little recesses that prevail throughout all Mahometan lands—where gold from nine to thirteen carats is sold. A good open-work bracelet of this description of gold can be bought for 3*l.* and a diamond ring for 4*l.*; but both are of very inferior quality, as may be inferred from the price. Some gold chains are of enormous size, like those of our Lord Mayor. In the bazaar jewelry is sold by auction at stated times. At some stalls pretty bouquets are sold, with gilt centres fastened in all the flowers.

The principal attraction of the bazaar is the trade in native woollen goods, the supply appearing unlimited of haïks, burnouses, and other articles of dress. Several looms were at work, where rich fabrics of every description and colour were in process of manufacture; but the greater portion of these Tunisian goods come from the interior of the country. Excellent French imitations of

these wares are made at Lyons of very inferior quality, and it requires a good judge to detect the difference. The roguish stall-owners demand exactly double what they mean to take, but a burnous of the very best quality should be purchased for about 45 or 50 francs. The Moorish proprietor of one of these stalls had had his face clawed by his spouse in a jealous fit, and he presented a most pitiable aspect.

A good deal of colour prevails through these bazaars, even the numerous columns throughout their length being painted red, orange, blue, and white. Some of them are of corkscrew shape, and are coloured green, red, and white. The columns are likewise richly coloured of the great mosque of the Olive Tree, or Djemmâa Zitoun, the gate of which opens on to one of the long alleys of the bazaar. Inadvertently, I mounted the steps of the entrance to look into the court within, and admire the range of fine marble columns round its court, which came from Carthage, but I received such a scowl from one of the Faithful that I thought it prudent to retire.

In the middle of one of the leading thoroughfares in these vaulted ways, a holy Marabout has been buried on the spot where he fell dead. A little monument, like a deal box without a lid, marks the place, at the end of which a small headstone is erected.

The gunsmiths' quarter is worth seeing and patronising. A fine old gun with an inlaid and richly-worked barrel can be had for 2*l.*, and a pair of old shoe-like stirrups inlaid with gold for 8*l.*; also a worked pistol-holster for 1*s.* 6*d.* Some of the stocks belonging to these old guns are beautifully inlaid with coral, and others with marqueterie work. The barrels resemble fine frosted-silver work, more than steel; but, though of such excellent workmanship, they are of immense length, and so overweighted at the muzzle that they are perfectly unwieldy.

When walking through the bazaar no jewelry should

be carried, nor more money than is required for shopping, as expert thieves prevail there, as well as in our own favoured land.

The perfumes bought in Tunis are very powerful. The little gilt glass phials of attar of roses cost four francs, and those of jasmine eight francs. Two or three drops of either of these essences will make a small bottle of good perfume.

The oldest mosque in Tunis is that built in honour of Sidi-Abd-el-Kader. The house of the Kadi or judge is opposite, near the vestibule of commerce, which answers to our European exchanges. The Kadi's house is beautifully decorated with Arabesque stucco-work, like that at the Alhambra and at the Alcazar in Seville. The ceilings are finely painted, like those at Granada, and the walls are covered with faïence *plaques*. One or two men in Tunis can imitate this delicate old tracery-work with their knives, and the part cut out is painted a strong red, which throws up the pattern of the stucco-work with great effect. The court of the Kadi's house is open, and surrounded with columns. A window of the adjoining mosque is protected by iron bars, to which are tied vast numbers of rags and strings, placed there by women, as a charm to secure their husband's fidelity, fully believing in the efficacy of the nostrum, and consequently banishing from their minds all feelings of jealousy. No doubt the husbands encourage this religious exercise. There is a prison close by, and the odour from the door of it was quite as bad as that I experienced in the gaol at Tangiers.

The Muftis were some time since highly enraged against an Englishman for sketching this mosque, and more especially themselves, seated in judgment in their court adjoining, and sent to order him off. In countries where fanaticism prevails so much, a traveller cannot be too careful to avoid offending the sensibilities of the people.

Shortly before my arrival at Tunis, one of these wild enthusiasts, furious at some imaginary affront to his Religion, rushed down the steps of the Great Mosque into the bazaar with a large knife, and stabbed every Christian he met. Before he could be stopped, he had wounded thirty-six. At last he took refuge in a mosque, but the resident Europeans insisted on his being dragged out, and wanted the Bey to have him beheaded at once in the open space before the English Consulate, where they were assembled in a clamorous throng. There was great danger of a revolution on the part of the Mussulman population in consequence of this movement by the Christians, and the Bey tried to get him off with a sound bastinadoing, which he said would do more good than making the fellow a martyr by executing him for his Faith; but the Europeans were inexorable, although Mr. Wood harangued them from his window, and endeavoured to pacify them; so the man's head was taken off in three hours after his frantic outburst of fanaticism.

While I passed the gate of the mosque whence he had rushed, two most striking funeral processions came out. The two corpses, without coffins, were draped with rich scarlet and gold cloth, each being borne by four men. The coffins were carried in front, covered with coloured silk. As these processions, followed by the natives, wound down the mosque steps, the effect was like a *coup de théâtre.*

After leaving the bazaars, our guide took us to a *Café maure* to taste the coffee, which was served in pretty little egg-shaped china cups supported in frames, and which was the only bad coffee I had tasted in Africa, being quite thick and muddy.

We passed by several camel-butchers' shops, where lean, and doubtless tough, joints of that animal were hanging in untempting array. The vendors of maccaroons,

eggs with dyed shells, and wild fowl, of which there are clouds on the lake, offered greater temptations to the appetite of a '*mangeur fin et distingué.*'

Another original trade I noticed was the utilization of the roseau, or gigantic wild carrot, I saw so much of in the province of Oran, by manufacturing its thick stems into chairs and stools.

The entrance-gate of the old Kasba is of very rich workmanship, and was kept guarded by sentries in new bright scarlet knickerbockers, in honour, I was told, of the Mahometan festival answering to our Easter, which had just commenced, and in celebration of which guns were fired off all day, and the bazaars were closed.

At the hotel I made the acquaintance of an Austrian officer, who described an unpleasant position a friend of his got into who went to slay a lion. Not wishing to incur the expense of making a pit to shelter himself, he merely erected a strong barricade, in front of which he tethered the goat that was to officiate as bait. The lion stupidly approached the victim from the wrong quarter, for on hearing a noise, and turning round, the hunter beheld a huge lion gazing at him a few yards off. As the moon was shining brightly, his friend was fortunately able to fix his eyes on the beast, who walked sulkily away as soon as daylight appeared. When speaking about boar-hunting, my Austrian acquaintance told me the tame pigs which are turned loose into the woods in Germany to fatten are very ferocious, and think nothing of attacking man if in large droves. He once saw a bull-dog that was following his regiment on the march, fasten on to the ear of one of these semi-wild swine, which carried the dog away into a herd of about two hundred, where it was devoured in a few moments.

My dog Jack caused great amusement by following and pointing a tame red-legged partridge that ran about

the dining-room of the hotel, looking for crumbs of bread from the visitors.

The guide employed by our party was a Maltese Jew, who pretended that he had turned Christian, and took us to see his mother and sisters dressed out in their Sabbath costume, which was exceedingly picturesque. The young women were very pretty, but too stout, according to European notions, in proportion to their ages. The eldest was only fifteen, yet she had been married some time, and had a child. The other was but thirteen, and, being betrothed, was undergoing the necessary fattening process, which had already told perceptibly on her proportions. Of course she was forbidden to take the slightest exercise, and was well crammed day and night. The two were attired in short pantaloons of white embroidered stuff, a short dress of gauze not coming below the knees, and burnouses. The married sister wore a handsome gold head-dress, and the other had on one of silver. The former took us into her own house, close to her mother's, to show us her wedding trousseau of beautiful short silk dresses, gorgeously embroidered by herself in silver and gold, and in crimson, blue, and various colours. These lovely costumes were all carefully folded up in the drawers of a wardrobe, and rarely produced or worn. Their owner also showed us a fine necklace of amber, which had a most delicious scent. My Tunisian friend once showed me a large amber ball which the Bey's wife had presented to his mother, and which he valued at 15*l*. This Jewess surprised us by suddenly gathering her legs up under her on the chair where she was seated, and continuing in that posture quite at her ease. On the bed were laid a number of little white pillows, which are used to place under the hips, elbows, and shoulders when reclining—a great refinement of luxury.

While returning to the hotel, I was surprised to see a

female scavenger examining some dust heaps, whose arms were decked with a massive pair of well-wrought silver-gilt bracelets.

Hundreds of trusses of marsh mallows and of the wild mustard or catlock, the yellow weed that is such a trouble to our farmers, were here on sale in the streets as food for the camels and calèche horses. In the street leading to Goletta many stalls are devoted to the sale of capsicums and red pepper, of which such quantities are employed in the native cookery, and the clusters of red fruit hanging up looked very picturesque. The Consul told me that there are interesting Roman ruins at Udna, or Wudna, some way inland, consisting of a circus, temples, mosaics, &c.

At El-Djem, a hundred and fifty miles in the interior, the remains are splendid, the circus being larger and more perfect, I am told, than the Colosseum at Rome. The Woods assured me there was no risk in going there, even without an escort, but my native friend advised me to be always very careful about travelling at any distance from the capital.

Being most anxious to visit Marsa, the ancient harbour of Carthage, so fully described by Gibbon in his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' I started early in the morning for that purpose, so as to catch the steamer which was due to sail at noon. But the road, or rather track, was so bad that the calèche took a long time on the way, and I had barely time to look at a magnificent mosaic at the Consul's summer residence, recovered from the ruins of Carthage. The subject is a lion attacking a horse, on whose flank he hangs. The claws of the savage beast are deeply imbedded in the horse's flesh, and red drops of blood trickle down from the wounds.

The old Carthaginian harbour is still traceable, but it is very shallow, and only fit to receive the light galleys of the ancients.

The road on to Goletta ran through old olives and asphodel in profusion, with grass growing beneath.

The shoal water in the Lake of Tunis swarms with flamingoes clustered close together, so as to give the appearance of pink islands in the water. These birds are very wary, and difficult to approach, except when lying down in a boat. The curlews, which are generally most shy birds in Europe, remained close to the carriage as I passed, and the same swallows flew alongside for three or four miles, close to the horses' heads. But the greatest curiosities on the way were the sheep, which had great fat tails, broad and fleshy.

I cannot leave Tunis without dwelling on the disgrace which the Tunisian Government is to civilisation. It continues to exist because the people and the official class believe in fatalism, and argue that God wills this system, or it would fall, and also because the European powers know not what better form of government to set up in its stead. The experiment of Mexico has given a caution against interfering by force in the affairs of other nations.

CHAPTER XV.

Dishonest Maltese Boatmen at Goletta—On Board again for Philippeville—Attack on the Steamer by the Sailors from a Yankee Frigate—Heavy Gale—Argument disagreeably stopped—Pilgrims from Mecca at Bona—Roman Tomb at Philippeville—Strawberries in April—Arrival of Jules Favre—Ignored by the Government—His Advocacy of the Natives injudicious—Drive from Philippeville to Stora—Once more on Board the 'Zouave'—Adieu to Algeria—Swallows alighting—'God shave the Queen'—Sea-sick Arab ill-used by Soldiers—A smiling Martyr—Splendid Roman Remains at Nimes—All at Lyons destroyed—Once more in England—Bitter East Winds—Severity of an English Summer.

At Goletta I had a scene with the rascally Maltese boatmen. I had agreed with them for a fair sum to row me out to the 'Zouave,' but when they got me and my luggage into the boat they struck for double pay. As I naturally refused to submit to such an imposition, they wanted to unship my luggage, but I took up a strong position, and would not allow a package to go out. I then took out a book and began to read, assuring them that the steamer the following week would answer quite as well for me to go by. After a while the rogues began to laugh, and started off in the best humour.

When I got on board I found I had hurried unnecessarily, for it was blowing too hard outside to sail before night. There had been a great commotion on board the night before, caused by a boat-load of American sailors, from a United-States frigate in the bay, having boarded the steamer and challenged the French seamen

to fight on their own deck. Their officer was with them, hopelessly drunk, and he had to be lowered into his boat by a rope fastened round his waist, while his men were summarily ejected by main force.

Most of my friends were going to Palermo by another steamer, which was weather-bound as well as ourselves, so we could just see each other all day on deck, bewailing our fate.

The next day, after starting, the wind continued to blow hard. One of the passengers was engaged during dinner in endeavouring to prove that, as the brain is the regulating power of the soul, the moment the brain ceases to act the soul must of necessity become annihilated, when an extra lurch obliged him to beat a precipitate retreat, to the discomfiture of the excellent *soles à la Normande* of which he had been partaking.

At Bona a large porpoise was rolling about in the harbour, and an English steamer was discharging a thickly packed cargo of pilgrims, who had been to Mecca, and whom she had shipped at Alexandria. Fifteen hundred of these wild Arabs and Kabyles, among them many Aghas and Kaïds, were swarming along the quays, where some of them had put up their little tents, in which were stowed their camel's-hair sacks, whose normal use was to carry merchandise on camels' backs, but which were now, for the nonce, made to serve the office of portmanteaux.

The English vessel was undergoing a severe cleansing after her filthy passengers had left. It is rare to see an English ship in Algeria, as the port dues are so immoderately high.

On board I again met the Principal of the College at Philippeville, whose acquaintance I had made at that town, and as the steamer was to stop there some hours for cargo, he kindly offered to show me a Roman tomb

which had just been discovered. I found this highly-interesting burial-chamber, doubtless once vaulted over, was twenty-one feet long, and eighteen feet broad. The mosaic floor was perfect, but unfortunately exposed to the elements. Monsieur Morin assured me, however, that the town authorities would cover the spot over, and it is probable they will, for they have already fenced it round, and put up an inscription in English, begging that foreigners will not injure the ruins. At the end there are six niches for urns, and at the sides eight circular hollows in the niches, in which it is thought the ashes of the dead were deposited. If so, the vault dates from Pagan times, and is consequently very ancient. This spot is outside the ramparts, a little to the right of the Constantine Gate, and near the Arab market.

In Monsieur Morin's garden ripe strawberries were growing plentifully in the open air on April 20, which were excellent in flavour. In his garden grew a beautiful creeper with a large purple flower, which he called '*fleur grasse*,' that climbed over a rockery extending nearly to the ruins of the Roman theatre.

Monsieur Morin showed me all his instruments for making chemical and philosophical experiments, with which he amuses, as well as improves, his students. He appears to manage his Lyceum in a most admirable manner, making his pupils attached to him, for all his lads, as they passed him in the street, gave him a cordial welcome back from Tunis. A funerary lamp from Carthage had been presented to him while away, of which he was very proud. He intended to have it mounted on a bronze pedestal, and to use it constantly. He was greatly delighted with my Carthaginian mosaic, and thought it would be a great object of interest when mounted as a table.

The night previous there had been immense excitement at Philippeville, in consequence of the arrival of

Jules Favre, on his way to Constantine to defend the Kaïd accused of the murder of the Jewish merchants at Tebessa. The inhabitants wanted to give the great man an ovation, but the Government put a veto upon any public building belonging to the municipal authorities being devoted to the purpose; so his admirers had to content themselves with hiring a *café chantant* for the demonstration. By thoughtful people it was felt that the line the gifted orator would take in extolling the Arabs, and advocating their admission to the government of the country, would be productive of much mischief by unsettling the minds of those illiterate, narrow-minded, semi-savages, and making them discontented with the military despotism which is so necessary for their control.

At Philippeville there were lots of swans' eggs, as well as other eggs, coloured for Easter, on sale in the town; and I found a capital shop for old arms, boars' tusks mounted in silver, Kabyle pottery, and other Algerian specialities, as good as any at Algiers, but much dearer than the bazaars at Tunis.

The drive from Philippeville to Stora over the spurs of the Atlas is exceedingly fine, the lofty rugged hills being covered with broom, evergreen oak, olives, heath, and snowdrops.

A short row took me to the 'Zouave,' and as I stepped on board I felt deep regret at leaving Africa, perhaps for ever, where I had passed so many happy, sunny hours, and where I had met so many very kind friends.

While I was on shore, an Italian lady on the ship had received a telegram to say that her father had died suddenly, and on my arrival she was screaming, weeping profusely, and almost fainting, but in about three hours she had quite recovered her equanimity, and had got quite jovial. The passengers agreed that she laughed on principle, to keep herself from fretting to death.

The next day was very calm, and several passengers amused themselves playing pitch and toss on the deck with five-franc pieces. While they were playing a poor little bird alighted on the vessel exhausted, and was nearly struck by one of the players, but a kindhearted sailor took charge of it, and removed it from danger. Several swallows similarly took refuge on board during the night, and were kept warm by the seamen below until the morning, when they were able to fly away again. Captain Pécoul had once a hundred and fifty swallows together on the 'Zouave,' worn out on their passage from the sunny climes of the south to the shores of Europe. On the Bey's palace at the Kasba in Tunis I had seen hundreds of these little wanderers, clustering together, in anticipation of their long migration.

A Frenchman on board, who thought he spoke our language well, amused me much by saying,—You English are a wonderfully loyal people, you are always saying 'God *shave* the Queen,' and looked quite annoyed at the smile I could not restrain.

The surgeon of the ship had lived for fourteen years at Chamouni, and told me of an Englishman he had recovered who had fallen from the top of the Glacier de Bossons, bumping down on his head, which was cut in twenty-seven places.

A poor Arab was one of the deck passengers, and being deadly sea-sick, threw himself down unthinkingly among some French soldiers, who at once began to knock and kick him about on the head and drag him by his heels in the most brutal manner—treatment which the unfortunate wretch bore with stoical fortitude. An Arab is undoubtedly, for many reasons, a very objectionable neighbour, still it is very coarse and impolitic to make these men always feel that they are regarded as inferiors. When blankets were served out to the deck passengers for the

night, the soldiers scrambled wildly for them, but not one would offer a covering to the poor, helpless, shivering native.

As the 'Zouave' glided past the Château d'If, a passenger appeared for the first time on the voyage, who had lain wretchedly sick in his berth the whole way. He amused everybody no little by endeavouring to be pleasant, though looking miserably ill. With a ghastly smile he tried to sing:—

Ah! que la mer est belle!
Je voudrais la voir toujours,

with something to rhyme about '*amour*,' of course.

Landing at the Jolietta, I was agreeably surprised to find Marseilles looking so much more picturesque than when I was there on my way to Africa, as all the trees were out in full leaf.

At Arles and Nîmes, I stopped to see the Roman antiquities. The superb amphitheatre at Nîmes, the Maison Carrée, the Temple of Diana, with the contrivances by which the oracle declared itself, the swimming pool of Agrippa, and the large baths, all in such admirable preservation, made me regret deeply the wholesale destruction of the grand ruins standing throughout Algeria but a few years ago.

I stopped at Lyons, hoping to find some traces of the fine remains so fully described by Gibbon, but scarcely anything can be seen, beyond an inscription in French, to point out the spot where the superb buildings once crowned the lofty hill which overhangs the lovely city.

After a run up the valley of the Rhone, full of vineyards and of mulberry trees for feeding the silkworms which contribute so largely to the wealth of Lyons, I reached Paris and hurried on to our happy land, which foreigners will persist in thinking is closely shrouded in a dense and perpetual envelope of fog.

Luckily a fog did not greet me, for it was the beginning of May when I arrived; but a strong easterly wind was blowing with accustomed bitterness, and I sighed when I thought of the warm delicious winter of the sunny south, which I had left for the rigorous severities of our English summer.

THE END.

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